



THE CRUSADER
IN
GREAT BRITAIN



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To

Mrs. Ann P. Webster.

with Loving Remembrance

from

Wm. Eliza.

THE CRUSADER IN GREAT BRITAIN,

Or,

The History of the Origin and Organization

OF THE

British Women's Temperance Association.

BY

Mrs. Eliza Daniel Stewart

MOTHER STEWART,

The Leader of the Women's Crusade Against the Liquor Traffic
and Author of "Memories of the Crusade."

*Through God we shall do valiantly; for He it is that shall tread
down our enemies.*

PSALM 60: 12.

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1893

THE WHITE HOUSE

— The Master

L.C. 5 2/3 8/30

TO THE DEVOTED ADVOCATES OF THE TEMPER-
ANCE CAUSE, OF EVERY ORGANIZATION, WHO GAVE
ME SUCH WARM WELCOME TO THE KINGDOM, AND
WHO, BY THEIR CORDIAL ASSISTANCE AND CO-OPER-
ATION, MADE MY MISSION A BLESSED SUCCESS, ARE
THESE PAGES LOVINGLY AND GRATEFULLY DEDI-
CATED BY

THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

WHEN I took my pen, some years since, to record what I knew of that great temperance wave known as "The Woman's Crusade," against the liquor saloons, and the work that developed out of it, it was my purpose to incorporate my visit to, and work and its results in, Great Britain in the same volume. But I directly saw, upon entering upon the work, that the material was so abundant that the great perplexing problem was how to crowd all into a book within the compass of possible sale, or what to select out of the great mass of material, where all was so intensely interesting and valuable as history of the greatest, most startling movement in all the agitation of the temperance question. After a vain effort I found it necessary to throw out many pages entirely and to leave my visit to Great Britain for a separate volume, though greatly regretting to do so, as it is really a continuation of our crusade work, or a legitimate outgrowth of it, and would be better understood and appreciated if read in connection with the history of that remarkable uprising. I now, however, present it in a separate volume, claiming for it a not unimportant place in the history of the temperance work, as the appeal was to the women, and resulted in enlisting a large and continually increasing number of the best women in the kingdom, who are doing valu-

able service against such odds as we in our country as yet cannot estimate, and who are at present receiving a new impulse under the inspiring leadership of that eminent Christian woman, Lady Henry Somerset.

Except in Rev. Dawson Burns's "History of the Temperance Movement," in which he in several instances refers to my work, for which I desire here to express my grateful thanks, it has not found the place it deserves in the history of the temperance agitation, when we consider the far-reaching results in the formation of the British Women's Temperance Association, the affiliated Scottish Christian Union and the World's Christian Temperance Union, and I hope I may not be judged as too presumptuous when I claim it as a most important, but as yet missing link, without which the woman's part in the history of the great temperance agitation in the kingdom cannot be properly understood and appreciated.

A kind Providence has, since writing the story of my visit and work in Great Britain, made it possible for me to realize the hope long cherished, but almost abandoned because of advancing age, of again meeting with many of my dear co-laborers. This happy event was due to my being elected by our National W. C. T. U. as Fraternal Delegate, to represent them at the Right Worthy Grand Lodge of Good Templars, which met at Edinburgh, Scotland, in May of 1891, and demands a few pages added, which I shall hope may not detract from the interest of the preceding chapters.

MOTHER STEWART.

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INTRODUCTORY LETTERS.

I AM happy to acknowledge the great obligation under which I have been placed by Mrs. Cecil Burns, Honorary Secretary of my London committee; Miss Mary White, Honorary Secretary of the Glasgow Ladies' Prayer Union; and Mrs. Prof. Kirk, then Worthy Vice-Templar of Scotland and now Treasurer Scottish Christian Union, B. W. T. A., who have so kindly furnished me the following most valuable letters of testimony in regard to our blessed work. And I take great pleasure in presenting these letters as the most appropriate introduction that I could furnish to the succeeding pages.

233 Balham, High Road, London, S. W., }
Sept. 17, '92. }

Ever since the temperance work came into operation women have banded themselves together to help forward the movement, both by personal abstinence and public advocacy, and the early records published bear testimony to the zeal evinced by female devotedness. "Women's Societies," "Women's Unions," "Women's Associations" were formed, feeble of course at the beginning, but growing steadily as the cause of sobriety became more realized as an individual and universal blessing.

In 1874 encouraging news came from America as to the noble crusade entered upon by a band of women there, called "The Anti-Whisky Crusade." Their efforts being so signally blessed was the theme of

much conversation, and the desire to hear more fully of so remarkable a work led to the formation of a committee to invite Mrs. E. D. Stewart—better known as “Mother Stewart”—to visit England.

In January of 1876 she came, and a series of meetings in and around London were arranged for her to speak at and bear testimony to the great work being accomplished in her own country, she being one of the pioneers of this “crusade.”

These meetings in various localities were very largely attended, and several conferences were held. A great impetus was given to women to come more to the front in this temperance work, and though it was felt that the exact plans carried out by the American women could not be adopted in England, yet many lost their feeling of timidity and were not afraid to openly state their reasons for their adoption of the temperance cause.

We are indebted, too, to Mrs. E. D. Stewart for the early thought as to an association of women on an extended scale. Mrs. Stewart visited the country, and it was to Mrs. Parker that she suggested the plan, namely, the organization of the British Women's Temperance Association, which Mrs. Parker and others carried out at Newcastle-on-Tyne, on the occasion of the meeting of the Grand Lodge of Good Templars, in April, 1876, and in December of that year London became the central point for the fuller development of that association, which to-day has its branches in almost every large town in England.

Mother Stewart did a good, earnest work in England at a time when such help was really needed, and it is pleasant for an old abstainer to bear testimony to the good accomplished by such devoted zeal in so noble a cause.

CECIL BURNS,

Honorary Secretary of the Committee formed for Mother Stewart's Meetings in London in 1876.

1 Belmar Terrace, Glasgow, Scotland, }
July 23d, 1892. }

Dear Mother Stewart:—I am glad to hear your “Memories of the Crusade” is to be followed by an account of your labors in the organization of women’s temperance work in this country, which led to and resulted in the formation of the “British Women’s Temperance Association.”

In our own city, Glasgow, in 1874, a band of earnest Christian women, grieving over the many Scottish homes desolated through strong drink and inspired by the tidings which reached us from over the sea, of what had been accomplished by the praying women of your crusade, organized themselves into a Women’s Temperance Prayer Union, meeting weekly for prayer and conference.

At that time it was the rarest thing for any woman to speak in public in Scotland, and though the infant union showed from the first that it meant *work*, not only by personal visits to all the ministers of Glasgow, but by a pleading letter to all the drink sellers, only one or two of our sisters had the moral courage to brave the existing prejudice by speaking from the platform.

At this juncture you visited us early in 1876 and held many meetings in Glasgow and other places in Scotland. Everywhere men and women were stirred by your burning words, and before you left our shores, more than one woman’s lips had been touched with “a live coal from the altar” to plead with God and man against the drink curse.

Whilst we had the pleasure of entertaining you and Mrs. Parker at our house, you laid before her your plans to unite for work those whose hearts and lips God had touched under a national organization, to be called the British Women’s Temperance Association. And taking advantage of the prospective meeting of the Grand Lodge of Good Templars at Newcastle-on-

Tyne, you, conjointly, in a few days thereafter sent out a circular call to the British women notifying them of the proposed convention of Christian women, and inviting their attendance. This meeting was accordingly held and the organization effected on April 21st, 1876, while you, accompanied by ex-Provost Dick, Mrs. Dick and Miss Bryson, were, upon a previous engagement, attending the Irish Annual League meeting in Belfast.

It will be very interesting to read your "Memories" of that memorable visit—a visit which has truly led to great and blessed results.

Yours affectionately,
Sec'y B. W. T. A., Glasgow. MARY WHITE.

MOTHER STEWART'S RECEPTION IN SCOTLAND.

This eminent American lady arrived on British soil early in the year of 1876, and for several months had been laboring in England, and forming British Women's Temperance Associations.

She was a worthy member of the Grand Lodge of I. O. G. T. in her own country, as well as of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, and was welcomed warmly by the Good Templars of our land and also by all other kindred associations.

The Ladies' Prayer Union of Glasgow having invited her to that city, she arrived there on the 1st of April, and on the 3rd they tendered her a reception in the Queen's Rooms, in which all the other organizations participated, and to which the writer hereof as W. Vice Templar was invited to tender her the welcome of the sisters of our Order.

This magnificent reception introduced Mother Stewart into Scotland and at once gave her public acceptance. She labored hard and created among the women an intense desire to do something more than they had done hitherto.

In many towns she formed associations for prayer and work and in others prepared the way for other good women to follow in her footsteps.

The Good Templars felt a deep interest in Mother Stewart's visit and gave her a grand Scottish welcome in Glasgow City Hall, presenting her with an illuminated address. The writer was again invited to participate. It was a welcome of which any woman might have been proud.

Mother Stewart reached Edinburgh in May. She was met at the railway station by Mrs. Kirk, wife of Professor Kirk, D. D., Mr. and Mrs. Darling, of the Regents Hotel, Mrs. E. Steel and other ladies and gentlemen, and was escorted to the Regents Hotel, where she and Mrs. Parker, who followed her the next day, were by invitation of the proprietor and his lady their guests during their stay, and where at a banquet given by those noble friends of our cause Mother Stewart met many of our prominent temperance workers.

A grand reception and tea meeting was given her in the Odd Fellows Hall, David Lewis, Esq., presiding and introducing our distinguished visitor in an eloquent address of welcome. Mr. J. W. Watterson, on behalf of the temperance organizations, in a feeling speech presented her with an illuminated address. The assembly was a representative one, being composed of many of the prominent ministers and influential men and women of the city, as well as the leaders of the temperance reform, and the greeting was warm and enthusiastic. And by her religious fervor and enthusiasm Mother Stewart, at once captured her audience, who listened with rapt attention to the close of her thrilling address. She also gave them food for serious reflection, when she declared that while they numbered seven hundred publicans as communicants, and eighty of these office bearers in the church, they would never be able to conquer the demon drink.

On the following evening a public demonstration,

attended by a very large assembly, was held in the Literary Institute, where again the great drink monopoly was fearlessly handled.

Mother Stewart visited the Ladies' Union Prayer Meeting in Bristo Palace Hall, which was composed of the prominent temperance women of the city, and who had been for six weeks praying especially for her visit. She gave them an interesting sketch of the Women's Crusade in America, which was highly appreciated. She also visited and addressed Dr. Guthrie's Ragged School.

A special meeting for conference and organization of the ladies of the various churches for combined work in the lines indicated by Mother Stewart was held in the drawing-room of the Regents. The room was crowded, and though evidently weary she gave a very powerful address. Mrs. Parker was also invited to give a report of the formation of the British Women's Temperance Association, which had, as the result of Mother Stewart's work, recently been formed at Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

On the morning of her departure Mother Stewart addressed a meeting, largely composed of the working women, in Ponton Street Hall. She was led to speak to them very faithfully, and thrilled them with her way of putting the evils of drink as she herself had seen them on the women of the working class. The interest she aroused was so great that upon taking her carriage to leave she was surrounded by the women who poured out their thanks with tears and loud huzzahs. They seemed to think she had come for their deliverance.

At the railway station there was a large crowd who manifested their feelings by waving of handkerchiefs and imploring heaven's richest blessings to rest upon her. No one after such a sight could say that working people are devoid of feeling hearts.

She left Edinburgh amid shouts of joy after a brief

visit of two days in which she gave six addresses, leaving an impression that time has not effaced.

A few days after her departure, upon a circular call by Miss Eliza Wigam and others, a meeting of ladies was convened to confer in regard to the formation of a Scottish branch of the British Women's Temperance Association. We also elected Mrs. Wellstood as our representative, who attended the International Centennial Temperance Convention at Philadelphia, U. S., on June 10, 1876.

The Scottish Christian Union was the result of Mother Stewart's visit, and now (1892) numbers over fifty branches in Scotland with a membership of nearly 9,000. Her example, Christian character and enthusiasm gave such an increase of power and influence to the temperance women as many of them had never before dreamed of possessing. And so in Edinburgh, as elsewhere, her fervent appeals bore rich fruitage. But for the impulse given by "Our Mother Stewart's" visit we do not believe the women of Scotland would have sought to organize themselves into such a noble national work.

HELEN KIRK, Treas.,

Scottish Christian Union, B. W. T. A.

17 Greenhill Gardens, Edinburgh, July 29th, 1892.

CHAPTER I.

A CALL TO GREAT BRITAIN—VISIT WASHINGTON, BALTIMORE, NEW YORK, MERIDEN, CONN., BY THE WAY—RECEPTION TO J. H. RAPER—ON THE STEAMER CITY OF BROOKLYN—MY PROVIDENCE FRIEND—A SAD DISASTER—ARRIVAL AT LIVERPOOL—RECEPTION TENDERED BY THE VARIOUS TEMPERANCE ORGANIZATIONS—IN THE POLICE COURTS.

THAT wonder of a generation, indeed, of the generations to come, the Ohio Women's Crusade, had filled its mission and taken its place to be talked, written and sung of as the most thrilling contribution to the history of the great conflict between the temperance reformers and the greatest scourge of the nineteenth century, the liquor curse.

But the results of that remarkable work were to be seen in organizations, local, county and State, all over the Northern States, with continually increasing numbers of active, efficient women and practical methods of prosecuting the work to which they had devoted their lives. It had also resulted in awakening a new interest in the temperance cause all over the civilized world.

Early in my work I had been impressed that this call was to the Christian women of all lands, and also with the necessity of enlisting our sisters of other countries as well as those of our own in this holy war, for sad, though true is it, that side by side with the spread of Christianity, intemperance with all its train of sin and crime and woe keeps steady pace.

But because of the estrangement growing out of our terrible war, as well as our different customs and modes of thought, and our lack of a correct knowledge of each other, it was not possible as yet to induce our Southern sisters to join us in a movement that the distorted reports of the press had made to believe was a sort of mob inaugurated by women who were less amenable to the dictates of refined society than themselves. And so my heart turned with earnest desire towards the Christian women of Great Britain. But how was I to reach them? I thought of a way, and proposed it at our first National Convention, held in Cleveland in November of 1874, that of a circular letter of appeal. In this I was not successful; but I continued to carry my burden on my heart before the Lord, till going to Chicago, in June of 1875, to attend the convention of the National Temperance Association, I met Mrs. M. E. Parker, of Dundee, Scotland, who had come over as delegate to the Right Worthy Grand Lodge of Good Templars that had just closed its session in Bloomington, Illinois.

Mrs. Parker was Worthy Vice-Templar of Scotland at that time, a lady perfectly imbued with the spirit of temperance reform, intelligent and full of enthusiasm.

She had watched our Crusade movement with great interest; and upon visiting Dumbarton in the course of her work, and being the guest of Bailie Buchanan, the subject of the Crusade, as everywhere and by everybody, was the all-absorbing topic. The Bailie brought her a copy of *Frank Leslie's Weekly* with an engraving of the scene in Springfield, Ohio, the first

day we visited the saloons; the Crusaders before the Lagonda House saloon; Mother Stewart in the window of the hotel addressing the great throng of people; also a cut of Dr. Dio Lewis, and of Mother Stewart with a brief account of our work. "Oh," she exclaimed, "I wish we could get Mother Stewart to Scotland," and though the paper was almost worn out with use she declared she must have it. Henceforth her thought was, "Can we get Mother Stewart to Scotland, and how can it be accomplished?" And I, at my end of the line, was praying for an open door. Who shall say that any act of our lives is small or insignificant, or may not lead to important results.

As she clasped my hand she exclaimed, "Oh! Mother Stewart, will you not come to Scotland?" and I responded with a bounding heart, if it were the Lord's will, I would. Yes, how my heart leaped with gladness, for lo! the door for which I had prayed so long was opening.

Upon Mrs. Parker's return home a correspondence was opened up, which resulted in my arranging to sail early in the following winter. Mrs. Parker, assisted by Mrs. Watson, of London, one of the English delegates, made the necessary arrangements for my visit to the kingdom, enlisting the hearty co-operation of all the various temperance organizations in England, Scotland and Ireland.

Setting out on the two-fold principle of faith and works without any stipulation as to terms or time, feeling assured that the Lord had commissioned me to deliver a message to my sisters across the seas, I had little solicitude as to conditions, proposing if possible to

meet my expenses by responding to invitations to lecture on my way. First at Pittsburg where I claim a host of warm friends, and always have a pleasant time.

After a brief tarrying with my dear Mrs. Robison and her interesting family, cheered by many a "God-speed" from the friends, I sped on to Washington where arrangements had been made for me, by my young friend and former student, L. E. Sleigh, Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. But how they are passing over; he of whom I write this, dear almost as my own, and so brave and true, has laid down life's burdens and cares and gone to that inheritance which fadeth not away. Upon reaching Washington I found Mr. Sleigh had arranged with Hon. William Daniel, of Baltimore, our candidate for Vice President on the Prohibition ticket with ex-Governor St. John in 1884, to send me over to Baltimore for a lecture on the next evening. Cheerfully obeying orders, I retraced my steps to Baltimore, was met by Mr. Daniel and taken to Mr. Francis Cook's, where I was cordially welcomed and hospitably entertained. I met the W. C. T. U. ladies at their noonday prayer meeting which occurred on every Wednesday. A good devoted sister brought in a pitiful specimen of the debasing work of the saloon; brought him as she said, if only to save him from the snare for an hour. She had taken him in and furnished him with a good cup of coffee, then invited him to come with her to the meeting. Her social position for a moment startled her by whispering in her ear, "What would your fashionable friends think to see you walking the street with such a specimen of

humanity?" But only for a moment; in the name of her Master she was reaching out a hand to a perishing soul. By the time she got him to the meeting he was nearly sobered up and responded to the permission given him to speak, by confessing his sin and appetite for drink; said he was of respectable parentage, his mother was a good Christian woman, sorrowing over his deplorable condition, and begged the ladies to write to her some comforting words. He said he was a graduate of Dickinson College. It was a solemn occasion for us all and amid tears we again renewed our covenant to labor on. In the evening I addressed a large assembly in the Madison Street M. E. church. In the course of my lecture I referred to a bright little boy in front of me, saying something of the care and guardianship of his father. When I sat down, his mother arose and with sobs and tears said her boy was fatherless, and begged the men to protect her fatherless child from the temptations of the saloon.

The temperance people under the leadership of Hon. Wm. Daniel were circulating petitions for local option in Baltimore. The ministers had petitions on hand, and very few, perhaps none, refused to sign them. In the intervening years under the same leadership a grand work has been done in the direction of local option in the State of Maryland. But long since the leader with a strong following has declared, and is working for, a prohibitory amendment to the State constitution.

Upon my return to Washington, I, on Thursday evening, addressed a meeting in Metropolitan church, Dr. J. P. Newman, now Bishop, pastor. The audi-

ence was said to be composed of the best class of citizens. Friday I was tendered a reception by the W. C. T. U. ladies. How they have grown in numbers and influence and what grand work they have done since!

On Sabbath at 3:30, I addressed a very fine audience in Lincoln Hall, under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A.

On Monday I visited the recently started coffee house opposite the Patent Office, and found it in a flourishing condition, the dear sisters laboring so hard to make it a success. These were the days of beginnings. But oh, when I think of the toil, the sacrifice of time, labor and means, the prayers, pleadings with the men in authority, the tears of the women in these years that have followed, my brain reels and my heart grows sick. My God, where will it all end, and who shall stand before Thee when Thou comest to make inquisition for this great national sin?

The liquor power today, as on that 13th day of December, 1875, is controlling all the political interests of the nation, filling the land with poverty and crime, impeding the spread of the gospel and sending its 60,000 drunkards to the grave every year; and the men of this nation regard it not.

On Monday afternoon I did myself the honor to pay my respects to our chief magistrate, President Grant, and had a pleasant little chat of a few minutes with him. But after reaching the highest place in the gift of the American people, and in their affections as well, the hero invincible of the great rebellion, the honored of all nations, has been called to stand face to face and

alone with one who is no respecter of persons, the great Conqueror of all.

The evangelists Moody and Sankey had recently returned from their wonderfully successful campaign in England and Scotland, and were now holding a series of meetings in Philadelphia. I had not heard them, and having a laudable curiosity to hear and study them, and if possible learn the secret of their power and marvelous success, I went over on Tuesday. In the afternoon I attended the Christian women's prayer meeting held in connection with Mr. Moody's meetings, but I could not from that discover any special indication of revival influence. But at night with the great audience of many thousands I sat and heard Mr. Moody preach of "Heaven," his theme for the evening.

Where did his power lie by which he swayed that great assembly as he willed? He did not tell us anything new or startling, he did not give it to us in elegance of rhetoric or oratory, but in plain Anglo-Saxon, though with intense earnestness.

It must be that the people are hungry for the gospel without any starch in it. The novelty, the sensation, the throng, all have their influence. What a glorious gift is the power of song. No one can hear Mr. Sankey sing of "The Home Over There" without feeling homesick and longing for an inheritance in that house of many mansions. That great audience was hushed into breathless silence as the sweet strain burst forth and swept over them. Ah, yes, I said, this certainly is a great factor in this blessed movement. But over and above all, the Holy Ghost is in it. Why

cannot all ministers and teachers, laymen and women thus earnestly work for the salvation of souls? And if they did how long would it take to bring a lost world to Christ? Who can work out the problem?

The next day, Wednesday, I went on to New York. As I neared the Jersey ferry one of the many pleasant incidents that break the monotony of the alone traveler, and that I like to recall, occurred. I addressed a question to a gentleman near me in regard to finding the Inman office. He very kindly took my satchel saying he would show me. In the course of a conversation that ensued, as we were crossing the river, he told me that he was the business agent of Mr. Landis, of Vine-land, N. J., who had so conclusively proven both the possibility and practicability of prohibition, but at this time was incarcerated awaiting his trial for shooting an editor who had repeatedly insulted him and his family. I then ventured to tell the gentleman who I was. He manifested much pleasure at the discovery and insisted upon going with me to the office and helping me to complete my arrangements for sailing on the following Saturday, as was then my purpose. Requesting me to write some word of sympathy or cheer to his friend, he left me. A very commonplace affair, you may say, but to me there is so much in all such, for by them I have so often been reminded of my Father's ever loving care. I stopped at the Astor House, and next morning set out to call upon my valued friend, J. N. Stearns, 58 Reade street. As I wended my way among that throng of strange faces, wondering if among them all there could be the face of one I had ever seen before, a voice near me exclaimed,

"Mother Stewart!" and there stood my friend of Crusade memory, Beadle of the Cincinnati *Commercial*, and so again I was cheered.

When I found Mr. Stearns he informed me that the temperance people were making arrangements for a reception to be tendered Mr. J. H. Raper, Parliamentary Agent of the United Kingdom Alliance, who had recently arrived. The reception was to be given on Tuesday evening, December 21, and Mr. Stearns insisted that I must remain over and take part in the exercises. To this Mrs. H. E. Brown, President of the New York W. C. T. Union, added her warm invitation, not only to stay over for a week and meet the ladies and see what they were doing, but to make her home mine while I tarried.

How precious were those few days in that refined Christian home, and the association with one of the grandest women it was my happiness ever to know—not only a cultured refined lady of a high order of literary talent, but a devout humble Christian, giving her life to work for the Master. The matter being thus disposed of, I transferred my passage to the next steamer, the City of Brooklyn, and gave my time to helping my sisters in that great city of much wickedness and much earnest Christian work. On Thursday evening in company with Sister Brown I attended a very good meeting in Twenty-fifth street, addressed by Rev. Mr. Arthur, Baptist minister and a most earnest temperance advocate, followed by the pastor of the church, Rev. Mr. Osborn, Mrs. Brown, and myself. Friday morning I met the ladies in prayer meeting and on Sabbath afternoon by Mr. Stearns' invitation,

with Mrs. Brown, spoke to a large audience in the Congregational church at Green Point, L. I.

On Monday a message came from Dr. W. H. Boole, of Meriden, Conn., saying, "All hail the East to the West; we are on the eve of a battle; come to us." Through his agitation he had been able to so arouse the people that they had, at their election in October, carried the city for local option, but the officials did not choose to carry out the will of the people by enforcing the law. Then came on the December municipal election, and the contest deepened in intensity. The friends of sobriety and morality got up a Law and Order ticket, the lines were drawn and the battle was begun on the part of the temperance men and women with a determination to win. I was eager for the fray, for such agitation means business, and at least results in educating the people and adding numbers to the cause. I verily believe the Lord took Dr. Boole out of New York for this very purpose. He is a giant in such warfare, as the years since have abundantly proven. I would that the number of such were multiplied a thousand fold. I hastened up and lectured in Dr. Boole's church to a good audience on Monday night, and remained over till one o'clock Tuesday, to help the sisters "run bullets and pick lint."

One of the ingenious devices of Dr. Boole to circumvent the enemy was the writing of what he called "The Great American Snake Show," a scathing satire on the nation's complicity with the liquor traffic, and one of his parishioners told him to put it through the press, furnish every citizen in the county with a copy and send the bill to him. The press was kept

running night and day till the stipulated number of copies were furnished. Certainly no show, not even Barnum's, ever had such an advertisement. And it proved a telling factor too. If all Christians would thus lay their gifts of brain, heart and purse on the altar, how long would it take to redeem our land from the curse of rum?

At the evening meeting the ladies announced an all-day prayer meeting for the next day, beginning at half-past five.

In company with Sister Boole I went down and remained till time to take the 1 o'clock train for New York. The sisters continued steadfast in prayer, the brethren from time to time coming in to report progress, tarrying for a prayer, and going out with spirits refreshed to renew the fight. The liquor men were making a desperate stand, for their trade depended upon it.

At length a brother came in and reported that the liquor men were growing desperate, but our forces were working bravely, steadily, hopefully. "If," said he, "we can only produce confusion among the enemy in the Fourth ward we will carry the election." That is the dangerous ward. A lady, tall, rather spare, with earnestness and faith written on her face, arose. "Let us pray," said she. We all knelt, and what a prayer was that. The burden and refrain was, "Oh Lord! send confusion into the Fourth ward."

Dr. Boole took me to the train, saying as he bade me goodbye that he would telegraph me if the results were ascertained in time for the evening meeting. My poor weak faith went halting, saying it could not be, the

liquor men would certainly triumph. But lo! the Lord did send confusion into the enemy's camp in the Fourth ward. Not in time for our meeting that night, but the next morning came the joyful message, "We have gained the victory!" And so while the bullets were efficacious, the lint was not required, for of our forces not a man was wounded.

The reception tendered our distinguished guest, J. H. Raper, Esq., of the United Kingdom Alliance of England, by our National Alliance was a very interesting occasion, and in every way a success, as every thing to which its wonderfully competent secretary puts his hand is sure to be.

Hon. Wm. E. Dodge, president of the association, occupied the chair, and opened the meeting with an address expressive of heartiest welcome to one who, though for the first time among us, was no stranger, the record of his grand work and fiery eloquence in behalf of our common cause having preceded him. But if any one had felt any doubt as to his ability as an orator, his response to the address of welcome from the chairman and others effectually settled that question—a man of fine presence, and master of all methods by which the accomplished speaker is enabled to captivate and convince, good English, short, terse, crisp sentences, logic, facts, anecdote, humor, pathos.

To assist in the services came Revs. A. M. Powell and James B. Dunn, D. D., of Boston; Hon. James Black, of Lancaster, Pa.; Rev. D. C. Babcock, of Philadelphia, and Rev. H. W. Conant, of Providence, R. I., and, caught on the wing, the Crusader of the West, who had the double honor of taking Hon. Neal Dow's

place on the program, and extending the greetings and welcome of her sister Crusaders of Ohio.

Of this meeting, Secretary Stearns gave a very full report in the *National Temperance Advocate*, speaking in such generous terms of the Crusader, and sending it in advance, which being copied in the English papers, did much to open the way for her among the dear English friends; for which, and the thousand other acts and words of kindness from him, she has not ceased to be grateful.

The blessed Christmas tide brought a strange contrast to the above occasion; yet all the same illuminated by the light of that glorious gospel, He, the friend of sinners, came to give to a lost world. With Sister Brown and a few others, I visited and partook of a Christmas dinner at the "Home of the Friendless" on Water street, an institution established by Dr. W. H. Boole, aided by a devoted band of helpers and sustained for a number of years by faith. And here I slept at night, sweetly, where in times past the notorious "Kit Burns" had his "Rat Pit" and drinking den, and where many a murder had been committed, but at this time a Christian home under the sweet influences of prayer and resounding with the songs of praise. Not abundance there, but neatness and comfort and sufficient supply day by day for the need. Across the way and a little further down on Water street was the "Helping Hand for Men," established and kept by Jerry McAuley and his wife, Maria—both having been brought from the lowest depths of sin and degradation into the marvelous light and liberty of God's dear children. Called of God were they, to

do a work for the Master among a class that could not be reached by minister in broadcloth, nor the lady in silken robes. A sheltering harbor has it proved, where many a storm-tossed soul has put in and found refuge and deliverance from the debasing appetites and besetments of a sinful life. They come from all over the world; men, occupying positions of wealth and influence and maintaining an indifferent or careless exterior among their associates, come to unburden a sin laden conscience and ask the prayers of those in whom they have confidence. Jerry has since laid down his weapons of warfare and gone up to his reward on high, but his faithful wife is still prosecuting the work.

After, with others, speaking to a strange motley audience at the Home, I spent an hour at the Helping Hand, and was one of about sixty who in the limit of that many minutes testified to the power of Jesus to save. How many I can't remember, poor ignorant ones, yet with their countenances beaming with a light from the heavenly shores, told of this being the first Christmas that they had spent without liquor, the happiest Christmas of their lives. One poor woman told that instead of the bottle she had the Bible on the table, and added, "That was better than smashing dishes."

After visiting these two places, upon an arrangement made by my friends with Captain Williams, of the Fourth ward police station, and with a few friends, escorted by Captain Williams and his detective, I started out at 10 o'clock to explore some of the dens and caves of this great Sodom, where worse than wild



MRS. MARIE HILTON,
Founder of The Creche.

beasts in human form lurk and prey upon their fellows, and where many a soul is taken in and slaughtered.

Oh, that women sitting at their ease, and in security giving no thought to aught but pleasure, could get a glimpse into these hells where souls are shut up, incarcerated, cut off from hope, fore-doomed! Methinks they would never again say, "I can find nothing to do," but would cry out in anguish of spirit, "My God, what wilt Thou have me to do?"

After visiting some twenty of these places we arrived at police headquarters of the Fourth ward, No. 3, at 12 o'clock. Ah me, how the ghosts of that night's memory walked by my side and dinned my ears night and day, till on the other shore a lower depth of human woe jostled them aside.

On Tuesday, December 28, my New York friends took me to the steamer, and saw me comfortably settled in my quarters, and with many blessings bade me goodbye. Imagine, if you can, Mother Stewart within an hour thereafter in the dining saloon of the City of Brooklyn, surrounded by a group of gentlemen lifting their hats, clinking glasses and drinking her health.

But whether the bard's assertion that "all is well that ends well" is always strictly true, at least out of it grew a friendship that I have had great pleasure in cherishing every since.

I was sitting in the saloon feeling a wee bit solitary, when a party of gentlemen came in. One of them called for a bottle of champagne and glasses, which passing to his friend he proceeded to fill up, and pledging each other they drank. In a moment notic-

ing me he filled a glass and very courteously proffered it, apologizing for not having noticed me sooner. I thanked him, but declined. He insisted that it would be very beneficial, as I was about to sail. I asked him if he was aboard. He said he was. Then, said I, "I may as well tell you that I am Mother Stewart." In a moment the hats were raised and the gentlemen expressed their pleasure at making my acquaintance. My newly found friend, who, by the way, was something of a wag, bowed and exclaimed, "Now, Mother Stewart, we must drink your health," and again filling their glasses they pledged and drank. I thanked them, saying I would take pleasure in pledging them in a glass of water, and possibly I might come to something stronger before I reached the other shore, but I meant to "die hard." But woe is me, if the health I found on shipboard is the kind that comes for drinking of it, let mine never be drank again, and let me have no more of it while the world stands. If it must be confessed, the fact is I had the "Oh my" bad enough to set Mark Twain up in material for a whole book. Husband had asked me to report myself from mid ocean, and describe the ice bergs and whales we fell in with. I wonder if there was a bit of irony lurking anywhere there. Why, I would not, *couldn't*, I mean, have gone on deck if the sea serpent himself had come along side and sent up his card. I would not have tried to do more than throw him a kiss through the port-hole.

Our weather and sea were remarkably fine and our run admirable for the season. The captain and passengers said I had brought them good luck. I told

them whatever I might bring, I knew that hundreds of prayers were following the City of Brooklyn. But at the very last our good fortune seemed to desert us. Just as we had begun to think we should make our run to Liverpool in ten and a half days we met with a sad and fatal accident which sent three souls to eternity and spread gloom and sorrow over all. Between Cape Clear and Queenstown, about 4 o'clock on Friday morning our steamer ran down a brig, striking it amidships, and it settled in a very few minutes, carrying down three persons, two being young men from Constantinople coming to England to be educated. The brig was loaded heavily with wheat. It was said a double watch was on, and the captain himself on the bridge, but the night was very dark with a heavy fog, and they failed to see the lights. This is only one brief tale of the thousands of the sea. We were necessarily delayed by this sad disaster. The captain lay to for several hours in the vain hope that possibly those who had gone down might have, by the aid of some floating timbers, been saved. By this delay we lost the advantage of the tide in going in to Liverpool and so we were kept outside the bar and did not reach Liverpool till near 9 o'clock on Saturday evening, January 8th.

My good friend whose acquaintance I had made in such peculiar fashion proved to be A. B. Mullet, ex-superintendent of national public works, and a trusted personal friend of President Grant. He took me in charge and cared for me as if I had been his very own mother. I love to remember how he would leave the company of his gentlemen friends and come and sit by

me and read or talk to me by the hour, helping me to while away the tediousness of ship life and the misery of sea sickness. I was frequently asked if I did not hesitate to undertake such a journey alone. I did not in the least, for I felt sure that if I should need a friend the Lord would provide one for me. And I accepted my friend Mullet as the Lord's providing. I am here reminded of a very pleasant incident growing out of our acquaintance that I have also cherished with great pleasure. I was a few years afterward in Louisville, Ky., and upon going to our morning meeting one morning, in the western part of the city, a friend came to me and said that there was a lady in the church who had come expressly to see me. She was mother of a gentleman who was a fellow passenger when I went to England. Of course I was not long in discovering that it was the mother of my friend A. B. Mullet, who having recently come to visit another son living in Louisville, and hearing of my being in the city had hastened to hunt me up and make my acquaintance for Alfred's sake. I was invited to dine and had a delightful visit with her and her son's family.

Our disaster and consequent delay made it impossible for me to reach London on Saturday before night, as I had hoped, but my friend kindly offered to take me up with him to his hotel and take care of me till he could find my friends and deliver me into their hands. His kindness is now a pleasant memory mingled with painful sadness. A genial, social, generous hearted man, but in his social surroundings the very kind of a man to be led on to the brink of the abyss into which so many thousands have, and who can count the many

thousand more that will, take the fatal plunge. It is with aching heart and bedimmed eyes that I record that my great, generous-hearted friend has added one more to this long, never-ending list of victims. By his own hand my friend was ushered into the presence of his Maker; leaving a gentle, devoted wife and interesting family overwhelmed with grief. Oh, the sadness, oh, the pity of it! Is there never to be an end to the scourge?

I must not fail to record my friend's kindness to me after I arrived in London, in calling and taking me to visit places of interest and to call on our minister at the Court of St. James, General Schenck, who showed me such marked courtesy and gave me an open letter of endorsement which, from such an exalted source, was of great value to me and for which I cherish a grateful remembrance.

My friend also took me into some of the lanes and alleys where, in a population of 25,000, there was no Protestant church or chapel, and where poverty, ignorance, vice and crime held high carnival. He called my attention to the wretched tenants, as devoid of any Christian influence and as effectually heathen as any in the heart of India or Africa, and pointing to the miserable little children already far advanced in the sins and vices of their parents, said, "You Christians talk about 'free will.' What have those children to do with free will? There they are where their parents came up before them, coming up as they did and where their children will come up after them." I confess I am not theologian enough to answer the question, but an awful responsibility rests somewhere.

But this evening's glimpse at the overwhelming consequences of the liquor curse furnished valuable material for my work.

I did not know that any one in Liverpool had ever heard of me. Imagine then, if you can, my surprise and happiness when the tender came out to take the passengers ashore, to hear some one inquire for "Mother Stewart." My friends in New York had cabled that I was on the City of Brooklyn and the temperance friends of Liverpool had made every arrangement to receive me, and Brother Collings, District Deputy of the Good Templars; Brother Smythe, of the Liverpool Alliance; Brother Newett, of Southport, and others had been sent out as a deputation to take charge of me. I am fain to believe the "Britishers" never took a more willing prisoner. They took me to Brother Collings's home, then asked me if I could not remain in Liverpool over Monday. I said I could, whereupon they telegraphed to London that Liverpool proposed to give me the first welcome, and set about arranging for a tea reception to be given on Monday evening at the Lawrence Hotel. Here I met gentlemen and ladies to the number of fifty or more representing the various temperance organizations of the city. Mr. Barker, of the United Kingdom Alliance, had come down from Manchester on Saturday to welcome me in behalf of that most influential organization, and with the other gentlemen had cruised around all morning in hope of overhauling us, but had been obliged to leave before we got in, and not being able to return had sent Mr. White to represent him and the alliance.

Brother Collings presided at this meeting and in

very warm and touching words presented the stranger. Mr. Smythe, on behalf of the Liverpool Alliance, offered a resolution of welcome which was seconded by Rev. Stephen Todd on behalf of the Good Templars, and supported by Mrs. Dr. Townsen on behalf of the Ladies' Temperance Association, by Mr. White on behalf of the United Kingdom Alliance, by Mr. Newett on behalf of Wales, and by Mr. Gibson, in a speech of richest Scotch provincialism and humor, on behalf of Scotland.

The warmth with which I was greeted and the kind and fraternal words of each and all as they tendered me the welcome of their respective organizations quite overcame me, and made me to feel that though in a strange land I was not among strangers, but warm-hearted and loving friends, who were actuated by the same impulses, working with their might in the same cause and with the same hope, the destruction of the liquor curse. And how their words of welcome cheered and animated me! These noble men and women were doing an herculean work in Liverpool, making themselves felt and respected by the trade, though the odds were fearfully against them. They were wonderfully ingenious in devising methods of bringing the subject of the drink curse to the attention of the citizens in its most startling features.

One of these devices was a map or chart of the city, designating the locality of the gin shops and giving the condition of such districts with a large amount of information bearing upon the subject. They bound one of these in most elaborate style and sent it to the queen, but some authorities near the throne thought it

not expedient to trouble her majesty with such trifles as a showing up of the murder and impoverishment of her subjects by this worse than Asiatic "black death." Another method was taking note of any mal-administration of the laws or any expression of prominent officials in regard to the traffic, publishing it on slips or cards in illuminated letter and sending to every man's door. As a sample the following may serve :

LOOK ON

THIS PICTURE

Number of cases of drunkenness reported in Major Gregg's report for 1874, 23,303 (twenty - three thousand, three hundred and three).

AND ON THIS.

Number of publicans convicted for permitting drunkenness in Liverpool during 1874, 3 (three).

"If any licensed person permits drunkenness or sells any intoxicating liquors to any drunken person he shall be liable to a penalty not exceeding for the first offense, ten pounds, and not exceeding for any subsequent offense, twenty pounds."

—See Act of Parliament.

The thought that strikes one is, how like, the world over, whether on the thither or hither side of the Atlantic, are the public servitors of the people's (?) will. Only recently the doughty mayor of Cincinnati defied the will of the people and the law of the state by issuing his order to the police that no arrests were to be made on the following Sunday for keeping saloons open in violation of law. The German Turners were to hold their great annual Sunday desecrating entertainment and of course they must be accommodated with all the beer they desired.

Three days since, on the 4th of July, the modest mayor of our modest city conveyed the information to our obedient police force that no harm would come to them if they should, in disobedience to law, permit the saloon-keepers to run their business till twelve

o'clock, midnight, instead of closing at ten, giving the drunken rabble an extension of time in which to go on with their drunken carouse, quarreling and fighting. When we have such competent officials, what's the use of laws anyhow? But this is a digression.

On Monday morning Brother Smythe took me to the police court, and being introduced to Justice Clark Aspinall I was kindly invited to a seat by his side on the justice's bench, where I sat and witnessed the most distressing sight I had ever seen up to that time, even surpassing those of the Fourth ward in New York, as the consequences of liquor. Hundreds were brought up in succession, having been arrested on Saturday night and Sabbath for "drunk and disorderly"—hundreds, and nearly, or quite half of them women; women in all the stages of wretchedness, and degradation, and misery, growing out of the drink curse; old, wretched, ragged, dirty, slatternly, frowzy, bleary-eyed hags with all womanhood forever crushed out; women in the prime of life; mere young girls. And I noticed that as the justice's attention would be occupied in another direction, the policemen would take advantage to carry on a clandestine, familiar chat with those poor degraded creatures.

Here they were, hundreds of them, and going into thousands as the year goes on, and this only one of similar scenes in every city in the kingdom—here arraigned and punished for doing and being just what the law gave them the right to do and be. The great and powerful government of the kingdom of Great Britain declares the manufacture of, and commerce in, intoxicating liquors to be a respectable, legitimate

business, and for a consideration paid into the treasury throws its strong arms of protection about it, making this barter in the souls of the queen's subjects so respectable that it is spoken of always as "*the trade*," giving it pre-eminence above all other trades or business. And these manufacturers and vendors find their position in the highest places in church and state, and up to the present time the government has persistently refused to let the better class of its citizens exercise the right to say whether or not they want the curse, with all its misery and woe and burden of taxation and destruction of souls, though from year to year they send up their thousands of petitions, and their brave, never swerving champion, Sir Wilfred Lawson, stands there in Parliament to plead and engineer their cause as no other living man could. Is this disregard of the prayers of the best class of citizens and of the true interests of the nation what is called jingoism? I really do not know what they do mean by the term, but I should not wonder if that was it. The synonym in my own country, I suppose, is "rum-rule."

I saw that morning one of those pitiable old women arraigned and the uniform question asked, "How many times have you been up?" and with a courtesy the answer was, "Twenty times, your honor," and the sentence "five shillings, seven days, go down," was given and the next called. I learned it was no uncommon thing for them to report fifty, sixty, seventy times, and even as high as two hundred times arraigned, fined and imprisoned for "drunk and disorderly."

One poor subject of sin and shame came to the bar

with two little babies in her arms, with only a small breakfast shawl with which to protect herself and those helpless babies from the inclemency of that bitterly cold January morning. Their little emaciated arms were blue with the cold, and one had that hoarse, croupy cough always so alarming to the mother. This subject also received her sentence, "five shillings, seven days, go down," and she passed down out of sight. Ten days afterwards a gentleman writing me said, "You remember the woman with the babies that you saw in the police court? I have just learned that she died the next day in prison." "Oh," I thought, "what of those poor, motherless babies, cast upon the charities of a cold world." Ah, my God, what of all the pitiful, innocent, helpless children that have to suffer because of the drink curse? How many are thus suffering in this year of grace? As I looked at those wretched women as they stood there at the bar of justice (?) I thought, "What of the husbands, what of the children, what of the homes of these women?" Yes, what? Husbands in many cases going rapidly the same road to destruction. Children scattered to be educated on the streets and in the dens of iniquity; coming up another generation as their parents before them, subjects for the public houses, to throng the police courts, to fill the jails and workhouses and to swing from the gallows. Homes destroyed, pauperism and crime increasing in accelerated ratio. Wise men are the law makers of this nineteenth century.

From this police court my friend took me to the Y. M. C. A. morning meeting, where I heard George Muller so sweetly, so quietly, but confidently, talk of

the power of faith. But I could only see those poor, ruined souls at the police court. I could only hear, "Twenty times your honor," "Fiveshillings, seven days, go down." I could only think of that congregated mass of misery. I felt as if it would have given me relief if I could have screamed and wrung my hands. Many requests were sent up for prayers for various subjects. So I hurried and wrote, "Dear Brethren: I have just come from the police court where hundreds of poor ruined souls were arraigned and sentenced because of the drink curse. Oh, pray for those poor men and women who are being ruined through the influence of strong drink."

But my poor wail for help seemed to have a rather disturbing effect. The good, pious brethren did not seem to have been used to appeals for such outcasts. They read and passed it from one to another, and put heads together and held counsel and looked grave, but did not make my request public. I suppose I blundered. I did not know but they would pray for any souls that were in jeopardy, but I concluded the intention was only to claim the promise in behalf of "respectable sinners."

I am glad to record, however, that a better day has dawned in that land. General Booth with his Salvation Army sending out flying artillery and riflemen everywhere, and William Noble with his blue ribbon cohorts, have been doing a blessed work, rescuing this class of perishing souls, snatching many thousands from the very brink of the bottomless pit and recruiting them for the army of the Lord and starting them on the King's highway towards the city of refuge.

Thank the Lord the poor and perishing may have the gospel preached to them.

On Tuesday morning my dear, new-found friends, after my promising to return to them at as early a day as possible, put me aboard the London train and bade me God-speed in my mission.

CHAPTER II.

ARRIVAL IN LONDON — CALL ON SPURGEON — WELCOME RECEPTION—REPORTS OF THE MEETING—MEETING IN BARNSBURY CHAPEL—CRITICISM BY THE EDITOR OF THE CINCINNATI "COMMERCIAL"—WELCOME TO MOTHER STEWART, BY HARRIET GLAZEBROOK.

ON Tuesday evening, January 11, I arrived in London and was taken in charge at once by the temperance friends who gave me a cordial welcome and a delightful home with those widely known Christian workers, Mr. John and Mrs. Marie Hilton and their interesting family. Mr. Hilton has long been the very efficient parliamentary agent for the United Kingdom Temperance Alliance, and Mrs. Hilton is the originator and patron of the Children's Crèche, in London, now so generally copied in all the large cities, both in England and the United States.

A few days of rest on my part, and preparation of the friends, followed. While waiting, as all Americans are disposed to do, I gave my first Sabbath to hearing that world-renowned minister, Mr. Spurgeon.

As our cousins know a Yankee at sight, I was very kindly taken to an eligible pew in the near vicinity of the pulpit, and also having a good view of the immense audience, giving me not only a good opportunity to hear the sermon, but to study the audience and note the effect of his peculiarly persuasive oratory upon his hearers.

At the close of the service the ladies in whose pew

I was seated very kindly invited me and my friend to dine with them. And as I especially desired to enlist the ladies of Mr. Spurgeon's church in our temperance work, I thankfully accepted the invitation. But before leaving they took us to Mr. Spurgeon's study and introduced us, and we spent a few minutes in pleasant conversation. Mr. Spurgeon* had not at that time taken so decided a stand as I am happy to know he has since taken for total abstinence. His son came in and the father introduced him, saying, "He is a 'Band of Hope' boy," with an air that said, "I know that will please you." And it did. He was one of the finest specimens of young Englishmen I ever met, with that peculiarly clear, ruddy complexion and lithe and fully developed frame that told of no taint of the disease engendering beverage in his veins.

Upon rising to leave, Mr. Spurgeon humorously asked the ladies if they were going to let us make tee-totalers of them. "No," responded one, in the same bantering mood, "we are going to let you do that." These ladies were devoted Christians and active workers in their church, but like the majority of church members at that time (and many yet in that country) they had not been able to see the harm of taking a little stimulant for their health, or to enable them the better to do their religious work, saying, "Oh, certainly, the little I take can do no harm." But upon my explaining the greater influence and usefulness they would have among the class they sought to reclaim,

* Since the preceding pages were written, the Christian world has been thrown into deepest mourning because of the death, in the high noon of years of incessant toil, of this, one of the greatest Gospel teachers of our century.

if they could, by example as well as precept, commend sobriety and abstinence, they at once said, if it would give them a greater hold upon that class, they would readily forego their personal indulgence, for their great desire was to do the most they possibly could in the service of their Master. We spent a profitable afternoon with these dear ladies, and when my London committee was made up, by my request, they were put on.

The editor of the *Good Templar's Watchword*, Mr. John Kempster, called upon me immediately upon my arrival, and gave me a warm fraternal greeting, with assurance of his assistance, personal and editorial, to the extent of his ability. For the brotherly faith with which he kept that pledge to the day he came down to Liverpool to see me off when I bade farewell to dear old England, the poor words I can pen here convey but faint expression of the gratitude I shall ever cherish. Rev. John Morgan, and Mr. Thomas Smith, of the *Temperance Star*, also called, proffering their aid, which they gave to the fullest extent. I may say the same of the editor of the *Alliance News*, Rev. Dawson Burns, and the editor of the *League Journal*, Mr. Robert Rae. Each and all by their heartiest indorsement in their papers and their kindest sympathy relieved my mind of anxiety and filled me with bright anticipations for the result. I realize how much I owe to these gentlemen for the great success that crowned my work, not only in London, but throughout the kingdom.

They, with other prominent leaders of the various temperance organizations of London, arranged for a

reception on the 21st of January, in the League rooms 337, Strand. As I have at hand the report of this meeting as published in the *Temperance Star* of the 27th, I avail myself of it rather than attempt to give it from my own recollection :

WELCOME TO MOTHER STEWART.

A meeting was held at the League rooms 337, Strand, on Friday evening last, to welcome the above lady to London. It was very gratifying to see representatives of all the great temperance organizations present, and for a time at least a thorough reunion of all forces was accomplished. Tea was served to some two hundred and fifty ladies and gentlemen, after which John Broomhall, Esq., J. P., according to announcement, assumed the presidential chair. On assuming the post of chairman, Mr. Broomhall said :

“Ladies and gentlemen : We have met tonight to welcome to this country a friend and co-worker in the temperance cause from the United States of America, and who is well known in that country under the name of ‘Mother’ Stewart, and I may say, and I think safely say, not only in that country, but also in this country to every one who is at all familiar with the temperance literature of this country, because at various times we have had reports of the work Mother Stewart has done in Ohio, connected with what I believe is known in that country as the ‘Whisky War.’ This lady has taken a great and prominent part in the movement in that country. She tells me that she is following what she believes is the leading of providence in coming to this country and hopes that she may do or say something that may stimulate the ladies in this country to follow her example.

“I am sure every one here will wish her God-speed in this particular work. My experience leads me to

the conviction that the women of this country are not alive to the evils of intemperance, and I very often meet with cases in which the woman says, 'My husband is the best man in the world except when he gets drunk;' and when I speak to them about it the reply invariably is, 'Well, I like my husband to have his pint.' "

The chairman, expressing his pleasure at presiding, then submitted a resolution which he said he would ask Mrs. Lucas (sister of John Bright) to propose on behalf of the Independent Order of Good Templars. Mr. Rae would second it on behalf of the National Temperance League, the Rev. Dawson Burns would support it on behalf of the United Kingdom Alliance, and Mr. Downing on behalf of the United Temperance Order. The resolution read as follows:

"That this meeting of the members of the executives of various temperance organizations and friends cordially greets Mother Stewart on her arrival in this country, and with feelings of gratitude for the work she has been instrumental in accomplishing in the United States, we welcome her as a worthy pioneer in the cause of temperance, trusting that her visit to England may, by God's blessing, afford her much pleasure and result in a revival among us of zeal and activity in warring against the causes of our national intemperance."

Mrs. Lucas said, "In moving this resolution, I must say that I think all who are gathered here must feel very much as I do, that we give our sister and mother a cordial reception among us, and I trust the experience she has had will enable her to do much good among us. She will not be able to carry on the movement in the same way she has done in America, but still I think the way may perhaps

open for us to work this matter in a different manner than we are doing at present. I do not see why we should sit down to all the annoyances of this terrible intemperance that prevails. There is no doubt that the drinking habits of this country are greatly on the increase among the women of this land, and I trust our sister will be able to influence those whom we have not yet been able to move. Though it is hardly likely we can go through the streets and kneel at the doors of the gin palaces, yet I think we may walk in procession ('amen' by Mother Stewart) and have large assemblies, and I have no doubt something remarkable will take place, and I for one trust it will."

Mr. Robert Rae said one of the duties which devolved upon him every day was to glance at the various papers that came from the United States and different parts of the world. He was, therefore, somewhat familiar with the work of the women's whisky war, and he had followed the particulars of the work with very great interest, and had found the name of Mother Stewart among the most active workers in that movement which was still going on, though perhaps not so obvious, yet not less effective, than a year or two ago. He said, "I believe at the present time there is more real effective work being done by the women of America than then. It has not been a nine days wonder, and I have no doubt Mother Stewart's coming here will be productive of much good. The need for the interest of the women in this question is increasing every day. I have applications almost every day to know where ladies may be sent to inebriate asylums, but I find many who inquire on behalf of intemperate relatives, and are anxious that they should be put out of their sight, are not prepared to convert their own homes into temperance retreats."

The Rev. Dawson Burns said a very few words, as he had to leave immediately for a religious service ;

but he considered a meeting of this kind partook of the character of a religious service. There are names in connection with the temperance movement in America which will shine brighter and brighter unto the perfect day, and we welcome Mrs. Stewart because she is, first of all, a temperance reformer, and next an American temperance reformer, and America was the birthplace of the temperance movement, but more especially in connection with the movement to which she has devoted her life. She has been attracting other ladies in a remarkable manner, and that is the great want of this country. We may lay down methods, present facts, and put forward arguments, but we can do little unless we have moral power; that must be behind everything. We need a spiritual force; we need a divine afflatus, and when we behold, as we do, a representative of that great power, we are bound to welcome her with all our hearts. I am sure her example speaks; she need not open her mouth."

Mr. Burns referred to the work of Father Mathew and Mrs. Carlisle in Dublin, and rejoiced to find we had a kindred spirit in this lady.

Mr. N. B. Downing said: "With the estimable lady who is with us this evening, I am not careful about titles, and I care little whether our friend is called Mrs. or Mother Stewart. Her name is illustrious and calls our mind to another mother in Israel, who when Israel's banners were trailing in the dust raised those banners once again and led on to victory. I hope our dear sister, like Deborah, will rally the energies of those who are engaged in the temperance cause, and will help us to victory and triumph in the great work before us." After saying that this was emphatically a ladies' question, and relating a touching story, showing the influence of one lady in refusing a glass of champagne, Mr. Downing concluded by saying, "If silent influence can do so much, how much may

the ladies do if aroused to energy? This lady combines the power of truth with the activity of a great soul, and I trust she will gather around her a band of women who shall be instrumental in achieving a greater triumph in this drink ridden country than she has ever achieved across the water."

The resolution having been put and carried, and the chairman having expressed regret for the absence of Mr. T. B. Smithers (editor of the *British Workman*) and Mr. John Taylor, called upon Mother Stewart to respond, who was received with loud cheering, which continued for some time.

She said, "I hardly know where to find words to express my feelings to-night; they very nearly overcome me, and I can not tell you the gratitude I feel for the warm and cordial greeting which I have received, both here and in Liverpool. I feel that, although a stranger, I am among my Father's children, I feel very humble and I beg of you dear children of the Lord not to magnify the instrument in God's hand. A wonderful work came to us. God called us out, and oh! how gladly I ran. My life was one song of thanksgiving. Oh, how wonderful was that work. You have heard of it, and have had strange and vague report of it. You have thought it was some sort of frenzy, and that we by our efforts got up and sustained it. It was nothing of the sort. I think I cannot be charged with being a fanatic. I think I am very practical in looking on things in this world; yet I may say to you this work was emphatically God's work. No person or persons, no organization could have devised such a work.

"Nevertheless, there was a process or system observed. After what we called the 'Crusade' started, in one place, then another and another, the women began to come together to pray and consecrate themselves to Almighty God. Some would take a week

before they would find grace or strength to overcome their natural timidity or weakness. And strength was given them. Yet what a scene for men and angels! They marched in solemn, silent procession, two and two, with bowed heads and perhaps the Bible or song book clasped to their hearts. I have led out bands hundreds of times, but to the close of our street or band work I could not look upon a procession of women without weeping. I had to be a part of it, or hasten out of sight. Timid, shrinking women who had never taken part in any public exercise in their lives, women of delicate health went out. I have led them when they trembled as the aspen leaf. Yet there was something that was so wonderful in it, such a power that sustained those women that they have said, 'I had no more thought of sustaining injury in going and bowing down in the street or those terrible places than if I was in my own parlor.' I do not know that we can ever tell the beginnings of this movement. When the Lord in His wisdom sees the world is ripe for such a work, He puts it into the hearts of one here and another there to carry it on; and so we found in various places the burden of this thing was on the hearts of the people. In Franklin, a small city in my own State, we found that a little company of Christians had been praying for more than a year over this evil. The immediate cause of my giving up every other work and taking up the temperance as my life work was a drunkard's wife coming to me with her tale of woe and misery. I had lectured on the subject before this, but so dead and indifferent were the people that it seemed that I was trying with my poor puny fist to batter down a stone wall. But in the winter of '72 I had created not a little sensation by going into a justice's court and pleading a case, and winning it too. A few evenings previous I had lectured in my city. What is known as the Adair law had been recently passed, and at the close of my lec-

ture I asked the ladies present to pledge themselves to hunt up the drunkards' wives and encourage them to prosecute the saloon keepers under this law. They almost unanimously gave the pledge. Only a few days later, upon going into the *Republic* office, my good friend the editor informed me that a case was just then being tried in the justice's court and urged me to go in. I did so, and the result was, upon the earnest solicitation of the attorney for the prosecution, I concluded to make the opening plea to the jury, the justice very readily granting me the privilege to do so. I made my plea, and very soon I had the jury in hand. The attorney on the other side was badly discomfited; he had not any very clear plea in hand, thought it infamous that females should be permitted to come into court to plead. But I won my case, and it made quite a sensation throughout the country, the papers reporting 'A woman in court winning the case,' which was a test case in our city under the new law. Henceforth those poor women, assuming that at least I was their friend, would come to me for counsel or aid. Two years ago last October, a woman came to me for help. I felt at first that I must send her away. But the next thought was, no, I dare not, she will haunt me on my dying pillow. I took her at once to my friends, Mower and Rawlins, the junior partner being the prosecuting attorney in the other case. After stating the case it was decided by the junior attorney that he would take it if I would join him, and carry it before the mayor's court.

"It was in taking this case, as never before that came the thought, only through prayer could we ever compete with this liquor curse; we could not succeed unless God helped us. And so I sent notes to prominent ladies of the various churches to come into the court. I also sent invitations to the ministers of the city, but only one came. As I sat at the table with the attorneys I sent him a slip of paper saying, 'Oh, do pray

for us.' The ladies became very much excited, especially when the lawyer for the defense sought to confuse and irritate me. It was to them a new experience. I went to them and asked them to keep up continual prayer, and told them everything was working for our interest.

"The result of this was a verdict of guilty against the publican to the extent of the law.

"When we came to investigate the subject, we found that the Christian men had been sleeping at their posts, and had let the liquor party get control of all the offices, and when we turned to them for justice there was no justice there.

"The ladies of the City Benevolent Society now came forward and solicited the co-operation of the ministers and with their assistance organized a series of mass meetings to be addressed by influential gentlemen and ladies in the city. We had been working thus over two months when Dio Lewis, of Boston, came west on a lecturing tour. At Fredonia, N. Y., he delivered his first lecture and suggested the method of visiting the saloons, and induced the ladies to go out. His first lecture in Ohio was at Hillsboro, where they elected Mrs. Judge Thompson, a daughter of one of the most eminent governors of Ohio, as their leader. It was not the uprising of the lower class, but of all Christian women. There were among them ladies of the highest grades of society and wealth and family connections in the land. At Washington C. H. there were sixteen saloons; in five or six weeks they were all closed. And so the women were seen marching all over our State, and it spread into Indiana, Illinois, Pennsylvania, Michigan and various other States.

"You may ask 'What have been the results?'

"We can not as yet tell what the results have been.

"No, but you may say, 'Have all those saloons remained closed?' Not all of them. What is the mat-

ter? Ah, my brother, let me ask *you* what is the matter. The matter is ~~that~~ our men had let the law get into the hands of the liquor party, and our political parties were in such condition they were afraid to take hold of it. In one State the liquor men by a bribe of \$40 000 well distributed among the legislators controlled them in their own interest; and as long as men can be bought and sold for a price we shall not get this thing wiped out.

"Here was their craft in danger, and these men, these liquor manufacturers, sent out their runners all over the States to say to the liquor sellers, 'Don't you surrender; we will see you through.' My own city was the first one of any size that undertook the crusade movement. It was taken as a test by the Christian people as well as by the liquor men; there the latter centered their power and encouraged the dealers to stand their ground. We found in the larger towns we could not make a perfect success, because those engaged in the business were largely German or of other foreign countries. They did not understand our religion or language, and were rarely influenced by either.

"As to the results of this movement, I have a little paper by the Rev. W. H. Wells, State secretary of the Y. M. C. A., which I will read to you :

"1. It has called attention to the evils of intemperance.

"2. It aroused public sentiment against it.

"3. It made saloons odious in the sight of young men.

"4. It has resulted in organized effort against the evil.

"5. It has produced a large amount of temperance literature.

"6. It developed thousands of workers among the women.

"7. It was a great spiritual blessing to those engaged in it.

"8. It has drawn Christian churches nearer to each other.

"9. It has enlisted the churches in a war against the traffic.

"10. It has led ministers to preach on the subject faithfully.

"11. It has closed large numbers of saloons in the country.

"12. It has reformed vast numbers of drunkards.

"13. It has resulted in the opening of rooms for young men.

"14. It has awakened political action.

"15. It defeated license in Ohio, August 18th, 1874.'

"Another very important result is, it turned the attention of women to the temperance education of their children, and to the organization of juvenile societies. We have thirty State associations and are organizing congressional district, county and local associations, so that, while it may not be said that we have been able to keep closed all that were closed, or to save all that were for a time rescued from the drink traffic, these results came up and have been going on, and as soon as our Christian men can come to the front and learn that their first and great duty is to help save their fellow men without regard to politics, we shall succeed.

"Moral and political efforts must be combined without regard to the various names by which they are called. Our watchword in America is, 'Stand together,' stand shoulder to shoulder, for only by united force can we conquer. This theme should occupy all our thoughts and all our hearts, for the great central truth in it is that it is God's work.

"It is the first great movement in the temperance enterprise that can be called a decidedly religious work. We must take all who will work, all who will be on our side. In many places the work was done

by a dozen women. As I sat here to-night, I thought, Oh, what a power these dear friends have if they only knew it. Oh, my brothers and sisters, if you will only consecrate yourselves to this work to-night, an influence shall go out, the sound whereof shall be heard to the ends of the earth. The Bible says, 'One shall chase a thousand, and two shall put ten thousand to flight.' Let us multiply that number here to-night, and see what could be done. I do not come to inaugurate the band movement, yet if God should move the women of England out I shall be there with them; you do not know the effect it would have. I think your laws would allow women to move out in solemn procession without being interrupted. I led out a thousand women at one time in the streets of Pittsburgh and wherever the work was inaugurated the people were affected to tears.

"In this London to-night many souls are tumbling into hell. We have divorced religion and temperance and now we are reaping the consequences.

"Oh, I pray you to go down and see how low my Christ went to save souls, and then try to follow His example. When in Liverpool on Monday morning I went to the police court. There were two hundred and fifty or more brought up for being drunk. And there sat the representative of the laws of this great nation passing judgment upon those people that the laws had given the right to get drunk. Sisters, among that number a large proportion were of our own sex, and many of them were subjects of shame and crime. I noticed one with two little babies in her arms, one of the mothers of this land brought up for being drunk. She was sent to jail and Mr. Collings has since written me that she died the next day.

"Oh, my God, where shall it all end? Will you join with me, my friends, in prayer, that God will have mercy, and will you share with me the joy of seeking and saving these souls?"

Mr. Clegg, of Sheffield, spoke as a representative of the British Temperance league, Mr. B. Herring of the Band of Hope Union, and Mr. Vincent of the Juvenile Templars. Mrs. Jack explained the steps taken to form a females' praying band in Bunhill Row. Mrs. Watson spoke of her work among the women of America, especially in the neighborhood of Five Points, Home of Industry and the Bowery, New York. Mr. Paton advocated seeking God's power. Rev. John Morgan invited Mrs. Stewart to occupy his pulpit for her first meeting, saying if the invitation was accepted it would be the first time it had been offered to or occupied by a lady. He trusted other churches would be opened to our distinguished visitor, and urged appealing to the Christian churches on the subject. Mrs. Hilton advocated sending a deputation of women to Parliament, and Mrs. Lucas suggested that a committee of ladies should be formed to act with Mother Stewart. And the following committee was accordingly formed: Mrs. Stewart, Mrs. Watson, Mrs. Bannister, Mrs. Thaxter, Mrs. Hilton, Mrs. Lucas, Mrs. Jack, Mrs. Chamberlain, Mrs. Saunders, Mrs. Fucher, Mrs. Dawson Burns, Mrs. Booth [the lady who has become so noted the world over in connection with her husband, General Booth, of the Salvation Army], Mrs. Insul; also Messrs. Downing, Burns, Hilton, Booth, Morgan, Rae, Kempster, and Thomas. The meeting was closed after the usual thanks to the chairman.

Mr. John Kempster was made chairman, Mrs. Dawson Burns honorary secretary, and Mrs. Lucas treasurer of this committee.

My committee took entire charge of my work, making all engagements for and arranging all details of my meetings, one or more always accompanying me to my appointments, so that I was relieved of all

solicitude and could give my mind entirely to my work. In their consideration for the speaker, their careful attention to details and the ever prominent purpose to attract the attention of the upper classes to the temperance cause, and to make every effort tell in the advancement of their work, our English co-workers are examples from whom we could learn many a valuable lesson.

My first public meeting was held, as per invitation of Rev. John Morgan, in Barnsbury chapel, Milner Square, Islington, on Monday evening, January 24, under the auspices of the Barnsbury lodge, No. 1, United Temperance Order. Says a reporter :

The meeting was announced to take place at eight o'clock, but before the doors were opened at seven o'clock large numbers were seeking admission. Long before eight o'clock every available space was uncomfortably filled. The large audience employed the spare time by singing various hymns from Moody and Sankey's collection, and punctually at eight o'clock Mother Stewart ascended the pulpit, while the Rev. Morgan gave out from the reading desk the hymn "Hold the Fort." After a fervent prayer he proceeded to introduce Mother Stewart in a few well chosen and effective words, saying, "There are some historic associations connected with old Barnsbury. The foundation stone was from old London bridge, some of the stones in the building were from old Westminster Abbey, and the pulpit was from old White Hall chapel, and that tradition said Charles the First once hid in it from his pursuers. Whether that was so or not, to-night it was occupied by the daughter of a king."

As Mrs. Stewart arose and stepped forward, the dense audience simultaneously arose to their feet wav-

ing their hats and their handkerchiefs. Mr. Morgan said, "Now we will give Mrs. Stewart three rousing cheers as token of our cordial welcome," which were given with a will.

Thus was the Crusader welcomed by her first public audience in one of the old conservative chapels in the heart of London. It made the chin quiver and the tears start, but oh, who can know what an inspiration it was?

At this public meeting, as at the reception, the prominent papers of London and of the world had their reporters, who again and at much length and with great kindness reported me.

Being very anxious that my friends at home should know of my kind reception in Great Britain and of the wonderful work that was opening up before me, I sent to various papers the reports as given by the London press. To my good friend Halstead, of the *Cincinnati Commercial*, I sent the *Temperance Star*, as giving a fuller report than the others. He very graciously condescended to give me nearly a column and a half of his valuable space in an editorial. The main point that I now recall was that the old lady always took the Lord with her (which I claim as the highest praise that could be bestowed), and that he would warrant that such papers as the London *Times* would not condescend to notice Mother Stewart or her work. The fact was, however, that the *Times* did very kindly notice me, regularly sending a reporter to my meetings. I must acknowledge that it was not a little mortifying to see Mr. H.'s rather unfriendly editorial in a copy of the *Commercial*, handed me by Mr. J. W.

a copy of the *Commercial*, handed me by Mr. J. W. Kirtin, of Birmingham, as I could not account to my friends there for it only by saying that Mr. Halstead and I were on opposite sides in our contest over license in the State constitution. But in the light of recent developments, I feel rather proud to find myself in the list of the illustrious of the earth that have fallen under the criticism of his vigorous pen. A very great sensation was, some time since, created in political circles by the unearthing of Mr. Halstead's very remarkable letter to Secretary Chase, of date February 19, 1863, brought to the surface in the political canvass by his implacable political enemy, Mr. McLean, of the Cincinnati *Enquirer*. In this letter Mr. Halstead, in a most astonishing manner and in language much more vigorous than elegant, attacked General Grant, whom the nation with such pageantry and expression of real mourning has recently followed to the grave. He also attacked others of our great leaders in that conflict for the nation's life, especially our martyred Lincoln, even suggesting that there were those who would consider it advisable to assassinate him, if it were not for fear that the vice-president might prove even less acceptable. Ah, well! Governor St. John, Dr. Leonard and the humble Crusader were impaled upon the same pen as were the renowned Grant, and the immortal Lincoln, and we glory in the association with such noble patriots. But in sober truth nothing so bewilders the unsophisticated mind as the fact that men, Christian men, will submit to the insolent dictation of such men "for the sake of our party."

Yes, the London *Times*, the *News*, *Post*, *Tele-*

published our work to the world, and the calls began pouring in, in such numbers that Mr. Kempster, chairman of my committee, told me it took his clerks two or three days occasionally to answer them. I still have in my keeping enough invitations, as Mr. Kempster said in passing them over, to have occupied me two or three years in filling.

Among the many tokens of loving greeting, none touched the heart of the stranger more than the following, published in the *Watchword*:

WELCOME TO MOTHER STEWART.

BY MISS HARRIET A. GLAZEBROOK.

We give thee a greeting, Sister,
'Tis the truest, fondest, best ;
From the women of the British Isles
To the daughter of the West !
We have read with bosoms glowing
Of thy deeds at freedom's shrine,
And have prayed with eyes o'erflowing
For a zeal as true as thine.

In our midst walks the destroyer,
With a footstep strong and fleet,
And the thistle, rose and shamrock
He hath trampled 'neath his feet.
Thus the land is filled with mourning ;
Every home bewails its dead ;
Rachel's cry goes up to heaven,
And the plague spot still doth spread !

Dost thou come to aid us, Sister,
Come our crushing load to share,
With a cheery voice that bids us
Work afresh with faith and prayer ?
Dost thou see our souls despairing,
Fainting hearts and eyelids wet ?
Grieving that the song of triumph
We have never shouted yet !



HARRIET A. GLAZEBROOK.

But the East with light is glowing !
And the truth its way shall win ;
And the blue flax now is growing,
Which our childrens' hands shall spin
Into flags, that, proudly waving,
Shall proclaim a country free,
Where the high, the low, the gifted
Long have bent a slavish knee !

Thou art no poor " gleaner, " Sister,
Born to fill some lowly place,
But a noble, God-sent toiler,
To emancipate the race !
Well may drink distillers fear thee,
And thy glance their souls appall,
For though " great is their Diana '
Great will be their idol's fall !

So we give to thee a welcome !
'Tis the sweetest, fondest, best !
From the women of the British Isles,
To the daughter of the West !
He who marketh each endeavor
Knows the perils that thou hast braved.
So thy name shall blend forever,
With the blessings of the saved !

CHAPTER III.

COMMENTS OF THE PRESS — THE WOMAN'S WHISKY WAR AS REPORTED BY "THE TRADE"—A PEN-AND-INK SKETCH OF MOTHER STEWART — EDITORIAL IN THE "TEMPERANCE STAR" — MEETINGS AT GREENWICH—NAVAL TRAINING SCHOOL—POPLAR —THE ROYAL BELL RINGERS—MEETING AT HALLOWAY—WANDSWORTH—ORGANIZATION OF THE FIRST B. W. T. A.—MEETING AT SHAFTSBURY.

IN looking over my papers I find this in one of February 3rd :

Reports of Mother Stewart's introductory meetings in London, especially the one held at Barnsbury chapel, have been inserted, more or less fully, by all the London papers, and through these channels have found their way into scores of papers throughout the provinces. Leading or special articles have appeared in the *Saturday Review*, *Daily Telegraph*, *Hour*, *Daily News*, *Christian World*, *Globe* and *Christian Globe*. (These, besides the numerous temperance organs). The longest report we have seen of Monday's meeting appeared in Thursday's *Clerkenwell News*, while the most caustic remarks emanated from our contemporary, the *Islington Gazette*. On the whole, the criticisms upon the meetings have been favorable.

Considering that my appearance on the platform, with the avowed purpose of proclaiming war and of calling for recruits of women for our army against "The Trade," the most powerful influence in the kingdom, was such a new and startling innovation upon their hoary-headed, conservative notions of women, the favorable criticism referred to was of much greater

importance and value to our cause than the friends in our country, where it had long since ceased to be a novelty to see women on the rostrum or presiding over assemblies and aiding in carrying forward benevolent enterprises, can possibly understand.

Had I indeed succeeded in making an entrance for the wedge of nineteenth century progress into the old world prejudice which had hitherto barred the pulpit and platform from woman, however important her message to humanity? It really looked like it, and I was glad to find many a heart beating with new impulses of hope for the opportunity it seemed to presage, to use the talents God had given, but which, hitherto, because of this prejudice, had laid wrapped in a napkin.

But it is an old, trite saying that there are always two sides to a question; on that of temperance, we have certainly found that there is a wide difference of opinion between us and the liquor fraternity. And as it may seem only fair to the other side, as well as interesting, and, I have no doubt, not a little astonishing to my Crusade sisters, to learn how we looked to some observers whose vision was badly distorted by "The Trade," I will copy an article from the *Sporting Chronicle*:

There is to be a Woman's Whisky War in this country shortly, if I may judge from the proceedings which lately took place in Barnsbury Chapel, Islington, where Mother Stewart addressed a congregation of Number Ones of the United Temperance Order. After singing "Hold the Fort" the United Number Ones listened to a lecture from Mother Stewart, in

which she described the wonderful things which she and her hysterical comrades had effected in the land of the Stars and Stripes. The plan of campaign in a "Whisky War" is as follows: A mob of gasping, howling women gather around a public house, or "seat of iniquity," as Mother Stewart eloquently puts it, and popping on their knees in the street commence praying for the miserable beings who may be having a quiet drink at the bar. That monster of wickedness, the publican, is likewise prayed for, the devotions of the fair creatures being, of course, conducted in the noisiest manner possible. In America, this kind of thing, like many other nuisances that have merit of novelty, was tolerated for a time, and the results were sufficiently startling. Many saloon keepers were ruined. Hundreds of men who no doubt visited the bar for a social glass and chat, and who knew perfectly well where to draw the line between abstinence and intemperance, were frightened away from these places of resort by the abominable uproar, and after keeping up a most disagreeable commotion for a time the whisky women subsided into something like quietude. No doubt they caused a tremendous sensation while they were engaged upon their preposterous crusade, but there can be no doubt that, though they have inflicted considerable pecuniary loss upon the unfortunate bar-keepers, whom they selected for their attentions, they achieved no permanent results. A man who is fond of his drink will not be reformed by such squallers as these, and no doubt those who feared to visit the whisky stores at the time of the "war" had their potion at home, and have since returned to their old haunts.

If the Mother Stewarts of this country try to imitate their trans-Atlantic prototypes they will not find the authorities so tolerant of their vagaries as were the police of the States. Permit me to suggest that the fire engines be ordered to practice upon them in

the event of any licensed victualer being besieged by a crowd of silly creatures. The cold water they recommend will perhaps have the effect of bringing them to their senses.

Evidently some "licensed victualer" was badly scared over the possibility of what might happen. As I said, the sisters will no doubt be greatly shocked to learn that that holy baptism that came upon us and was developed in such grand and blessed manifestation of the Savior's love and pity for even the most degraded wanderers from His fold (and hundreds, aye, thousands of witnesses remain to this day) should be so misunderstood or so grossly misrepresented. This, of course, was an extreme case of villification. But it was a fact that because of the misrepresentations of those papers of our own country that were under the influence of the traffic, it had been impossible even for the temperance friends on that side of the Atlantic to get a correct conception of it. They acknowledged their surprise at my explanation of our Crusade, and expressed much gratification at being set right.

After the foregoing rather caustic dose, I trust I may be pardoned if I give the following, which I thankfully accepted as a refreshing and soothing draught. Coming as it did just at a time when there was a great deal of discussion in regard to my mission, the novelty of a woman occupying such a position as a lecturer before great crowds of mixed audiences, and the consequent curiosity of our very conservative and decorous cousins to know what sort of personage this Crusader, Mother Stewart, might be, I appreciated it more than I could have found words to express if I had had the

happiness of meeting the writer, which I had not. Conscience admonishes me, however, to confess, as in reference to so many other generous things said of me in that country and by my partial friends in my own, that I can't think I deserve it, though I most earnestly wish I did; and it and every kind word said to or of me is an additional incentive to strive to be worthy.

A PEN AND INK SKETCH.

Along with many others, I passed through a steady downfall of London moisture to see and hear Mother Stewart, at the rooms of the National Temperance League. I had gazed with interest on the artist's presentment of her form and features in the *Watchword*; the expressive, steadfast glance of the eyes looking from under the well-arched, well-marked brows, the finely-chiseled, firmly-closed lips, with a perfect "Cupid's bow," the full and rounded, almost dimpled chin, and the ample, but proportionate breadth of the lower part of the face, as well as the wide proportions of the chest and bust, so far as displayed in the picture.

I looked again, and noted "the artist's lines"—lines that would have delighted Hogarth—of the eyebrows, eyelids, nostrils and chin; the ear, the throat, the shoulder, and the one raised hand. Looking once more, I noticed the width, height and prominence of portions of the brain, as exhibited by the shape of the "ivory walls" surrounding it; the large projection forwards from the ear, the full development of the forehead generally, and particularly the width and fullness of the portions over and between the organs of vision, and the height of the upper part of the head. The general impression conveyed was that of quick, clear and searching perceptions, ready "mother wit," breadth and force of character, constancy, hope-

fulness, dauntless courage, faith and perseverance to the end, be it sweet or bitter.

Such were the mental and moral qualities suggested to me by a perusal of the artist's lights and shadows. These also led me to expect in Mother Stewart a large physique; indeed, something masculine was suggested by the proportions of the chest, and still more so by the upper lip and lower jaw.

In these anticipations, however, I was disappointed, but agreeably so. Mother Stewart is not of more than average height, and at first sight she strikes one as small in figure and in features. The lower part of the face is spare, the complexion fresh.

Her voice is sweet, and though not loud is clear, and sometimes penetrating. She goes straight to the point, speaking with all the artlessness, originality and *verve* of one full of the subject and charged with a mighty mission, yet talking naturally and expressing just such thoughts, narrating such facts and making such appeals as occur at the moment, couched in the racy, but idiomatic Saxon.

One's heart goes out to Mother Stewart, standing there pleading for help in her righteous cause. If not large in frame, she has a spirit powerful enough to rouse and inoculate a vast legion of supporters; her eye flashes, her ardent feelings and aspirations heighten the color in her face; now and then the voice will falter just a little to prove how womanly she is. And oh, how well—though it may be briefly—she pleads! Hearing and reading her speeches are very different. A report fails to convey the native raciness, the indefinable charm of her manner, though in reading our words seem to come back to us from over the sea, and we can trace how strongly the northern, Saxon elements of our language flourish in congenial soil, as we look at those sharp, short terms, terse, brief and pungent.

As I listened to the speech, there were running in

my mind now the dry, keen, searching east wind, pinching and penetrating what it touched, now the breadth and grandeur of the prairies, and now the mighty, rolling rivers, flowing on in resistless volume to their destined waters. Something of these was suggested by the subject, and something by its exponent. With an eagle eye the watchful speaker seems to see the battle-field where intemperance strews the ground with wounded victims—sees where help is to be had, and swoops down upon the plague-spots with infallible certitude; she brings up her corps of angelic, praying women and trusts for the success of their crusade, thinking nothing of the appearance of the thing, but on y of the precious souls to be saved from tumbling into hell.

FRANCIS CRAIG.

In the *Temperance Star* of January 27th, I find the following editorial:

We congratulate Mother Stewart on the success which has already attended her visit to England. The Great Teacher has said, "A prophet is not without honor save in his own country," but to Mother Stewart belongs the privilege of having first gained renown in her own country, and because of that renown she has found open arms and loving hearts ready to receive her, in a distant land. Her welcome last Friday evening, though private, was hearty and sincere as could be wished. Thanks to the daily press, she was soon introduced to a more extended circle of friends, and we had little doubt as to the nature of the reception which she would receive on her first appearance in public. The friends of the United Temperance Order were fortunate in being able to hear her first public lecture, and nothing seems to have been wanting to make that welcome complete. Barnsbury Chapel, which holds 700 people, was crowded on Monday evening in every part, and not content with

filling the aisles and every available sitting and standing room, the large school-room adjoining was opened into the chapel and soon filled until the doors were locked and very many had to be turned away. The enthusiasm of the vast audience was most unanimous, and the large number of reporters present testify to the interest taken in the movement by the copious reports which appeared the next morning in the London papers.

We may ask what are the special attractions which bespeak for Mother Stewart a favorable reception throughout the country, and open an effectual door for her in England? And what are her special teachings on the temperance question?

First, doubtless her success in Ohio is her best credential to England. Her name, "Mother," is also attractive, and the unusual appearance of a female taking the pulpit or platform on the temperance question is no doubt cause for wonder and remark. We heartily welcome this new movement and Mother Stewart as its leader. Her advanced age, silver curls and benign brow command our esteem; her self-denial and love of souls in leaving home and kindred for God and humanity are gratifying evidences of that muscular Christianity which finds expression in deeds, not words. And yet, with all her childlike trust and confidence in our Heavenly Father, and her desire to follow the voice of conscience and the path of duty, "whither they may lead," are to us who believe in blending religion with temperance, cheering signs of the times.

Mrs. Stewart does not come to us a moment too soon. We believe she has been sent by God to rouse up the women of England on the temperance question, and it is to us one of the most hopeful signs of her mission that full reliance is placed in the power of prayer. From intimate conversation with her we believe she is eminently practical, and are glad that she

sees the wisdom of following the leadings of providence, rather than taking the lead in "some new thing." As a temperance teacher, those who heard her on Monday evening need not be assured that she is sound and orthodox enough for any school among us. Though a Good Templar, she is not a "Pharisee of the Pharisees," but is thoroughly catholic in her sympathies with every branch of the movement in England. She believes thoroughly in moral suasion, but not less in legal suasion; indeed, the policy of the *Temperance Star* is the policy of Mother Stewart, and as we stand forth free from the official control of any party, and yet the friend of all, we believe we can most consistently welcome our friend in the name of every temperance reform in the kingdom, and wish her God speed in her work. She needs the prayers of all who feel with her the weakness of the arm of flesh and the efficacy of the power of prayer. We ask all our readers to help her in this manner.

Wednesday evening, 26th, by special invitation of Miss Mason, secretary of the Union, I attended a meeting of the Christian Workers' Union, at Nine Elms, Vauxhall. This was a tea meeting, and the hall was densely packed. It was to me a very interesting occasion. I had heard much of the noble work being done by Mrs. Meredith, Miss Mason and a large force of co-workers, and felt myself especially privileged to meet with and make their acquaintance. I also here met Miss Robinson, of Portsmouth, who has done such a noble work among the soldiers there. She was kind enough to say she had come up to greet Mother Stewart. Miss Robinson, in her address, most earnestly besought the Christian workers present to become total abstainers, assuring them, from her own

experience, that they could certainly do as much work and endure as much fatigue without stimulants as with them. She was very gentle and persuasive in her manner, no doubt feeling that it was very necessary to handle the subject discreetly for fear of giving offense.

To an American it all sounded very strangely, and I am obliged to confess that I felt fired with a good degree of righteous indignation. And I found it a somewhat difficult matter to be as mild as the occasion demanded when I came to address them on the need of united Christian effort and example. Think of it, devoted Christian ladies so under the control of custom and habit as to fancy they must have their stimulants to enable them to carry forward their most laudable work among those who are perishing through the same custom and habit!

So are we influenced by our surroundings and the sentiments and usages of the people with whom we are associated.

Thursday evening; 27th, by invitation of Rev. John Morgan, I occupied his pulpit for him, preaching to a large and attentive audience, the pastor being engaged to address a temperance meeting at Vauxhall. My sermon appeared at length in the next issue of the *Temperance Star*.

Friday afternoon I addressed a ladies' conference at Woolwich, an earnest and prayerful assembly, after which I met a select company of Christian workers at a tea meeting given by Mrs. Wait, a co-worker with Mrs. Lucas and other noble women for the rescue of the fallen and for the repeal of the infamous law known

as the "social disease act"—a law that in the years to come will cause every true Englishman to blush with shame. In the evening I addressed an immense meeting in South Street Baptist Congregational church, Greenwich. It was an occasion of much interest to me to have the privilege of addressing an audience on my all-absorbing theme in that old historic town. Says the paper before me :

Long before the doors were opened a compact crowd was patiently waiting in all the streets leading to the chapel, and on Mother Stewart's making her appearance she was vociferously cheered. The enthusiastic crowd having settled down, the proceedings commenced at 7:30 with prayer and singing of hymns, and Mrs. Stewart immediately afterwards walked briskly into the pulpit and electrified her audience by her address. Long before she had concluded her address it could be seen that most of her hearers, especially the women, were profoundly impressed by the description of the wonderful results accomplished by the crusaders in America. In conclusion, Mother Stewart expressed the hope that God would instill into the hearts of her audience the same zeal and resolution to combat with the great evil that cursed dear old England.

The next day I took advantage of my opportunity to visit the Greenwich Hospital and the Observatory. Well, I did not quite visit the observatory, but with my friend I called at the building and was received by a lady who explained that the superintendent was absent, and with much apparent regret explained, also, that women were not admitted to the Observatory proper. Again I was reminded of my old friend Dr.

A.'s very sage observation always under such circumstances, "Served you right ; you had no business to be a woman." However, that locality in the building in which Greenwich longitude is reckoned was pointed out to us.

But we did find cordial admission to the Naval Training School, and took much interest in going over the institution, noticing the perfect discipline, the neatness and order of all its departments and appointments. And at night, by previous invitation of Mr. Sims, superintendent of the Band of Hope connected with the school, I addressed a meeting of the boys in the gymnasium, a large and elegant hall. All the boys, numbering six hundred, precisely at the moment announced, and with the most perfect military precision, filed in and took their seats. Captain Burney and his family, with other officers of the institution, were present ; but the public were not admitted, owing to the Lords of the Admiralty's strict prohibition, as for some reason best known to themselves they do not approve of lectures made to the students being made public.

But what a bright-faced set of small Englishmen they were, and how nice they looked in their uniform ! How well they behaved, and what respectful attention they gave, and what a rousing vote of thanks they gave the speaker at the close of the address ! It was really one of my most interesting audiences. But, best of all, when Mr. Sims announced that any who desired to sign the pledge could remain while the others passed out, eighty-two remained and signed the pledge. Nearly four hundred were already members

of Mr. Sims' Band of Hope, and already many had gone out with the principles of total abstinence firmly established in their characters. Now, I bethink me that the Queen of England is my debtor for enlisting so large a number of her prospective navy in the army of total abstinence.

They are, in all probability, to-day doing manly service on the high seas, and all the more valuable because they became abstainers before the fatal habit of drink was fastened upon them. I'll mention the little obligation when I see her majesty.

Monday, January 31st, I addressed a meeting at Town Hall, Poplar, Mr. John Hilton presiding. Here, besides the usual music, I was favored by the exquisite rendering of several pieces of music by the world renowned Royal Bell Ringers, under Mr. Miller's management. This unrivaled troupe have on several occasions been invited to perform in the presence of the royal family. In the years since they have paid several visits to the United States, winning unbounded admiration everywhere. No musical troupe ever visited my own city who can draw so large an audience as the Royal Bell Ringers. Again comes up my "best of all;" they are total abstainers and Good Templars. At the conclusion of our meeting we were served with tea.

Tuesday evening, February 1st, I addressed another crowded house in Grafton Road Chapel, Holloway, Rev. Mr. Forbs, the pastor, presiding. I found him not only a devoted minister, but also a live and earnest advocate of total abstinence, and of all practical methods that have for their object the overthrow of

the kingdom and power of King Alcohol, who is, by the way, much more firmly established on his throne to-day than is she who wears the glittering diadem of that great kingdom in the midst of the seas.

Wednesday afternoon I met a conference of ladies in the Lecture Hall, Victoria Chapel, Wandsworth Road, Rev. Mr. Henderson, the pastor, presiding. There were several gentlemen present, who manifested a deep interest in our proceedings, giving valuable help and encouraging words. Among them I recall especially Mr. Robert Rae, editor of the *League Journal*, Mr. Owens, of the U. K. Alliance, and Mr. Fucher. Here, after the tea drinking, we proceeded to organize the first British Women's Christian Temperance Association, Mrs. Beaty, a lady of wealth and position, being unanimously elected president, and Mrs. Denholm, now of Drumgool, South Africa, secretary. Mrs. Beaty has some years since passed away. I am glad to know that sister Denholm has been a faithful and most efficient laborer in our cause, and is now vice-president of the World's W. C. T. U. for the dark continent. The sisters entered into the work with much enthusiasm and determination, and, I may say, the brethren too, for a goodly number of them became honorary members. Wandsworth is a district in which no licenses are granted.

At night, by previous arrangement and invitation of Mr. Swindlehurst, secretary and manager of the Shaftsbury Park estate, I addressed another great crowd of eager humanity in Shaftsbury Hall, Laverder Hill. What interest and enthusiasm! And what a contrast in the appearance of the working class here

from that of the same class in other parts of this great liquor-cursed city!

This is a large estate of practical prohibition, and you are at once struck upon coming into it with the unmistakable evidence in the intelligent faces and happy, contented air of the people. You see it in the quiet, orderly appearance of the streets, in the neat, home-like tenements, the tidy grass plots in front, the clean, orderly appearance within, as you give a glance in passing, the few bright flower pots in the windows. Though this oasis in the great Sahara of drink is only walled in by the invisible lines of the real estate owners, the difference is so marked that you have no need to have your attention called to it. It is observable as soon as you enter the streets.

When men see, set before them, the practical workings of prohibition, in the thrift and comfort of a community, oh, why, why will they not be convinced? With sadness and grief I am writing this, for only a few days since the news has come to us of the death of that noble specimen of Christian philanthropy, Lord Shaftsbury, the originator of this scheme for better homes and sober lives for the working class; this, however, being one of a life full of good works and beneficence for his fellowmen. A great and mighty prince among men has indeed fallen. Well may the nation mourn, for he has left few like him. Who shall be found among all the great and noble of England to take up his work where he laid it down?

This meeting was presided over by Mrs. Hayward, a minister of the Free Methodist denomination, a most earnest worker and eloquent speaker. As the

large audience filed past the rostrum to take me by the hand and give me the various words of blessing and cheer, one aged, feeble man drew me down and in an under tone told me how he had spent several years of a dissipated life in New York; how badly they had treated him and how often they had him before the police court and in the "Toombs." His appearance gave evidence of a changed life, and I was sure he was glad of that haven of security.

CHAPTER IV.

A CALL TO THE WOMEN TO ORGANIZE FOR WORK—LAMBETH BATHS
—INCIDENT OF THE MEETING—SONG OF WELCOME BY J. ANDER-
SON—STEPNY GREEN TABERNACLE—FORMATION OF SECOND
WOMAN'S ASSOCIATION IN LONDON—AT GREAT CENTRAL HALL
BISHOP'S GATE—PHRENOLOGICAL AND PHYSIOLOGICAL DESCRIPTION
OF MOTHER STEWART.

OUR good friends on the other side knew how to keep one busy, and I liked it. Oh, I would that I had the physical strength to go on thus always! How it stirs the blood and animates and inspires the soul!

My calls became so numerous and importunate that I deemed it necessary to send out the following letter :

TO THE WOMEN OF ENGLAND.

DEAR SISTERS :—Having, since my arrival in England, received so many invitations from all parts of the kingdom to come and address you, or labor with you in behalf of our great temperance movement, I take this method of acknowledging the same, and assuring you of the pleasure it would give me to meet and talk with you of our blessed work of rescuing the perishing. It would be a source of happiness to mingle my prayers with yours, that the Lord might bless the efforts put forth to stay the tide of sin and misery caused by drink. But my failing strength admonishes me that, humanly speaking, it will be impossible for me to do all the work that has come to my hands. Besides, imperative duty seems to call me home early in the summer. I will, however, with God's grace and assistance, try to meet all the calls I

can in the time allotted for my stay. In the meantime let me ask that each and all who have access to the throne of grace pray most earnestly that our Father may pour out His spirit upon the people; and especially that the women of England may be awakened to a sense of their duty and responsibility on the subject. Without God's blessing all our efforts will be unavailing. Let me also ask you, my dear sisters, not to wait for my coming, but come together at once, form your praying associations and commence pleading at the throne for wisdom, guidance and blessing upon your work. God will hear and answer. We have, in the far West, proved Him to be a prayer-hearing and a prayer-answering God. Only through prayer, that power that "moves the arm that moves the world," can we ever prevail against this gigantic enemy of all happiness.

I shall be most happy, upon visiting such points as I shall be able to reach, to find the women already organized and at work. Do not, my dear sisters, wait for human aid, but look to God and He will give it. Already several associations of earnest workers have been organized in London, and I hope to hear of many more. The president of our national association, Mrs. Wittenmyre, sends by me her greetings to our sisters of Great Britain, urging them to organize at once for prayer and work, and elect delegates to represent them in our international convention in America next June—the first for women the world has ever known. Let us work on and pray on, for we shall 'in due time reap if we faint not.

Yours in the bonds of Christ,

MRS. E. D. STEWART.

I was, henceforth, too busy to read the criticisms, except as I read them in the interested and absorbed countenances of the throngs that attended my meetings. But my meetings continued to be reported.

Very often my addresses were also reported at more or less length. If I had been dependent upon two or three written or memorized speeches, I would soon have been left in a sorry fix.

Thursday evening, February 3d, I found myself at Lambeth Baths, mixed up in a political meeting called to promote the interest of Sir Wiltred Lawson's Permissive Bill, in the borough of Lambeth, but I did not in the least feel badly about it. For on this occasion, as ever before and since, while I have insisted that we must cry to and depend upon God alone for help and for His blessing upon our efforts, all the time using our best endeavors to win back the erring from the paths of sin, I have maintained that common sense dictates that we must enact and enforce prohibitory laws against this greatest of all (as we do against other) crimes. It was certainly rather a startling innovation though, upon the usages of the country, for a woman, an alien, at that, to appear on the platform with gentlemen to discuss their political problems with them. I am not sure but something of the kind was mentioned in introducing me. However, from a pretty full report of my speech in the proceedings of the meeting before me, if the apparent vanity may be pardoned, I should say I "guess" I made considerable of a stagger in handling English *rum* politics and laws by the side of the notables that participated that evening.

The hall is an immense structure, as its name indicates; in the summer season used for bathing purposes, and in the winter floored down for use as a public hall. It was crowd d to its utmost capacity; the

number present was estimated quite variously, ranging between four and five thousand.

Mr. George Livesey, president Lambeth Permissive Bill Association, presided, with Mr. John Kempster, Mr. J. C. Campbell, Rev. J. M. Murry, Mr. Pitman, Mr. Fucher, Mr. King and Mr. Lester on the platform. I was greeted by the audience with rousing cheers, and I was, I may admit, not a little flattered to hear it announced that the usual exercises would be varied by the rendering of a song of welcome to Mother Stewart, by Mr. John Anderson, the author. The audience joined heartily in the chorus.

While the preliminary exercises of opening, passing a resolution of welcome, also in reference to the subject to be discussed, were in progress, I was busy casting about for material for my use. And seeing a young woman sitting not far from the platform with a sweet little baby of about ten months in her arms (evidently her first, by the motherly pride she manifested), I turned to a lady standing near and whispered to her to try to reach the woman with the baby, and ask her if she would hand me her baby upon a given signal. She delivered the request, and the little mother signified by a nod that she would. After I had gotten pretty well along in my speech, I gave the quiet nod and she crowded her way to the platform which was a very high one, and reached her baby up. I bent over, and taking it held it aloft, while the audience made the welkin ring with their cheers. Of course, they could not imagine what it meant, but it was a novel movement for a speaker, and the audience concluded just there was where the cheers ought to

come in, and they gave them with a will and compound interest. I must not forget to say that the baby, of whom any mother might have been proud, performed her part admirably, taking the whole affair calmly, though manifesting quite an interest in the cheering.

When the audience had quieted down, I appealed to them in behalf of that baby as the representative of all the babies of England that suffered through the drink curse.

"Sensation," you say? Yes, why not? I hold that any means that will arrest and rivet the attention of your hearers, and at the same time carry conviction to their hearts of the righteousness of your cause, is legitimate, and there is no reason why it may not be used. In this instance it was a very effective card. The mother of my baby afterwards very kindly sent me a photograph of herself and baby.

I append here the song of welcome as sung by Mr. J. Anderson :

The war of progress deepens, though we hear no tap of drum,
But from east and west they gather, and from north and south they come ;
And no battle cry was ever heard more worthy of our choice
Than that which shields our public rights and guards our private joys.

CHORUS.—Let us welcome Mother Stewart, let us welcome her with glee,
As the leader of a sacred band from lands across the sea ;
There is something in her princely name, but far more in her deeds,
To make us join the holy cause for which she nobly pleads.

The sting of an envenomed scourge, too long in silence borne,
Has entered woman's heart at last, with all its ills forlorn,
And made her cast her diffidence and gentleness aside
To grapple with the cursing drink, whatever may betide.

CHORUS.—Let us welcome Mother Stewart, etc.

There is a trust that far outweighs all else the earth contains,
And that in woman's guardianship for life or death remains
To watch o'er all that makes sweet home a little heaven below ;
But there the blasting drink intrudes and strikes its hardest blow.

CHORUS.—Let us welcome Mother Stewart, etc.

By our fireside, liquor stricken, by our children led astray,
In the woman's war we'll labor, for the women's war we'll pray ;
May its fires grow hot and hotter, may its hero bands increase,
For until this battle's fought and won our homes shall have no peace.

CHORUS.—Let us welcome Mother Stewart, etc.

The mainspring of our earthly joys we place in woman's hand,
And all that would disturb its pulse must perish from our land ;
Strong drink disturbs its harmony, and puts it out of tune,
So woman's work for woman's weal has not begun too soon.

CHORUS.—Let us welcome Mother Stewart, etc.

Friday evening, February 4th, I addressed a meeting in the Stepny Green Tabernacle—a large building and a crowded and enthusiastic audience. I see in a report of the meeting that I took occasion to refer to the drinking habit so prevalent among the clergy and ministers, adding that it was an unusual thing for a minister in our country to taste a drop of intoxicating beverages. A minister that would do so would very soon lose both caste and influence in the community, and would be looked upon as having dishonored his sacred calling. Such assertions were considered by my non-abstaining hearers as very strong language, and they were unable to take them without several grains of allowance.

After the lecture we proceeded to form the second Women's Association for London, electing Mrs. Marie Hilton, president, Mrs. Fletcher, Mrs. Harris, Mrs. Flude, Mrs. Warner, Mrs. Marshall and Mrs. Hall,

vice-presidents; Miss Hilton, secretary, and Miss Harris assistant secretary, with a committee of twenty-four ladies and an advisory committee of twenty-three gentlemen. Arrangements were made for a weekly prayer meeting and for a general meeting to complete the organization.

I have already spoken of Mrs. Hilton's faith institution in the interest of the working women and their babies in Radcliff, East London. Among the many remarkable answers to prayer in behalf of her charge, I take pleasure in mentioning one which came under my own knowledge. After returning from this meeting, before retiring for the night, she committed her charge to the Lord's keeping, telling Him her needs for it—a bill of thirteen pounds would be due the next morning—but telling Him, as He knew all about it, she left it in His hands.

When I came down to breakfast next morning she told me the fact, adding that already had come the answer in two letters containing checks just covering the amount, with sixpence surplus. Verily hath He said, "Before you call, while you are yet speaking, will I answer."

On Sabbath evening, the 6th, I addressed another eager throng at Great Central Hall, Bishop's Gate. Mr. John Ripley presided, and offered a resolution of welcome, supporting it with an eloquent speech. I was happily surprised to hear Prof. L. N. Fowler, the world renowned phrenologist, formerly of my own country, called upon to second the resolution, which he did in a very felicitous manner. It was of immeasurable value to me to be so warmly indorsed by a fellow

countryman so widely and favorably known as Prof. Fowler. Says the reporter of this meeting :

Great Central Hall, Bishop's Gate street, was crowded to its utmost capacity. Mother Stewart's earnest and Christian address produced a deep impression. Crowds were unable to obtain admittance.

The Professor and his estimable lady invited me to dine with them, but requested that I call on my way at their office on Fleet street. Upon arriving at the office the Professor remarked that they had a design upon me in inviting me to their office, which was to examine the cranium of the Crusader, and, if possible, discover the hidden springs or propelling forces that impelled her into such hitherto untrodden channels for women. I told him I did not care what the design might be, if I could only find myself by an American fire once more. The fact was, the small fires and abundant ventilation that were so healthful and invigorating to those accustomed to them were often chilling to one accustomed to our larger fires and closer rooms. It was not a little mortifying to find myself obliged to "cuddle up" to the fire to keep comfortable, while the members of the household would be moving about or sitting in the bay windows sewing, entirely oblivious to the cold that "starved" me so unmercifully.

It was a source of great pleasure to visit these esteemed friends of my own country, and it was not less so to be taken into the homes and entertained with such genuine hospitality by my not less highly prized English friends. How precious the memory of those dear friends, their tender care, their loving words of

cheer. As I write, it comes floating back to me over the intervening years. And as I sit writing (December 18, 1889) the carrier brings my annual Christmas love letter from Mrs. Fairfax, of Birmingham, also conveyed in a letter from my friend, Mrs. Broomhall, of Troy, Ohio, a gracious message from her relative, Justice Broomhall, J. P., of Surry, who presided at my reception in London. Though fourteen years have sped away, the friendships formed in those few busy months are still sacred. Ah, yes, they have flown, and too frequently, alas, have they borne on their wings one or more of those dear friends and fellow toilers. The lady of whom I have just written, Mrs. Fowler, whose life was full of rich fruitage, has gone over. And so has my venerated friend Mr. John Cadbury, father of Mrs. Fairfax, who, as a ripe sheaf laden with golden grain, has in the past year been gathered into the Master's storehouse.

I had no objection to the Professor's examination, for I really thought I would like to know, if he were able to tell me, whether I were mentally constituted unlike other women. Had my Heavenly Father endowed me with such faculties as enabled me to go forth in this new field, trusting alone in His strength?

Whether or not, to Him belongeth all the glory. And as I have said over and over, and love to say, I shall never cease to praise Him for counting me worthy. I was much surprised, a few days later, to see the Professor's estimate in print, as I had no thought that he wished more than to gratify his own curiosity, or, possibly, test some of his phrenological theories. But since it has been quite generally circu-

lated, and my friends into whose hands this story may fall may also feel an interest or curiosity in the Professor's make-up of my case, I will give it here :

PHRENOLOGICAL AND PHYSIOLOGICAL DESCRIPTION,
BY PROFESSOR L. N. FOWLER.

Mrs. E. D. Stewart has a distinct individuality of character, as well as an identity of her own. Her head is of the average size, but well proportioned to her body, yet her brain has the ascendancy, owing partly to bodily infirmity and partly to an active nervous temperament. She has naturally a strong constitution and much power of endurance, yet she is greatly assisted in her mental labors by her superior nervous energy, strength of will and force of character. These enable her to labor and endure and perform tasks that would cripple many individuals. Her vital forces are not equal to the task of supplying all the vital force she needs ; hence she is liable to go beyond the power of her natural constitution.

Her brain indicates eight prominent qualities of mind, which stand out distinctly in her character. The first is the power which her nervous mental temperament gives to her mind, directing the majority of the forces of her nature into the mental channel, thus making her derive greater pleasure in mental exercises and labors than in those of a purely physical character.

The second prominent quality comes from the strength of her reasoning, thinking faculties, giving her judgment, originality, ability to plan, to regulate her impulses, to balance her feelings and to guide her enthusiasm, so that she possesses not only zeal, but knowledge, and has sound, good, common sense, which enables her to treat all subjects intellectually and with reference to practical results. She acts and speaks more from the understanding than from the emotional nature. She has more of a philosophical turn of mind

than a scientific one; is more given to thought than to observation, and deals more in principles than in facts and details. She has the ability to systematize and arrange, and is thorough in what she says and does. Her genius does not run in the direction of music, art, poetry or figures.

Her third strong characteristic gives her self-control, self-reliance, presence of mind, independence, sense of liberty, and the desire to act and think for herself. She is not easily thrown off her balance in times of danger, but is prepared to take responsibilities, if necessary, and be a master spirit. She is not wanting in the desire to excel, to please and to be appreciated, but she has much more sense of character than regard for fashion or fondness of display in dress. She has ambition, yet her ambition is not so great as to lead her to compromise her principles in order to please anyone.

Her fourth quality of mind, worthy of note, gives her energy, spirit, force, resolution, power of endurance and stamina of character. She will not stop for trials, nor be kept in check by ordinary opposition. Her energy is too great for her strength, and she is inclined to perform more labor than she ought to attempt. The combative element is not so strong as the executive and persuasive element.

Her fifth leading trait is sense of obligation, of duty and justice. She has moral courage, and is a lover of equity and right. All kinds of injustice appear to her like an outrage. It must be with difficulty that she can restrain herself from using very forcible language in denouncing sin and sinners.

Her sixth distinct element is her cautiousness, which has a restraining influence on her executive powers, and greatly regulates their action. She has much forethought, prudence, solicitude and regard for results.

The seventh prominent quality gives her sympathy

with humanity and interest in the welfare of others, which stimulate her to action. She takes great delight in seeing others good and happy, and is willing to labor to secure these ends.

Her large benevolence has developed in her a missionary spirit—a desire to do good—and, if possible, to remove all impediments in the way of human improvement and happiness.

The eighth and last, though not least strong, power of her mind is her social, domestic nature. She is devoutly attached to home, family and friends; few are more sincere and devoted in their domestic feelings and affections. Nothing but a strong, sincere interest in the general welfare of the race would lead her to sacrifice her home feelings and enjoyments, to labor in a public manner, to create sentiment in favor of the right. She naturally places the family circle and domestic influence at the foundation of society, and it is easy for her to see that whatever disturbs the home circle deranges the entire life, stunts moral growth and prevents perfection of character and consistency of life; and whoever is engaged in any trade or business that tends to break up, disorganize or demoralize the family circle is, in her estimation, engaged in doing the work of the Evil One.

Some of her faculties are not large, and do not enter strongly into her character, but the combined action of these eight distinct conditions of her body and mind enable her to accomplish a special end, in which she takes a great interest; and especially being also influenced by a high religious and moral principle, she has great strength of character in that direction.

Her history, as known to the world, is that she is deeply interested in religion and in the eternal salvation of the race and in the cause of temperance. As she believes that intemperance disqualifies persons for the true enjoyment of this life, and of the life to come, and that all who are engaged in manufacturing, circu-

lating and retailing alcoholic drinks are directly engaged in encouraging a habit and creating an appetite for drinking, that they are surrounding persons with influences and associations from which it is almost impossible for some to break away, thus effectually ruining them for time and eternity. Seeing this increasing evil in families and societies, and knowing that the innocent wife suffers the consequences, as well as the victim himself, she could hold her peace no longer, but has been gradually drawn out by the force of her sense of duty and interest in the moral and spiritual condition of the human race, to take a public stand against the common foe of man, and is willing to wear herself out in the effort to stay the evil, reclaim the wayward, and restore the family circle to peace, prosperity and happiness; and we bid her God-speed in her efforts to attain this good result.

Cook's Buildings, 107 Fleet Street, London.

CHAPTER V.

DEATH OF REV. JABUS BURNS, D.D.—ROYAL PROCESSION FROM BUCKINGHAM PALACE TO PARLIAMENT HOUSE—VISIT AN EDUCATIONAL CONFERENCE AND HEAR A LORD MAKE A SPEECH—AT HAMMERSMITH—THE WOMEN MARCH AND SING CRUSADE SONGS—AT WOOLWICH—VISIT THE ART GALLERIES IN SOUTH KENSINGTON—A LONDON FOG.

ON January 31st, 1876, a prince of Israel passed from a long life of incessant labor and immeasurable usefulness to his rest and crown. A great and valiant warrior in Israel was Rev. Jabus Burns, D. D. He was well known and beloved on our side of the ocean as well as in his own land. For forty years he had been pastor of the Baptist congregation, worshipping in the chapel in Church street, Paddington. Known and revered as he was, of course his funeral was attended by an immense concourse of people. The services were conducted by Rev. George McCree, a true yoke fellow and co-laborer. So great was the grief of his bereaved people that it was said a large number of the poorer class of women to whom he had been religious teacher, counselor and friend for forty years walked the entire distance to the cemetery to see him laid to rest.

On the Monday evening following I addressed a very large and most solemn audience in Dr. Burns' chapel. The auditorium was still heavily draped in black, imparting a solemn, awe-stricken feeling to the assembly. Rev. Dawson Burns presided, and in his

introductory address said he could say for his father what he doubted if even Mother Stewart could say for many of the ministers of her country—for thirty-five years he had preached an annual temperance sermon from that pulpit, and had his thirty-sixth almost prepared when called to exchange his life of warfare for that of reward, but had commissioned him to preach it for him. This he did a few Sabbaths later. Thus being dead, this eminent man of God yet speaketh through his honored son. I never addressed an audience under such solemn circumstances. It seemed as if the venerable saint was casting a backward look over the battlements at his beloved, grief-stricken flock. What a privilege did I feel it to be to stand where that godly man had stood and had broken the bread of life to his people for so many years, and try to impress upon their minds the importance of my message. If speaker and hearers were bathed in tears, was it a matter of surprise? I trust the effort was not entirely in vain. From the report I copy:

Mother Stewart's address was of a most impressive character and went straight to the hearts of the people, a large number of whom signed the pledge papers distributed to the congregation. "Have you heard what a meeting we had?" inquired a brother who was present. "Yes," said I, "I heard you had a nice meeting." "A *nice* meeting indeed. That's a poor way of describing it. Why I call it a grand meeting. I don't know when I was at such another. Wouldn't it have pleased the Doctor? There was only one thing he would have disliked; it lasted till a quarter past ten, and he always closed his meetings at ten." So I warmed up a little and gave in to my brother that it was a "grand meeting." Several speakers addressed



MRS. MARGARET BRIGHT LUCAS,
First Pres. World's W. C. T. U.

the meeting after Mother Stewart, and the people seemed loth to leave the building.

Tuesday, February Sth, was the day announced for the opening of Parliament by the queen in person. As she had not done so for some years, it was made a great fete day. And to us plain republic folks it was an occasion worth a trip across the briny deep to witness. The queen being at Buckingham Palace, the cavalcade formed there and passed through the Strand to Parliament House, through such a mass of humanity as I never witnessed before nor since. By the kindness of my friends I had a very eligible position for observation on the balcony of the U. K. Alliance rooms. As far as one could see, the broad thoroughfare was one great sea of people. Not only the street, but houses, windows, doors, balconies, roofs full. The union jack and bunting floated everywhere. It was a perplexing problem as I viewed the throng, as to how a procession of coaches could possibly find a passage through it. But a little before it appeared, the police, assisted by the horse guards, a richly caparisoned company of mounted soldiers, dashed through the throng, scattering, or rather crowding them to right and left. These horse guards are a fine-looking body of soldiers, and form a part of the queen's body guard. They were uniformed in the scarlet coat and light buff trowsers with very high, fair topped boots, fair gauntlets, glittering helmets, with white plumes flowing down from the top, and mounted on magnificent chargers. The crowd was so densely packed that if one moved it seemed to set the live mass oscillating for a square away.

By such move one poor woman was thrown into the open passage. She held a muff in her hand. I noticed-before she could have time to recover herself a policeman caught her by the arm and flung her across the way, her muff flew from her hand and in the next moment was being trampled under a hundred feet. I don't suppose she ever saw it again. "Oh," said I, "see that lady." "She's no lady," answered some one at my elbow in quick and emphatic tone. Caught tripping for once on the class line, she was only a woman, and it was ignorance that I suppose deserved rebuke to call one of that great breathing mass a lady. At this juncture came an open coach rolling slowly between these two forests of people. A gentleman stood erect and bare headed, smiling and bowing right and left to the people as they rent the air with their cheers. Who is it? Some limb from the tree royal, certainly. Not the Prince of Wales, for he had not yet arrived from India. It is Dr. Seely (have I the name correct?), the attorney and advocate or rather defender of the "Tichbourn claimant." He is seeking a little added notoriety, and possibly adroitly taking this novel way to feel the public pulse in the interest of his client.

But a throb agitates this live, breathing, conglomerated animal; the procession is filing out of St. James park and heading this way. Coaches glittering with burnished plate, horses in magnificent trappings, servants in the livery of their masters, cocked hats, long queues, laced coats, cutaway and swallow tail, knee breeches, long stockings, low shoes with silver buckles (I suppose), outriders, footmen on behind. Some of

the liveries blue, faced with buff, some faced with scarlet. On they come in majestic state, dukes, duchesses, earls, marchionesses, lords and ladies; the ministers of state, foreign ministers. Where is General Schenck? I can't pick him out. There goes the Prince of Wales' coach, the Princess occupying it. Oh, there is the coach of state, drawn by six beautiful cream colored or rather "clay bank" horses. What beauties they are! I declare I would not mind being queen myself for the sake of being driven behind such magnificent horses. Little postilions riding the leaders. On either side of the coach walk six or eight men in black velvet hats with rather large, flat-topped crowns and broad rim with a red, white and blue band with streamers, blue cloth coat, made loose and plaited into a yoke, and a belt about the waist, making the skirt seem full. The sleeves are loose and plaited or gathered into a cuff. These guards carried each a long spear or battle axe, or some such old-time implement of warfare. They are a part of a class of soldiers or guards of "yeomanry," usually called beef-eaters, an ancient order. I afterwards saw the same or their comrades on duty in the Tower.

But the queen, did I see her? Well, yes, a little—saw a lady sitting with her back to the front of the coach, dressed in white satine and ermine, but being on the balcony above could not see her face. But the Princess Beatrice sat in the back seat, and leaning forward and looking out upon the throng that were so eagerly looking and cheering, I had a good opportunity to see this scion of this illustrious royal family. I wished I could just then have had a "star spangled

banner" to wave as a private citizen of the big republic, yet with profoundest respect paying court to the queen of a kindred nation, but more to the noble *woman, wife and mother* that she is.

I am very sorry I did not have the opportunity of seeing her. General Schenck, our minister, very kindly tried to obtain admission for me to the ladies' gallery in Parliament House, but owing to the unusual demand by the nobility (the occasion not having occurred for some years before, and rarely since the death of the Prince Consort), and to the smallness of the gallery, he was unable to procure the necessary ticket of admission.

I learned, after I left London, that some of the papers said, "Mother Stewart should have been presented to the queen; it might have been profitable to both." It would certainly have been of greatest advantage to me in my work. I am sure I cannot say whether a presentation would have interested her majesty in my cause or not. But I was too terribly busy to turn aside for even so great a pleasure as that would have been. I know General Schenck would have taken pleasure in presenting me.

I again saw the Princess Beatrice at the British Museum, as also Princess Louise. I also attended an educational annual conference under the management of Mrs. Gray, a lady who was engaged in a very commendable effort to raise the standard of education for young women. Mrs. Gray seemed to be a most energetic and competent lady, and fully capable of conducting the exercises, making the annual addresses, etc., but the customs of British civilization demanded

that some gentleman do this for her. And as the higher the personage in the social scale the greater the influence, she had succeeded in securing the eminent services of Lord Aberdare. He was a rather large man, of full habit and phlegmatic temperament, and he proceeded in a quiet, dispassionate and undemonstrative manner to present the claims of Mrs. Gray's association. It was rather interesting to me, because I really did hear a veritable lord of the realm address a public assembly, and so had the opportunity to get an estimate of the ability of that class of public speakers. But dear me! Why do they "hem" and "and" and "um" and "ah" that way? Why don't they say what they have to say and have done with it? I wanted to help him, or take it out of his hand and say it for him. I knew all the time Mrs. Gray would have said it a great deal better and more to the purpose. But then what is the use of having nobility if you cannot utilize them sometimes? As specimens of ornament I don't believe they are always a success. I am not saying they are not awfully nice and valuable in their legitimate sphere.

This organization, it must be observed, had for its object the increased facilities for the education of young *women*, not young ladies, and embraced in its beneficent intent the daughters of the working classes, or lower trades people. I was struck with the fact that the arguments put forth and suggestions made were such as in our country we had heard thirty years before. Of course, the upper class has greater advantages for acquiring a good education and a curriculum of study that would not be deemed necessary

for these more humble folk. In order to give prestige and win the consideration of the upper classes to any benevolent enterprise or institution, it is necessary that the name and gracious interest of some one of high title or position be secured as a patron, honorary president or something, and in this case Mrs. Gray had been fortunate in getting the amiable Princess Louise to lend her name as honorary president. She very kindly graced this meeting with her presence, attended by several of her ladies. She seemed to be a very plain, unostentatious, sensible looking lady. And, by the way, the mothers of all Christendom are indebted to that perfect model of motherhood, Queen Victoria, for the example she has set in the practical and sensible manner in which she has reared and trained her sons and daughters. My friend, Mrs. Stewart, who took me to this conference, proposed to procure me an introduction to the princess, but before the exercises closed I was obliged to leave to meet my own engagement.

As an amusing item to us Americans I may as well (since I am on the subject of schools and classes) tell an incident that a lady told me of her own experience. She established a rather small, select school, for the benefit of her own daughter, furnished good teachers and the necessary accessories and admitted a few other young ladies. A miller in the vicinity came to her and made an earnest plea for the admission of his daughter to the school. It was a little—a good deal—of a hazardous innovation, but my friend was a lady of generous nature, and so gave her permission, and the daughter was admitted. But it was not long till an-

other applicant appeared, this time a step further down in the social scale—a blacksmith—and he made so eloquent a plea for the advantages of the school for his daughter that the lady again yielded, and the blacksmith's daughter was also admitted. But bless you the miller could not and would not bear such mixing up of classes; his daughter associate with the blacksmith's? Not if English institutions were to be maintained. My friend had a deal of trouble to soothe the indignant and irate miller, and I believe she found it expedient, after a time, to suspend her school because of the difficulty of maintaining it in one grade or harmonizing the different classes. If you will have luxuries you must pay for them.

But look how far I have wandered off from the queen's procession to Parliament House. I suppose it is just as well, though, for I see I have given but a very imperfect description of that great pageant. It was as if the kings and queens, lords and ladies of the bygone centuries had arisen from old Westminster, and for a day given a glimpse of old-time kingly grandeur and display for the entertainment of us matter-of-fact people of the nineteenth century. If the good queen shall live to celebrate her half century reign, on the 20th of June, 1887, the magnificence and display of the occasion will exceed anything that has preceded it. I hope she may live, and for many years after, for England has not seen her like before and will not again. "God save the queen!" (The years have gone on and I am happy to be able to record that the queen did celebrate her half centennial year of

reign, and at this date, 1889, is still reigning, the greatest and best monarch of the age.)

At night, February 8th, I addressed a meeting at Hammersmith, under the auspices of Sister Durrant and other members of the Sisters of Progress, a beneficiary association. The women composing this organization and others had been so inspired by the reports of our crusade that they determined to, in some sort, follow our example. Meeting in a specified place, they formed in procession and marched to the hall, singing our crusade hymns as they marched, greatly to the disgust and consternation of the publicans whose places they passed. It would be supposable that it would bring out a big crowd, and that the meeting was one of great enthusiasm. It was reported to the manager of the meeting, brother Martindale, that some lewd fellows of the baser sort had "banded together for the purpose of creating a disturbance." But brother M., by prompt and decisive action, thwarted them in their chivalrous purpose. As a reporter said: "A pretty clear indication was given that the audience would deal promptly with any who deprived them of the privilege of hearing Mother Stewart."

Wednesday, February 9th, again at Woolwich in Alexandria Hall, but the place soon became so densely packed, and so many were unable to get in, that arrangements had to be made for an overflow meeting. Mrs. Ashdown, a lady of much ability and influence, presided; and among others who participated in the meeting was brother Wm. Noble, who has since done such a glorious work in the line of Gospel temperance, not only in England, but in South Africa, Australia

and the United States. One lady of London, Mrs. Frampton, spoke, giving her experience as an abstainer of forty years. This kind of experience was very telling and effective in that country, as there it was the rare exception, and the mass of the people had the absurd, but very honest notion that one could not be an abstainer for a series of years and yet retain working health and vigor. It was looked upon as a rather risky experiment that few dared make.

After addressing the audience at Alexandria Hall, I left the meeting in other hands and was taken to Hudson's Hall, and addressed another full house and enthusiastic audience, Mrs. Josephs presiding.

Thursday, 10th, I took a little time to visit the art galleries of old South Kensington. I was particularly anxious to see George Cruikshank's great painting of the worship of Bacchus. But oh, dear, the fog! And how tantalizing! I attempted distance, but could not see; near proximity, but could see no better. It was certainly a dim, but not religious light—was not promotive of very religious emotions, at least. What a muddle it all was? And I, who had been so wild with the long-cherished hope of visiting old South Kensington, and feasting my eyes on some of those masterpieces of art, went and verily saw nothing to satisfaction. There sat artists painting and students copying, as best they could, by gas light, which little more than served to make the fog visible. Well, I thought, I had at least seen a London fog, and that was something—something that an American has to cross the ocean to get any conception of.

At night I was again at the great Central Hall,

Bishop's Gate street, with no abatement of numbers or interest. After the meeting I was taken by Mr. Lang to his temperance hotel.

Friday, the 11th. I said yesterday I had seen a London fog. No, I hadn't; it was only the precursor or first installment of the fog actual, which on this morning settled down as if with a fixed purpose of burying the devoted city forever from the sight of men. The streets were as silent as a city of the dead; there was no passing to and fro. You could not see half across the street; you could scarcely see across the room. As there was nothing else for me to do, I attempted to write a letter home, which I accomplished by the aid of the gas, which diffused a pale, sickly ray immediately around the burner in a radius of two or three feet. The gas was burned all day on the streets. The effect was wonderfully weird and startling. Below the gas jets the fog was of a dark ashen hue, but as the light struggled upwards through the dense mass it gave the upper strata a sort of bronzed or copper color, and one used to the clear atmosphere and bright sunshine of our big, broad West, and never having been "in a fog" before, needed only a little imagination to fancy that the last day had come. What would it be at night?

I was booked for Lancaster Road Chapel, Notting Hill, and we got there, though we could not see a rod before us. I did not suppose it would be possible for but few people to get out on such a night, but I felt it to be my duty to meet my engagement. There is certainly nothing like being used to a thing. Although it had been prophesied that this meeting, at least,

would be a failure, yet before the appointed time the people began to pour in, and soon the house was filled to repletion. Rev. J. T. Russell, A. M., a very earnest and active worker for temperance, presided, and in kind and flattering terms presented the speaker. At this meeting were officers from the army, who manifested a deep interest in the cause. Quartermaster Sargeant Hawthorne moved and Lieutenant Colonel Brockman seconded a vote of thanks to the speaker. The arrangements of the meeting were carried out by a committee of ladies.

After meeting, the fog still on, we felt our way by the walls of fence or building—had to walk. All vehicles had been ordered off the streets, as it would not have been possible to drive without collisions.

On Saturday, the 12th, I spoke at Britannia Row Chapel, Essex Road, Islington. The auditorium held between six and seven hundred, but was so crowded that many could not find even standing room. The Good Templars were in regalia. The chair was occupied by the Rev. Matthew Smith, and on the platform were Inspector Evans, John Hilton, Thomas Whittaker, Esq., quartermaster's sergeant Banister, and others.

I notice in the quite extended report of this meeting that Mother Stewart, in the course of her speech, called on the audience to pray in behalf of several eminent brewers and liquor manufacturers, whose names she announced as follows: Mr. Barclay, Mr. Jenne, Mr. Hanbury, Mr. Buxton, Mr. Watney, Messrs. Bass & Co., Messrs. Allsopp & Co., that God would

move upon their hearts and consciences; that they might be so troubled that they would cease their manufacture of what was the destruction of so many thousands of men and women, and was a main influence in leading the fallen women who nightly paraded the streets to the condition of sin and misery in which we find them.

This was a piece of audacity that almost took away the breath of a good many, I dare say, of the most worthy class of conservative people who had always looked up to these great monied magnates with a sort of awe and profound respect because of the station and influence in society, church and state, they had been able to acquire through their ill-gotten wealth. And especially was it quite shocking to this class of refined nerves when, with a not altogether accidental slip of the tongue, while pronouncing one of the names of those very influential firms, I got in too many l's by one. I am free to admit that it was letting down the standard of the dignity of the platform not a little, and a departure from my rule under all circumstances to maintain it; but I felt the necessity of an iconoclast's hand to break the spell, thrown over a sinful business and those engaged in it, by the class distinctions, or, it would be better to say, money distinctions. I had no desire to quarrel with the old, time-honored customs in this regard, where honored, unsullied names or gentle blood was concerned. But here was a class of men, by their vicious trade, impoverishing, degrading, debauching, murdering the queen's subjects, multiplying vice and crime, and yet by this same means enriching themselves and foisting

themselves into position and claiming the deference of the people. I just *had* to ; could not help it.

Mr. Thomas Whittaker, of Scarborough, followed with a powerful speech, as did that tireless worker, Mr. John Hilton.

Sabbath evening, 13th, at Burough Road Chapel, Rev. Geo. McCree's, following this devoted servant of the Lord, who, because of his great work among the lowly in that quarter of London, is called the Bishop of St. Giles. On this occasion he preached a sermon on the death of Dr. Jabus Burns, after which he introduced me to the audience, which the reporter says was even more crowded than for the sermon.

CHAPTER VI.

LETTER TO MRS. ADELAIDE STEWART—WEARINESS FROM EXCESSIVE LABOR—WATCHWORD'S REPORT OF ONE EVENING'S WORK—MEETING AT REV. VARLEY'S TABERNACLE—INCIDENT OF THE MEETING—FRUITAGE FROM THE CRUSADE—ORGANIZATION OF THE FOURTH LADIES' UNION—MASS MEETING AT NIGHT—POPULAR—LAMBETH BATHS—STANDARD THEATER IN SHOREDITCH—WM. NOBLE—OUR AMERICAN LOAN, BY HARRIET A. GLAZEBROOK.

I N the *Temperance Star* of February 17th, I find a letter addressed to Mrs. Adelaide Stewart, president of the Ladies' Temperance Praying Union, of Glasgow, in response to an invitation from that organization to visit Glasgow. I am sorry that I am not able to find Mrs. Stewart's letter among my papers. I give this answer, however, as an intimation of the work that was pouring in upon me, and the enthusiastic co-operation of my dear, newly-found friends :

MY DEAR SISTER :—Your most welcome favor reached me two days since, but until the present I could not find time to acknowledge. I thank you most sincerely for your kind greeting and words of cheer, and do indeed long to be with the dear sisters of Scotland. Oh, how the work seems to deepen and stretch out into almost infinite space! I can but cry, "Oh, my Father, who is equal to these things?"

My first thought in coming to this kingdom was to go direct to Scotland. But my way has been directed to this great city first, and I can but believe it is of the Lord. A grand and noble band of workers has come to my side, and are aiding and praying for me.

The calls have come in till the committee have declined to entertain any more applications. My time is fully occupied for this month here, then the friends of Liverpool have asked that I go to them for a fortnight in March. Then I shall go to Scotland as soon as possible thereafter, it may be stopping for one or two meetings by the way. I am feeling so much regret at writing this, for I fear you may think I am delaying too long, but it seems there is no better way.

The dear friends here thought it would be better for the work throughout the kingdom that I give a few weeks of my time first to London. Then they of Liverpool received me so kindly that I know not how to refuse them. Be sure my heart is with you, and I will be only too happy to join your noble band as soon as possible. I do thank you for the words of encouragement and assurance of remembering me before the throne of grace. Oh, I am so weak and small! If it were not that I know our God is on our side, and the assurance of support from the friends, my heart would fail me. The grand redeeming feature amid the darkness and discouragement is that there never was, anywhere, or in any time, braver, stronger workers in the field than to-day in Great Britain. We will trust in God and work on; yes, even though we fall before the notes of victory are sounded along the line, we will yet fall full of faith that they who come after shall finish the work.

I am glad to know that Mrs. Parker, of Dundee, can join and assist me while in Scotland, and I pray that hundreds of good and true women may fall into rank. Last evening we organized our first association at Victoria Chapel, with much enthusiasm. But I must hasten, for I have a heavy correspondence to dispose of. I will try to notify you at the earliest moment that I can when I will be with you. With very much love to yourself and co-laborers, I am yours in the bonds of Christ,

Mrs. E. D. STEWART.

My labors were becoming a very heavy strain on my powers of endurance, and beginning to tell seriously on my health. Not the speaking, for I have always been able to stand and speak to all kinds and sizes of audiences, and for from one to two hours, without experiencing fatigue; the larger, the more enthusiastic the audience, the more inspiring and less exhausting. I am scarcely ever so excited or overwrought as to induce perspiration; yet so full of my theme, and so anxious to impress its importance upon my hearers, that for the time everything else is forgotten. I have been asked, after speaking, "Are you not very much fatigued?" "I don't know." "Was not the hall uncomfortably warm?" "I did not notice." "Were you not very cold while speaking?" "No, I did not feel anything. I did not, from any sensation, know whether it was you or I standing there. I do *now* realize that my head is hot and my feet are cold." There was, always is, such an inspiration in my work as to absorb my mind and carry me out of myself for the time, and I am not conscious of heat or cold or fatigue. Of course a reaction comes, and I pay my pains and penalties in the night after such labors. But the sources of physical wear and exhaustion were first the travel. In cab, in 'bus, down a descent of steps to railroad station, under ground, under streets, houses, even under their cellars; halt, change, up, up, up flights of steps—never had time to count how many—enter another van, now rolling rapidly along the streets, over the tops of houses, over the stacks of chimney tops, looking down at the houses below, the fields and acres of houses. What are all the people

doing that live in them? How do they make their living? And where upon earth do they find enough to supply their daily demands? Where can it come from? And I wonder if they all had enough to-day to appease their hunger? Oh, dear, I believe this perplexing problem is going to tire my brain worse than preaching temperance and righteousness and judgment to come. And I must call back my wandering thoughts and imaginings, for I am to meet a company of ladies and gentlemen at a tea-drinking, then a public meeting, probably an overflow meeting besides, possibly another company of friends to supper after meeting, or it may be back the way I came to my home, getting to bed in the neighborhood of midnight.

It is a consolation that I do not have to be up as early as in my own country. These good, sensible people have no notion of burning life's candle at both ends. So, as they do burn it down deep into the socket at night, they make some kind of amends or equalize things by a good morning's rest before taking up the labors and cares of another day. But the dinners and the teas, and that—to most of us perverse Americans—"awful" *black* tea. Not even liking our more "awful" green tea, I could not get on with the black at first at all. Truth to say, however, I did by dint of perseverance come to accept it finally with a degree of complacency. And though I at first complained to the dear, good friends that with their breakfasts, lunches, dinners, teas and suppers I verily believed they would eat me to death, behold you, when I returned home and settled down to our three sober meals, I found I sorely missed my supper just before

retiring. So much for habit, quickly learned. I did not wonder that my brother S. of Liverpool complained to me in Philadelphia that these Americans did not furnish him any supper. I felt the need of it myself.

As I had no set speech committed to memory that I could rehearse each time, nor even one written that I could read, scarcely ever any notes, it required a strained concentration of thought to hold my subject ready for use in the midst of such excitement and constant conversation of the friends who could never get done asking and hearing about our wonderful crusade and methods of work growing out of it.

My faithful friend, Brother Kempster of the *Watchword*, and chairman of my committee, very kindly appealed to the friends in my behalf to give me opportunity for rest, or I would inevitably break down. Among the greatest wonders in my experience to me is, that though an invalid and a great sufferer always, I have been so sustained with strength according to my day.

From the *Watchword* of February 23 I take the following :

MOTHER STEWART IN LONDON.

Another week's work has been accomplished, the result of which it would be difficult to estimate. The evident impression made upon the masses at the meeting is but one feature of the work. The bringing together of a number of ladies and uniting them in sympathy with temperance mission work and prayer and the formation of several distinct societies of ladies in different parts of the metropolis are results that greatly cheer the heart of our sister and give us cause for

thankfulness. We are unable to speak more favorably of Mother Stewart's health. Although still very animated and forceful when on the platform, she suffers much from exhaustion and needs the greatest care and all possible rest.

On Monday, February 14th, about five o'clock, Mr. Hilton returned from a meeting of my committee, bringing a young man with him for my escort, and informed me that I was announced through the papers for four meetings that evening in different parts of the city. One of these was without the sanction of the committee. T. B. Smithies, Esq., the noted editor of the *British Workman*, and to whom I had a letter of introduction so kindly furnished me by Dr. T. L. Cuyler, had arranged for a tea meeting at Earlham Court, his residence; then I was to go to the Baptist chapel at Wood Green; from there to the British Workmen's Hall, Tredgar Road, Bow. I hastened to my chamber, made my toilet in about five minutes, off to the station, took the train, changed off to another and a third, reached our station just as Mr. Smithies was about to drive away with some of his guests; the porter halted him and he took us in. After tea, upon Mr. Smithies' urgent request in behalf of some of his guests, among them Rev. Roberts, D.D., of Edinburgh, who were obliged to leave before the evening meeting and who were very anxious to hear the marvelous story of the crusade, I stood and talked some thirty-five minutes. Then Mr. S. drove me to the chapel, quite a distance, where the Good Templars who had the meeting in charge presented me with an address of welcome. I followed, speaking about an hour. At

nine o'clock Mr. S. quietly took me by the arm, saying it was time to leave for the next appointment, and led me to the coach. I was driven, say a mile, to the station, then on the train, changed off once, then a cab for perhaps a mile to the Workman's Hall, arriving at ten o'clock, twelve miles from where I started. I found my audience waiting patiently, as they had been for two hours, other friends however addressing and holding their attention till I should come. I gave them a speech, then was driven to the train, thence home, having traveled twenty-four miles and spoken three times after five o'clock. How it all stirred the blood and revived the crusade fires again. It seemed for the time that I could go on thus forever. Oh, I wish I could.

The *Watchword* gives the following report of this evening's work :

Monday evening, February 14th, Mother Stewart was the guest of Thomas B. Smithies, Esq., editor of the *British Workman*. Besides members of Mr. Smithies' family some guests who are at present on a visit at Earlham Court, among whom is a very eminent Edinburgh Presbyterian divine, and a number of ministers of various denominations assembled to meet her. After tea the company adjourned to the library, where the hymn "Dare to be a Daniel" was sung, Miss Smithies accompanying on the harmonium. Mother Stewart gave a short, animated account of the women's whisky crusade in America, preparatory to her appearing at a large meeting in the Baptist chapel at Wood Green, which she attended at eight o'clock and which was crowded. Mr. Smithies, who occupied the chair, announced that Mother Stewart's time for remaining was confined to about an hour, as she

had to be present at another meeting at Bow, and called upon some members of the "Alexandria's Pride" Good Templars Lodge who had prepared an address of welcome to Mother Stewart, and which was effectively read and presented to her by Brother Police Sergeant Thomas Jennings, P. W. C. T., and suitably acknowledge by Mother Stewart, after which she spoke in reference to her mission, and pointedly addressed the young in an impressive and telling speech, during which she asked the audience, particularly the female portion, to pray for her that she might have strength and help to do her work, and in response to Mother Stewart's asking who would do so many hands were raised. This meeting was all that could be desired, and with Mr. Smithies' great influence and help in the neighborhood permanent good may be expected to follow. Mother Stewart then retired (about nine o'clock) during the singing of a hymn and afterwards proceeded by railway to the British Workman's Hall, Tredegar Road, Bow, where an immense gathering remained in waiting for nearly two hours and gave her a most enthusiastic ovation, the vast audience rising and joining in the hymn "Hold the Fort," after which Mother Stewart, apparently nothing wearied by her journey, delivered another stirring appeal, which was listened to with breathless attention, the entire assemblage remaining until she had closed her address. A fourth meeting advertised to take place on the same evening had to be postponed on account of the lateness of the hour.

Tuesday, February 15th, I met a conference of ladies at Rev. Henry Varley's Tabernacle, Notting Hill. After the address I proceeded to organize a women's union, and upon putting the vote for Mrs. Varley, a most competent lady, for president it seemed to be a unanimous vote. I knew no reason why it should not

be, as Mrs. Varley as well as her husband was very popular with their people. But for the form's sake I asked for the negative. Only one hand went up, and presuming the owner did not know what she was doing I declared the vote unanimous. "No," said Mrs. Varley, "I see one dear little hand raised against me." "Oh, no," exclaimed the little lady, "not against you, dear Mrs. Varley, but against the idea of forming a temperance organization in a church. It would be very dreadful; we have no need of any such organization (by this time she had risen and got near the door). Get people to come to Christ and there will be no need of temperance organizations. You know the Lord said to Timothy, 'Take a—'" "Oh, oh! no," said I, "not the Savior, but Paul. Besides you must be sure that you have Timothy's complaint and can get the kind of wine Paul advised Timothy to drink." But the dear little body proceeded in a very animated fashion to utter her protest. At length I asked her if she drank. "Yes, I do," she responded, with a good deal of emphasis, "and I am a child of God, too." "Are you sure of that?" I perhaps a little discourteously inquired, when Mrs. Varley hastened to her friend's defense, saying, "Oh, yes, Mrs. Stewart, certainly." The lady withdrew, thereupon, and we proceeded with our organization. Mr. Varley was absent from the city, but Mrs. Varley entertained me, and at night we had a large audience in the tabernacle. My little friend of the afternoon was in the audience and making sad complaint to those near her of the shocking indecency and irreverence of holding a temperance meeting in the taber-

nacle. I have given the above as being a phase of opposition to our cause, rarely if ever met with in our own country. And the reader will also notice the blind inconsistency of the deluded woman, who confessed that she drank, yet claiming to be a child of God, while she argued if people were brought to Him there would be no need of temperance organizations!

After I had finished my address, and while the people were signing the pledge, a lady came to me and told me a woman near the platform wished to speak to me. I went to her and she and her daughter with choking emotion and falling tears told me how a dear son and brother was made a wanderer through the appetite for drink. He had crossed the seas to America and had found himself in my own State, and lo! the crusaders had found him and some dear, motherly woman had induced him to sign the pledge. They, not knowing what a big piece of outdoors constituted the limits of Ohio, thought maybe it was Mother Stewart. He had written home such wonderful accounts of our crusade that it had been the means of three more of the family signing the pledge. What wonder if my own eyes grew moist during the recital! I thought of my beloved sisters across the sea, how they had toiled and prayed, how they had gone forth weeping, bearing precious seed and sowing beside all waters. Behold some of the seed, having been wafted over the tossing billows, was, in this far off land, springing up into everlasting life.

The following day, at 3 o'clock, I met a conference of ladies at Mr. John Thomas' Tabernacle, St. Johns-

wood. As an item of information to our Western people I recall that, as we were nearing the Tabernacle, I noticed some three women in the vicinity. One was reading the bill on the gate post announcing the meeting, and all seemed to be looking toward the chapel with quite a degree of interest. So I spoke to them cordially and invited them to come right in with us. They looked somewhat surprised, and I noticed that the good ladies with me exchanged amused glances, as much as to say, "Just hear this American woman." But I urged the poor women to come in till two of them did, in a sort of bashful, embarrassed way, enter and take seats, one quite near the door, but she shortly after slipped out. The other sat about the middle of the house, and seeing Brother Thomas passing down the aisle near her she arose and dropped a very reverent little courtesy. It was evident they had never been in such a place before. Possibly they were Catholics, but were evidently of the lowest strata of the teeming thousands of the great metropolis.

We here organized our fourth Women's Prayer Union, electing Mrs. Thomas president and Miss Charlotte Mason secretary. I was entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Thomas who, I was pleased to learn, were disciples of Dr. and Mrs. Parmer of New York, those eminent teachers of the way of holiness. I found them most devoted workers, giving themselves soul and body to the service of the Master.

In our conversation Brother Thomas told me of his efforts and toils and trials in the cause of temperance. Only one of his official members, if my memory serves me correctly, was in sympathy with him. Some of

his members really opposed his taking any part or interest in temperance work, in some instances even going so far as to withhold their financial support. My heart was pained to see or fancy that both he and Mrs. Thomas looked careworn and overworked. Upon retiring to my room to prepare for the evening service, and reflecting upon the situation, I said to myself, now I must be prudent to-night. I must not denounce the drinking customs of these church members, wickedly, blindly wrong though they are, so vehemently as I generally do. I must not add to the already heavy trials of these dear servants of the Lord.

The large building was full and the people all attention, and I started off with my full intention to be very mild. But what *was* the matter? I could not think of the mild milk-and-water platitudes I wanted to say. Only the impression burnt into my soul of the exceeding sinfulness of Christians, by word and example giving countenance and respectability to this great crime of the age that was tumbling souls into the bottomless pit by the thousands every year and on from generation to generation. What could I do? Denounce it. Well, I did, vehemently; could do nothing else. But woe is me, how I tossed and groaned and bemoaned the mischief I had done through the sleepless hours of the night. What would be the consequence to my dear friends who had virtually endorsed me? Oh, dear, why couldn't I have done better? When I arose and with much trepidation and guilty conscience went down to breakfast, Brother Thomas met me with the surprising statement that a committee of gentlemen had already called to

ask if I would not repeat that lecture! There was certainly a great weight of guilt lifted from my shoulders by this piece of news. But repeat it? No, I could not now remember it in any sort of connected form, and besides my time was all taken. On a subsequent occasion I remember I had a somewhat similar experience. I was holding a series of meetings in a church in a good country neighborhood, when a lady belonging to the Presbyterian church in a small village a few miles distant came to our meeting one evening and asked me if I would come to her church and give her pastor a little encouragement. He was a dear, brave man, an earnest temperance advocate and preached his sentiments. But that was obnoxious to a large portion of his people, and feeling trammelled and crippled in his usefulness he had tendered his resignation. Would I not come and hold up his hands? Yes, I would go. When I went I found myself the guest of the minister. He was quite ill, though not confined to his bed—had an affection of the eyes that prevented his reading, and I saw he was much discouraged and depressed. The people were mainly farmers—it was a fine farming region and the pious farmers were selling their grain, wood, stock, etc., to the liquor manufacturers. And though they had no regular saloon they had a tavern that supplied all their needs, and the keeper was a sort of “Grand Mogul” among them. His bar room furnished a general loafing place, where the good old deacons with the rest congregated to whittle sticks and talk horse—the “Mogul” was an oracle on the horse subject. And besides, though he claimed to be a staunch Universal-

ist, he very generously helped them pay their preacher, and of course his views on the temperance question were to be respected, and moreover they exactly agreed with those of the pious deacons. I took in my young friend's situation with a painful sense of sympathy. I could see how I might, by any rash or thoughtless handling of my subject, precipitate matters, which in the minister's present condition must be very disastrous. I would be careful and discreet.

But what had become of the discreet things I was going to say? Gone, and would not return at my call. But fierce condemnation of cold-hearted Christians and men that dared, with the abundant harvest God gave them, patronize and keep up the breweries and distilleries did flow into my mind and out of my mouth. I even charged them with their friendly indorsement of the liquor-selling tavern keeper simply because he helped them support their church. I did not know him, had never seen him, did not know his name, but I knew he was an enemy of God and was ruining the souls of their boys. I was told afterwards that he was in the audience. I did not grieve over him; guessed maybe I had served him right. But when I came to reflect upon the kind of lecture I had given I felt really distressed, and could scarcely sleep for terror as to what would be the result to my young brother. And worst of it was I took the impression, which would not be very unnatural, that he was not pleased.

In the morning a man came to do some work for the minister and he asked him how he liked the lecture. "Oh, I liked it," he answered, "but some of

them didn't." I heard nothing more before the minister took me to the train, nor for some three weeks, when he wrote me he had called a neighboring minister a few days before I went to him to help him in a protracted meeting, but had suspended it for my meeting. "Now," he wrote, "they had been greatly blessed in their work; some of the old sleepers had indeed been quite offended at first at my startling way of disturbing their quiet slumbers, but they had started right in with their protracted meeting. The Lord had graciously poured out His holy spirit and their labors had been blessed with the addition of forty-three newborn souls. And now," he added, "I suspected that you felt much disturbed in regard to your lecture that night. Was I right? If so, let me tell you that while some did at first grumble our work went right on; and I say, any way to get the sleepers out of a burning building before the roof falls in. Henceforth deliver the message the Lord gives you and trust the consequences to Him." The minister's resignation was not accepted.

Thursday, February 17th, found me again at Poplar under the auspices of Eastern Star Lodge of Good Templars. I see by a report of the meeting that Rev. Mr. McNield presided, but was not by any means clear in his mind about women appearing upon public platforms. This was not a rare sentiment with many ministers and laymen in that country. Not a few, indeed, of the same sort could be found in my own, though the crusade had served to awaken many to the fact that through all the past a great amount of latent talent and religious fervor had lain in all the churches

that might have been used to the glory of God and the salvation of souls, but for their own stupid interpretation of the scripture and their prejudices growing out of it. Inasfar as our going onto the platform to persuade men to close out the liquor business or to persuade men to lead sober lives, I do not think it was originally my duty. In this I entirely coincide with those good brethren. I never thought that it was originally meant that refined, Christian women should go into those loathsome dens of infamy to try to persuade those liquor men to give up their business. But when the men whom God had empowered and called, with their business, social, church and political influence, to crush out the curse had miserably failed, there was nothing left for Him but to call out His weak handmaidens. And, oh! I am so glad he called *me!* A wonderful change has taken place. Who to-day thinks of objecting to a woman lifting up her voice anywhere, everywhere against the liquor crime? And while we have not been able to accomplish scarcely a tithe of what we should have done if all the Christian women had heeded the call, a blessed work has been accomplished, and the women who have received the word and are to-day publishing it even to the ends of the world are a great host.

In regard to my meeting at Poplar the reporter says :

The room was densely crowded, many persons having to stand, and, if we may judge from the marked attention which prevailed and the frequent demonstrations of approbation, they were not by any means of one mind with the reverend gentleman. In the course of her remarks Mother Stewart said she could not

understand how a Christian could sell his grain to the liquor manufacturer for the purpose of putting the money in his pockets and be easy in his mind and not conscience stricken. With regard to the whisky war she asserted that the men failed to do their duty and God called the women to shame and shock the men up to a sense of their obligation as custodians of the welfare of the people. The history of the whisky war in the years to come would be very damaging to the men of this age. She had heard of ministers of the gospel who, before going into the pulpit, went to their cupboard in the vestry and had a swig at some intoxicating liquor. If she were the church who had such a minister she would turn him out. (I do not remember, but suspect I was overtaken with one of Topsy's "so wicked" attacks again and was striking back, and that the audience "caught onto" the situation enough to enjoy the fun.) She appealed to the Christians whether they expected to bring as many into the kingdom of heaven as they had sent to hell through the accursed liquor customs? She urged her sisters to rise up and enter their protest against this evil. Already four Christian praying unions had been organized, and they were all at work. Sister Hilton afterwards briefly addressed the meeting and a hearty vote of thanks was accorded to Mother Stewart, as well as to the chairman who, in reply, said it seemed to him very singular what a stir and talk people always made about a minister of the gospel when he did anything wrong, but they should remember that we were "all sinful and should have to answer each for his own deeds!"

I don't believe the minister could claim much more than a "drawn battle" in that contest.

On Friday evening, February 18th, I appeared again at Lambeth Baths, in company with Mr. Joseph Malins, G. W. C. T. of England, who had come up

from Birmingham for the occasion. I remember as we stepped into the immense building and onto the platform Mr. Malins looked down at me in a sort of consternation and said, "You'll have to speak very loud to make this audience hear." I responded, "I can make them hear if you can." I had been there before. The meeting was arranged by the South London Lodge. The paper before me says of this meeting :

Long before the hour of commencing arrived the entrance was besieged by an immense crowd eager for admission ; and shortly after eight o'clock the building was crammed, leaving numbers of disappointed ones outside. It was not till a quarter past eight that Mother Stewart made her appearance leaning on the arm of brother Malins, G. W. C. T., both of whom met with a very hearty reception. The chair was occupied by brother Edward Wood, and the City Press Brass Band furnished excellent music. Brother Malins in his address expressed the hope that Mother Stewart's visit to this country would stimulate the teetotal party to renewed exertions and make our question what it should have been long ago, a woman's question. Mother Stewart was received with loud cheers. She made an excellent speech, which produced a capital effect.

"From pit to topmost gallery," again says the reporter, "scarcely a seat was vacant at the Standard theatre Sunday evening, the 20th inst. Brother William Noble presided. After singing and the reading of a portion of scripture Mother Stewart offered up a fervent prayer for a blessing on her work. Another melody was then given by the choir and audience. Sister Saunders, D.D.M., next rose and briefly moved a resolution of welcome to Mother Stewart. Sister Fisk seconded the motion and submitted it to the

meeting. The chairman, who spoke of the distinguished visitor as the Miss Nightingale of America, called upon the audience to give her a hearty reception. The resolution was thereupon carried with acclamation and cheers, all the people standing. Mother Stewart addressed the assembly for upwards of an hour."

At the close of my address a gentleman came to me and said he was correspondent for a New York paper, I did not understand whether *Herald* or *Tribune*, and asked if he could call the next morning as he wished to write up my work for his paper. I was not able to tell him where I could see him, for I would be off early in the hands of my committee, did not know where. But I was so glad to see a reporter for one of our own papers, for I was eager to have my friends, and especially my crusade sisters, know what a blessed work had come to me and how the dear English friends were endorsing and helping me. So I fell to talking with him as fast as I could, but just then my good and prudent Sister S. who had me in charge came up and in an undertone said, "Mrs. Stewart, we must go at once; it will not do for you to talk with that man, you do not know what he may write about you." I suffered her to lead me away, though with much regret. Newspaper friends have said to me, "Oh, well, Mother Stewart, he reported you all the same." They seem to understand how such things are done. But I saw our English cousins had a very decided antipathy to the ubiquitous reporter, or interviewer, whom I had always looked upon as very nice folks, indeed rather liked, for the reason that they

have almost invariably shown me such favor and fairness.

This was called one of the hardest quarters of London, and I understood afterwards that the chairman and manager of the theater said "no woman in England could hold that audience." I do not know what the effect would have been upon me if I had been told that before speaking; possibly it might have disconcerted me and resulted in my inability to hold them. I certainly was not thinking of holding them, but only of delivering my message and impressing the truth upon their hearts. It was to me a fearfully solemn occasion. The Lord held them almost spell-bound for me. A reporter came to me and said the number present had been given to the newspaper men by count as six thousand eight hundred and forty-nine. Great throngs were crowding up to sign the pledge when I left, but as I was off next day in another part of the city and soon after left. I did not hear the results for two years afterwards. I was in New York City holding a series of meetings and spoke three Sabbaths in succession in Cooper Institute. On the second Sabbath, upon going into the anteroom preparatory to going on to the stage, a gentleman stepped forward and handed me a letter from a friend in Liverpool, saying, "Don't you know me, Mother Stewart? I am William Noble, of London, who presided at your great Standard theatre meeting in Shoreditch." I was very happy to see and welcome him to America and very proud to take him on the platform with me, and I begged the privilege of brother Gibbs, the chairman, of introducing him to his first American audi-

ence. His steamer had just come in. When the pilot was taken on he secured the morning paper and learned that I was holding meetings in the city and would speak at three o'clock in Cooper Institute. He landed at once, went to his hotel, made his toilet, had dinner, and was at the institute at three ready to go on the stage with me. In introducing him I mentioned the fact of his having presided at my meeting in the Standard theatre. When he came to speak he said there was one item I had failed to mention in connection with that remarkable meeting: that was, six hundred signed the pledge that night.

I must not leave this man, not only Noble in name, but in deeds also, without saying that after some months spent in lecturing in our country, he returned and introduced the blue ribbon movement in London, and for more than ten years (for aught I know they are still maintained), in Hoxton Hall, those meetings have been a continuous nightly institution under his personal or deputed supervision, his devoted wife assisting him till excessive work so impaired her health that she was obliged to desist. The fruits of their united labors may never be summed up in time, but hundreds of thousands through their eloquent appeals have donned the blue ribbon, and many a home of squalor and strife has been changed to that of happiness and prosperity. To our shame and their praise, be it said, that over there they have a greater gift of continuance in well doing than we have. While that work with us has nearly died out, or has only a sort of spasmodic revival here and there, the English, under such leadership as Brother Noble and his like, go

steadily on and the blue ribbon is worn not only by the lowly or the reformed drinker, but by world renowned ministers and churchmen and men of noble blood as well.

OUR AMERICAN LOAN—MOTHER STEWART.

BY HARRIET A. GLAZEBROOK.

Columbia, fair and free, from whence
Comes aim and effort strong,
The tongue of matchless eloquence,
The voice of cheering song;
Once more in gratitude thou'lt see
Outstretched our grateful hands,
For on our shore—a loan from thee—
A welcome stranger stands.

A stranger? Nay, for love leaps o'er
The chilling words we speak,
When deep-thrilled hearts bend low before
The sister-friend we seek;
One who hath stirred our sluggish blood
And checked our aimless sighs,
And roused our British womanhood
To action prompt and wise.

Blest be the northern soil whereon
Upsprung this hardy flower;
Hail to the star whose brightness shone
In drinkdom's darkest hour;
The swordless hand that loves to bear
Arms 'gainst dishonor's stain,
And fadeless laurels she shall wear
Who breaks "The Devil's Chain."

O'er ocean came a murmur deep—
It filled our English air,
And made our hearts rejoice and leap—
It was the voice of prayer!
And by the grand, heroic band
Who breathed that clarion call,
The temperance women of the land
Shall make the drink fiend fall.

Oh, gentle woman, whose fond breast
Bears many a drink-dealt blow ;
Whose single arm, with Heaven's strength blest,
Might lay the drink fiend low ;
Wake from thy slumber, for the day
Breaks o'er a plague-struck spot ;
Hast thou the power this curse to stay,
And wilt thou wield it not ?

My sisters, ye whose hearts are free
From aught of drink-curse stain,
Raise high the hands, bow low the knee,
Till o'er this arid plain,
Whose barrenness makes angels weep,
Heaven's pent-up clouds shall burst,
And floods avenging hence shall sweep
The traffic God-accursed.

CHAPTER VII.

AN INVITATION FROM A CATHOLIC PRIEST TO ADDRESS HIS PEOPLE—
DRINKING CHRISTIANS—MEETING AT WANDSWORTH—DEBTFORD
—INCIDENT—OLD SURRY CHAPEL—THE CANNA MIRACLE—VIS-
ITING PLACES OF INTEREST—VISIT TO PARLIAMENT.

STARTING out on another week, Monday, February 21st, found me at Battersee, in charge of brother Edward Wood, a very earnest worker in this part of London. As usual everywhere, an attentive audience and good meeting.

Tuesday, February 22d, for the third time at Woolwich. In the afternoon I was invited to meet with and address an association of ladies who were and have been for these long years working for the outcasts and wanderers from home and purity, and endeavoring to get the shameful contagious disease act either repealed or so amended as to make it applicable to the male and female sinner alike. They are a devoted band of noble Christian women, of whom Mrs. Josephine E. Butler, of Liverpool, is the leader and inspiration. One of the methods of these good samaritans is to hold midnight meetings, gathering those poor wanderers off the street at that dead hour of the night, taking them into a warm, cheerful room and furnishing them a warm supper. They sing and pray with and point them to the Friend of sinners who, when on earth, said to such, "Go, and sin no more." Sad and pitiful often are the scenes at these midnight meetings. The poor, lost one, hearing the gentle voice of

persuasion, the sweet song that perhaps her mother sang to her in the days of her innocence, and the humble, beseeching prayer, is for the time overcome and melted into a flood of tears. A great part of the sin and misery in this direction comes from the drink—the accursed drink.

When in Woolwich on the occasion of my second visit I had been invited by a Catholic priest, Father Cotter, to address his people; and I said I would if I had to take my engagement already made for my third meeting from the Protestant friends to do it. But the invitation had to go to my committee, and I sent a request to the secretary that that invitation be especially considered, and if it were not possible to give the Catholic friends an entire evening I would very willingly address two meetings the same evening, only instructing the Protestants, out of courtesy, to give the Catholics the first hour. As I was informed that only one night more could be given to Woolwich I presumed the arrangement had thus been made, till I arrived in the anteroom of the Protestant meeting, when Captain Phipps, the chairman, handed me a note from the secretary of the Catholic association saying he would not be able to hold his audience, not having speakers, to so late an hour as after the adjournment of our meeting, but if I would name another evening he would have a committee of ladies meet me and everything should be done to promote the success of my meeting. But, alas, I had no other night and I was helpless. The dear enthusiastic friends, with whom the papers had declared Mother Stewart to be a great favorite, had determined that for the

last night they would have an ovation and excel the previous meetings, and it would be necessary for them to have the first hour. But with what a heavy heart I went through with the exercises! This was the first instance on record where a lady had been invited by a Catholic priest to address his people. I had especially desired to reach and enlist the ladies of that Church, and had long hoped for just such an "open and effectual door" in my own country. I had indeed heard of a good priest commending my example to his lady members, but no opportunity had presented by which I could reach them in person. I was expecting soon to go over to Ireland. Now here the door had been set ajar and my Protestant friends had unthinkingly closed it on me. They had perhaps half a dozen speakers that could have entertained them till midnight, and would have been only too glad of the opportunity. I wrote to the Reverend Father explaining the blunder and expressing my regret. But it did not quite suffice. A lady of Woolwich told me at my farewell meeting that she had heard no word but of satisfaction with my visit among them except from the Catholic priest of Woolwich, who could not get over the disappointment at my failure to address his people. The disappointment was certainly mutual.

I recall an incident given by one of the speakers at this meeting which will give the people of our country a better idea of the drinking habits of the Christian people here and the utter lack of a sense of the responsibility they incur. The speaker said a gentlemen, a professing Christian, once came to him and asked him to use his influence with his son, a lad just approach-

ing manhood, who had already acquired the appetite for drink. Yes, the temperance advocate would do what he could, and sought the young man and labored with him faithfully and urged the solicitude of the father on his son's behalf. Said the son, "I'll sign the pledge if father will." He returned to the father and reported what his boy had said. With much indignation the gentlemen exclaimed, "What! I give up my drams?" By no means would he consent to forego his own indulgence. The friend and go-between with a sad heart returned the answer to the boy, who responded, "Very well; he can drink his quart and stand up under it. I drink it and fall. That is all the difference." It was not long till the services of the teetotal advocate were again called for, this time to bring some sort of consolation, if there were any, to the grief-stricken father who now stood by the lifeless form of his son who, in attempting to carry only what the father could, had fallen and was soon to be laid away in the drunkard's grave. The poor man was disposed to reproach the apostle of temperance for not being able to save his son. What could he say? He recalled to the father his boy's offer to sign the pledge if he would. Did he remember? Ah! yes, with anguish of heart, he now remembered, and, oh, how gladly would he undo the wrong, but it was *too late*, alas, *too late*!

Since I am on the subject I may as well give another instance still in the line of the customs of the country, though in a different sphere. At a tea meeting here, given by Mrs. Wait, in the course of conversation with a sister-in-law of the hostess, she said the

Wesleyans had some time before held an entertainment and fair in their chapel for the benefit of the church, and they had divided off one corner by placing a counter in front and a publican stood behind it and sold beer for the benefit of the church! "Why," said I, "may I tell that?" "Tell it from me," said she, "I was there and saw it." A young lady present related how the ministers of the various denominations in that part of Woolwich were in the habit of meeting at the public house in the vicinity, smoking their pipes and each with a mug of beer by his side, from which he slaked his thirst as they discussed their church interests. Their pipes, when through, were laid on the mantel, each in its own place. The landlady knew to which reverend gentleman each belonged and was careful to see that they were not removed.

While in New York, before sailing, our Sister McClees told me of her attending the sessions of a conference at old City Road Chapel when in London, and that in the parlors adjoining the conference was a long table furnished with bottles of liquor, glasses and jars of biscuit (crackers), and the ministers from time to time, as they felt inclined, would come and take a seat at the table and help themselves to a lunch of biscuit and wine. I confess that between my respect for and confidence in the lady and my ignorance of that kind of Methodist preachers, I was in a distressed frame of mind. Frankly, I thought there must be some mistake. I could not take it in. I had not been in the kingdom long till I was prepared to take in that and a good deal more.

Thursday, February 24.—The large lecture hall at

Debtford was crowded and hundreds were turned away, not being able to find room. The meeting was presided over by H. Robinson, Esq., who was a staunch supporter of the temperance cause. The audience seemed to be intensely interested, and we had reason to believe much good would result from it. The next morning a man called at Mr. Bowen's, where I was entertained, to tell me that his wife "went to bed last night without her beer!" Oh, how glad the poor man seemed to be. Now, he informed me, three of his family had signed the pledge.

Friday, February 25th, I addressed a meeting in the evening in the Congregational Chapel in Wandsworth. This venerable edifice claims to be three hundred years old. Says the paper from which I have to refresh my memory :

It was a crowded and attentive audience. And like the previous meetings it was a very successful one. Mother Stewart's popularity seems to increase. The Wandsworth people gave her a cordial reception, and the meeting, which was earnest and enthusiastic, is likely to leave a deep and lasting impression.

As the pledge was being signed quite a bright, intelligent-appearing lady came to me and entered into conversation with me. In the course of the conversation I drew her to the subject of signing the pledge, and respectfully asked her for her name. "Oh, no," she answered, in the jolliest fashion; she had only that morning got a barrel of *Old Stout* in her cellar and could not possibly sign the pledge till that was all gone. This lady belonged to a grade of society

somewhere above the ordinary. But I have to confess that with my American ignorance of those fine lines and shades of class demarcation, I could hardly venture to say just where she came in. The fact is, that interminable class matter is about all we plain Mr. and Mrs. Americans can manage without getting into divers blunders.

I was entertained by Mr. Frome Talford, a very intelligent gentleman, who had spent several years in Canada, and had become quite Americanized. He understood America and Americans better than those who had not been among us could.

Saturday evening, February 26th, found me again at Debtford, and, as reported, another crowded and highly important and successful meeting, Mr. Samuel Insull presiding. Upon my arising to address the great throng I was cheered again and again. It was a very solemn occasion to me. My sojourn with those friends who had so endeared themselves to me was drawing to a close; my work that had been so blessed of the Lord, and through all of which the brethren and sisters had stood by me, was almost done. I should not meet the people assembled there again till time should be proclaimed as being no more.

Mr. Darley followed me in a very feeling speech. He was sure the large assembly of ladies in that meeting and in the neighborhood were not wanting in loyalty to the throne and personal attachment to the queen, and that in the breast of her majesty was a heart that was moved with sympathy for her subjects whenever any calamity befell them, either by accident or any other cause. Her majesty showed she had a

heart to feel and a hand to help, and he was confident her sympathy would be extended and her gracious countenance given to a cause which aimed at emancipating her subjects from the greatest slavery and degradation to which humanity can be brought through drink, which was one of the greatest curses that had afflicted humanity. It was a standing blot, a disgrace to the legislature, a dishonor to the clergy and to the nation at large. Mrs. Stewart had come from America on a godlike mission, and he knew she had the devout prayers of the women present who loved their homes and respected themselves.

Mr. Darley then proposed the following resolution, which was carried by acclamation. It is intended to send a copy to her gracious majesty, the queen :

That this meeting deeply sympathizes with the earnest Christian spirit by which Mrs. Stewart is influenced, and it is their devout prayer that God will give his abundant blessing to her efforts, and that Christian women of all ranks, from the humblest peasant to our beloved queen, may be induced to support this movement, which has for its object the moral, social and religious elevation of the nation and the glory of God.

It seems that here was an overflow meeting, but I cannot now recall any incidents connected with it. After my address I had passed into the anteroom behind the stage and was talking with some friends, when I noticed a fumbling at the door opening from the audience room, and in a moment more a woman entered, and coming forward gave me her hand, and in very courtly style, or an effort at style, asked me if

there was anything she could do for me. A *lady* of England, she assured me, held me by the hand. Was there any way in which she could serve me? It was a *lady* of England that held my hand. I asked her if she had signed the pledge; it would gratify me very much to know that she had. "Oh," she answered, "no need of my signing the pledge; no need in the world! But if I can in any way serve you, I shall be most happy. Remember, it is a *lady* of England that holds your hand." With all the respect that this reiterated assurance would be supposed to inspire, I could only see a *drunk* woman. After she had retired I asked the ladies if she was a *lady*. "Oh," they answered, "she *was*, but now she is tipsy all the time." The tipsy business is a wonderful leveler. The sad point of it always is that it levels down instead of up.

A large number signed the pledge at this meeting, as at all the meetings, but I have not referred to the fact, as I did not have any care of that part of the work; indeed, not of anything pertaining to the meetings except the delivering of my message to the people. All else was taken charge of by my committee. I often left the hall while the signing was still going on. I shall never know how many signed the pledge at my meetings, how many meetings I have addressed, or how many miles I have traveled. These are items of interest, certainly, and that most lecturers carefully preserve. But somehow I was always so hurried, so occupied, so weary that I neglected to keep such records, and I concluded if good were accomplished the results would follow whether I kept the record or not.

At the close of the meeting I returned to my home with my dear Mrs. Hilton and her lovely family, at a very late hour (for it was several miles distant), glad of the prospect of a day of rest.

Monday evening, February 28th, by invitation of Rev. Newman Hall, I addressed a meeting in old Surry Chapel. The world-renowned pastor presided, and in words of warmest sympathy and indorsement presented me to his people. Every available space was occupied by a most attentive and appreciative audience. The occasion was a truly inspiring one. I stood where that man of might, Rowland Hill, had stood for so many years and proclaimed the everlasting Gospel to the people and plead with sinners to be reconciled to God. And at my side sat his worthy successor, who dares to declare the whole counsel of God in the face of opposition, even from his members, his officials, with a solitary exception, at least not indorsing his ultra (as they considered them) views on temperance. He was a brave witness for the cause of total abstinence, though, as he told me, his fellow ministers chafed him for his singularity.

The next post after this meeting brought me a letter in which was the inquiry, "Why did Christ furnish wine by a miracle if it is wrong to drink it?" And not having the time to answer before I left, I sent the following to the paper, hoping it might answer other wine-drinking Christians who were taking refuge behind similar false cover, as there are "a few more (indeed, not a few) left of the same sort." I give it place here in hopes that it may help some other such to a more correct understanding, if I may not say a

more honest and disinterested interpretation of the Scriptures :

THE CANA MIRACLE.

Mr. H. F. :

DEAR SIR—Your favor of inquiry came to hand on the eve of my leaving London, and up to the present I have not had the time to answer, and even now only in very brief form, for soon I must start to my next engagement.

I will ask you, do you believe Jesus was, *is* the Son of God? Do you believe He was able to turn the water into wine? If he was able to change the water into wine, was He able to make it free from the seeds of disease and death, that is, alcoholic poison? Do you believe He came to give His life for perishing sinners? You believe all this if you believe any of it. Then is it in accord with His character to make an intoxicating drink that does do great harm, when He could just as well have made a pure, harmless drink? Your own, good, common sense will answer this question correctly.

It is a libel on my Savior to charge that He made a substance the result of vegetable decay, decomposition, and that contains an acknowledged poison, engenders such depraved appetites, ruins so many souls as well as bodies, working a still greater miracle to do it, when He had equal power to make a rich, luscious drink without the addition of the poison.

The intoxicating wine that you Christians of England drink is the result of the action of nature in its process of decay. You will see by the reading that there was no time for that process of fermentation and rotting. No one will be absurd enough to charge that the Master hastened that process simply to add the alcoholic poison, when it was better without it.

I am very much obliged for your "partial" admiration of my "powerful lecture," as you are so kind as

^to call it. But let me charge you, as a professed follower of Christ, that it is high time that you and all Christians do agree with me that it is our duty to abstain from the very appearance of evil; that you put the accursed thing far from you, and no longer stand as stumbling blocks in the way of your brethren. Be assured God will require their souls at your hands. There is no other solution to this fearful problem, no other way of reaching this evil that is peopling hell with souls for whom Christ died than just this. Christians must give up their selfish indulgence and take a clear, decided stand for God and humanity. May the Lord help you, my brother, to see this momentous question in its true light, and take up your cross, if it be a cross, for Christ's sake.

Very truly yours, E. D. STEWART.

Tuesday afternoon, 29th, with Mrs. Hilton and Mrs. Lucas, by invitation of Mrs. C., founder of a retreat for ladies afflicted with the habit of inebriety, I attended a ladies' conference at Weymouth, Euston Road. I was much interested in listening to this noble lady, as she told of her work among the upper classes, but not a little surprised at her theory in regard to the pledge as connected with her work. She insisted that it was not advisable to offer the pledge to the class that she sought to reclaim, or cure. It was all very well and proper for the lower classes, but her patients, being of the upper class, were better educated, more refined and possessing more means, had more sources of occupying the mind, and more amusements; therefore did not so much need the pledge. She had never offered it to but one lady, and that at the lady's own urgent solicitation. But the result was unfortunate—the lady failed to keep it.

It was not possible to accept such fallacy in silence, so I answered in as polite fashion as the occasion demanded, having the indorsement, as I could see, of my friends. It seemed very absurd reasoning that the favorable conditions of station, education, wealth, etc., that evidently had not served to save those unfortunate ladies in the first place, could be trusted alone to correct the habit and reform them.

As to the temptations, use, tampering with, whether in high or low life, produce the same results—intemperance, ruin, morally, socially and physically, and ultimate death, common sense would say the same means that would assist one class would be helpful to the other.

At night, of the same day, I addressed my last meeting in the course at Albert Hall, Haverstock Hill. My work was now closed. A wonderful experience! What shall the harvest be? Very precious to me is the memory of those five busy weeks of hard work, indeed, but so wonderfully was I sustained by grace divine, and so lovingly was I cared for and aided by the dear friends and co-workers, that it is fixed forever in my mind as a sweet and hallowed memory.

I have said little of my experiences or observations outside of my work, for I was kept so busy, as the previous pages have shown, that I had little time for anything except my work. This old world teems with places and objects of great historic interest to us of the new. I had, from my earliest recollection, been filled with a strong desire to visit those places so linked with the history of the past, and see them for myself. Who can imagine, to one of

my taste and temperament, what amount of self-denial it required to walk, day after day, under the shadow of the old Tower, the British Museum and other places of which I had read with so much interest, without being able to gratify my long-cherished desire.

My days being taken up with conference meetings, tea meetings, evening mass meetings, often overflow meetings, there was no possible chance for sight-seeing. I had hoped, and asked my committee for a reservation of at least a week before I should leave, to visit some of the noted places of interest. But the calls were so imperative that they could not do otherwise than engage me up to the last night. I saw no other way than to risk a little more fatigue and throw in a few hours each day of the latter part of my time in making brief visits to the most noted places. Thus I ran down to Sydenham, and in a few hours took a hasty look at the Crystal Palace and a very few of its rich treasures. How the hours and minutes flew! How tantalizing and unsatisfactory was the brief glimpse of that great store-house of treasures!

I think the world will give me credit for more self-denial than they ever dreamed of my possessing when I tell them that after reading of the excavations of Pompeii and the bringing to the light of day those buried treasures of two thousand years ago, with the most thrilling interest, and feeling that it would be one of the greatest pleasures of my life to see them, I passed by the door of the room containing those stereopticon views without even pausing to look in. I was to meet an expectant audience and must not even

be tardy. I passed the Egyptian department and most of the art treasures. How I had longed to see the paintings of the old masters! No; duty to my heaven-appointed mission even before the gratification of a life-long hunger! Ye who can appreciate what it cost me, give me a little credit.

I took a few hours another day and hastened over the Tower; another to the British Museum, where I needed a month; in same fashion visited old White Hall Chapel and looked out of the window where Charles, the unfortunate, walked out to the scaffold. I had already stood and spoken in the pulpit from this chapel, in which it was said he once secreted himself from his pursuers.

I spent, maybe, an hour in Gustave Dore's art gallery, then on exhibition in London, and sat for, oh, so brief a time and gazed in awe and silence upon that masterpiece of his genius, "Christ Leaving the Pretorium." As we sat and gazed at that scene, made so real by the great artist's brush, what wonder that all voices were hushed, nothing heard above the quietest whisper. Oh, I thought, if the conception of the artist thus spoken on canvas can produce such effect, what must the reality have been! There, the prominent figure was the Son of Man in His purple robe and crown of thorns, with the blood from the wounds the cruel thorns had made trickling from His temples, walking down the marble steps from the hall of justice. There was the crowd, eager and expectant, some sitting on the balustrade jeering and scoffing at the man of sorrows, who was silently bearing that load of grief and reproach and pain for them. Others were

looking on with idle curiosity. But at the foot of the steps stood the mother of Jesus, looking up with such an agony of helpless sorrow and pity for her child—her child in the hands of wicked men, and she with no power to shield or deliver. Yes, you saw her when the time had come that a sword should pierce through her own soul. The impression out of it all made on mind and heart was, Christ *alone*, all friends having forsaken Him, bearing the sins of the world. Oh, again I thought, if the hand of the artist can so impress and melt the heart of the beholder with simply an image on canvas, what shall the revealing be when we shall behold the King in His beauty!

Even here, however, I must not linger. We quietly and with softest tread passed out again, bearing away a hallowed memory that shall linger till the veil is rent away and I shall see Him as He is, my Christ, my risen, glorified Redeemer. Not much farther hence now, oh, glorious hope!

I found time, by the doubling up process, to call on that renowned artist, George Cruikshank, who has with pencil and brush made the world his debtor for all time, because of the effective work he has done for the temperance cause. He was then over eighty years, but eager, nervous and lithe as a boy; not quite medium in height, slender and perfectly straight. How enthusiastic he grew at once when we entered upon the temperance theme! He remarked that he was now eighty, "but," and he sprang up and cracked his heels together as a boy of fifteen, and throwing up his hands, he exclaimed, "I shall do the publicans a great deal of damage yet." Within the next two years he

passed away ; but the work he has done will live forever. I count myself rich in the possession of a handsome engraving of his "Worship of Bacchus," very kindly presented me by Mr. Scott, of the Tweedie & Scott Publishing House.

I was very happy, also, to give myself the pleasure, in company with Mrs. Hilton, of responding to an invitation from Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall, to call on them. How delightful is the memory of that visit to that talented and literary couple, who had done such grand work with their pens for the temperance cause ! So bright and cheerful were they, and so happy in each other's love, though the frosts of nearly seventy winters had left its whitening effect, especially on Mr. Hall, whose hair and flowing beard were like the drifted snow. Their affectionate, courteous bearing toward each other reminded one of young people in their honeymoon. Mr. H., besides contributing valuable service by his pen, especially the beautiful poem, "The Old, Old Story," was editor of the *Art Journal* for over forty years. And Mrs. Hall had received very gracious recognition from her majesty, the queen, for the valuable literary services to her subjects.

Besides precious gifts of their own productions, I am their debtor for a rare piece of art, "A Crusade Scene" (as the artist conceived it), by N. P. Morris. But if I could have sat by his side I would have been able to convey to his vivid imagination a more realistic idea of such a scene than he was able to obtain from the imperfect and distorted accounts that had floated to him across the seas. It, nevertheless, is prized for its merits as a fine production of art, and more for the

sake of the givers, and it finds an honored place among the other highly prized gifts and souvenirs from dear friends and co-workers. But these delightful friends are gone. Ah, how they are passing over!

I had, before starting in on my work, visited Westminster, St. Paul's and the Old Temple, and had taken a Sabbath to go and worship at that Mecca of all Methodists, Old City Road Chapel. But how my ideas of the father of Methodism, as he in his day stood there with erect form, grave and venerable countenance, deep, sonorous voice and grand, rhetorical periods, rolling out his messages of grace or warnings of the wrath to come, were counterbalanced by that undoubtedly most excellent successor, in surplice repeating the church service, and then with face bowed near the page—evidently near-sighted—reading from his manuscript in a monotonous and droning fashion about the “knowledge of the Lord!” I could but wonder if he, whose monument was out there just back of the chapel, could hear and know, and if he did not feel the least bit impatient at such lack of zeal and fervor.

I caught a couple of hours to go into Parliament House and sit behind the gratings or lattice work in the ladies' gallery and peek through at those astute, slumbrous law-makers. With the utmost effort I could now and then catch a word as the lazy debate went on, but not enough to get an understanding of what it was all about. Later in the night is the time, especially if any matter of unusual interest is up, to see and hear the English law-makers at their best. But through that lattice-work! I declare, I felt

strongly impelled to throw something down, both to express my spleen at such ungallant fencing off of the women and to startle those drowsy solons into some sort of life and animation.

A few months later they really did have a little spasmodic waking up over the "Irish Sunday Closing Bill," and actually did Mother Stewart the honor of using her name somewhat freely, as opposed to the bill, quoting from the newspaper reports of my speech at the Belfast conference in the interest of the bill. I endorsed the bill most emphatically, and warned the Irish friends to guard any law, that might be passed, against the loopholes of "*bona fide travelers*," found in the Sunday law in Scotland. I had only the Sabbath before, at the ferry, at Dundee, seen hundreds who had simply crossed the Tay to Newport, and thus become "*bona fide travelers*," at the close of the day returning to their homes reeling drunk. The reporter, not intending to misrepresent me, I presume, in his lack of knowledge of the case, made me say, "crossing the bridge," while there was no bridge, but a ferry across the Tay at that time. But those wise law-makers, catching at straws, as the same sort in our own country do when their cherished "trade" is in danger, made poor, innocent me responsible for a false statement, hoping, I suppose, that in some way this would strengthen their argument against Sunday closing in Ireland. Again, the proof-reader, presumably, had failed to correct the typo, who, in setting up the word "reeling," had made it "rolling." And so I was made to figure in Parliament as saying those Sabbath-breaking Scots were *rolling* drunk! Dear

me, if that is getting into Parliament, I wonder why in the world Miss Taylor wants to contend for a seat!

But notwithstanding all these profound arguments against the bill, by the opposition, Ireland did gain her Sunday closing law, and though it was only one day in seven, with the largest cities exempted, the benefit to poor liquor-cursed and politically-distracted Ireland has been great. Oh, Ireland, Ireland, if you could only know what would make for your peace, you would demand, and not cease to agitate till you had, as you might put it in your own native wit, a Sunday closing law for every day in the week. Then, indeed, would peace and prosperity crown you, and you would not only be the beautiful green isle of the ocean, but the *happy* isle of the ocean. You never will know peace and prosperity till you do banish the liquor curse from your land and nation. All the landlords in the kingdom combined cannot work such poverty and want and misery as by your own hands through that scourge you are meting out to the unhappy people.

Shall no phoenix ever arise out of the ashes of that blessed saint, Father Matthew, who will lead the people to final victory over their only real, deadly enemy? May the Lord call him forth speedily.

CHAPTER VIII.

FAREWELL CONFERENCE AT MOORGATE STREET—REPORTS OF THE
WORK IN LONDON—MASS MEETING IN THE EVENING—REPORTS
OF SAME—FAREWELL TO MOTHER STEWART BY JOHN ANDERSON.

THE final leave-taking of my friends, so earnest and true, whom I had learned to hold as my heart treasures, came. From the various papers giving extended reports, I quote in part :

FAREWELL CONFERENCE AND PUBLIC MEETING—
MOTHER STEWART IN LONDON.

On Wednesday, March 1st, a conference of the friends of Mrs. Stewart's temperance mission in London was held at the Moorgate Hall to receive a report of her work in London, and to consider how that work might be best continued after her departure.

Mr. J. Kempster, chairman of the committee, presided at the afternoon conference, and after singing and prayer, Mrs. Dawson Burns, secretary, read a lengthy report of the meetings and the work accomplished—thirty-nine public meetings, eight ladies' conferences and drawing-room meetings, besides "overflow meetings." Four Women's Prayer Unions were formed.

Mention is also made of my address to the boys of the navy school, and that eighty-two signed the pledge. I have mentioned the fact that at the Standard Theater meeting six hundred signed the pledge. And, as I have said, I kept no record of the number, but more or less signed the pledge at nearly every meeting, and

it is safe to say that the number reached several thousand. The above reported work was accomplished in five weeks. The report proceeds to say :

Mother Stewart's visit has induced many to join our ranks, and aroused many more who were lukewarm and faint-hearted to a desire for extra exertion.

The committee regret extremely that so many societies, anxious to secure Mrs. Stewart's services, have been disappointed, owing to the limitation of time and the large number of engagements already entered into.

Mrs. Stewart is on a visit to our larger towns, also Scotland and Ireland, and it is doubtful whether time will permit a second visit to London. It is hoped that some definite plans will result from the telling and energetic work of Mother Stewart.

The committee formed only for a time ; still, should it be deemed right, the opportunity may have come for more regular work.

Mrs Hilton offered the following resolution :

"That this conference records its gratitude to God for the good work Mrs. Stewart has been instrumental in doing during her visit in London ; and in acknowledging its obligation to Mrs. Stewart, desires to convey to her an expression of the cordial sympathy and affection entertained for her by all who have in any way been associated with her work ; and this conference prays that her life may be long spared, and that she may see abundant fruits of her self-sacrificing labors in the reclamation of the drunkards, the prohibition of the liquor traffic and the acceptance of Christ's Gospel to the salvation of many souls."

The resolution was seconded by Mrs. Stewart, of Stoke, Newington, who, together with other speakers, expressed the deepest regret that they were about to lose Mother Stewart from among them.

The chairman said it had been computed by a

gentleman attending Mother Stewart's meetings that she had addressed 37,000 persons in London—this besides the conference and overflow meetings.

Dr. Ellis, of the National Temperance League, said they had long had to deplore the difficulty of bringing the fair sex to help in abolishing drink. Women are most interested in it, for of all the consequences of the drinking habits of society those were to be most deplored which pressed upon them. The medical profession knew very well that drinking mothers generated a taste for liquor in their offspring when the latter were grown up. It was awful to think that in this country there was not a person who in his circle of acquaintance could not point to some individual or family blighted by the drink curse.

Brother Hilton referred to the sympathy and affection shown Mother Stewart, and to the banding of women together which had been the result of her visit. These organizations were most useful in temperance movements.

Mrs. Beattie reported that a Ladies' Temperance Association had been formed at Wandsworth as the result of Mother Stewart's visit, and they had already started a Band of Hope to induce young gentlemen in their own homes to join the temperance cause. Ladies had also met for prayer, and their meetings were to continue. It was in the power of English ladies to do a great deal of good.

The Rev. Mr. Morgan said the pulpit of his chapel had been occupied by Mother Stewart, and her speech went to the hearts of some 1,200 persons who were present, making an impression of a very salutary kind. Many went there with a prejudice against a woman addressing a public meeting, but that prejudice and the one against temperance were quite eradicated. The impression she made upon his own family, at his own house, was one that would never be erased. Mother Stewart having addressed over 37,000 persons

in this great city, and not having met with a single adverse criticism, had done a marvelous work; and when she went down into the country she would be welcomed with great enthusiasm.

Sister Insull expressed her sorrow at losing Mother Stewart.

Miss McPherson spoke with emotion of the misery, poverty and ruin inflicted on children by the drink. She had labored among 2,600 of them, and three-fourths of that number had come under the care of her mission through drink.

Major Sutherland spoke with hopefulness. He said if they could speak in the tones of the last lady, and influence the mothers and daughters of "society" to use their influence over their husbands and sons, they would bring about wonders. Men were called fanatics and humbugs if they spoke of these things, but the ladies could get into the homes and would be listened to. The way Miss McPherson spoke brought tears into one's eyes and religion into one's heart. Let the dear ladies go into the houses and speak as she had done; let them speak to the wives of the members of parliament, and then the men going to the members would be able to accomplish something. He knew there were many ladies drink stricken, and ashamed of it, but who could not throw off custom. He besought the ladies to try to reach and influence this class, for there was much more intemperance in that class than in the other classes.

Mr. Clayton of Tottenham said there was an excellent ladies' association in the West End, and they had monthly meetings. There were between 200 and 300 members. They were not all total abstainers, but there was a good reason for it, and they were doing work among their husbands and families which must tell. During the present season they would hold drawing-room meetings, and much good would be done.

I desire to call the reader's attention to the last gentleman's remarks, because it presents what we total abstainers would call a very unique form of temperance work. In the list of my meetings I have mentioned a drawing-room meeting that I attended by invitation of Mrs. Clayton, who was at the head of this very respectable organization of good intentions.

Mr. Reed, of Edinburg, spoke.

Mr. Rae, of the National Temperance League, said there was a continual increase of drinking among women, and almost daily he had letters of inquiry asking if he could give information as to an asylum or retreat for inebriate women. There was a strong feeling that there should be a ladies' national conference. The league was making arrangements for such a conference, and letters had been already received from ladies in Leeds, York, Birmingham, Brighton and Manchester, who would no doubt take part in it.

The resolution was then put and carried, and it was further resolved that it should be engrossed on vellum for presentation, after which Mother Stewart rose and said :

"This is to me a very solemn occasion, dear friends. I hardly know how to frame my thoughts into befitting words. If you had bestowed those loving words of affection upon another, I could have found abundant words to sustain me ; but it comes home, and I am at a loss. My stay in London has been one of the most important periods of my life. I came to you bearing a message from my Father, not knowing at all how I should be received, but trusting in Him. I was wonderfully surprised and made most happy by the delegation that met me at Liverpool and took me such a willing prisoner, treating me with such boundless hospitality, and thus I have found it everywhere. I have had the privilege of seeing my sisters at their

own firesides, and shall never forget the happiness I have found in the model homes of old England. I have been filled with admiration all the time at the wonderful zeal which the workers manifest here in this great and wicked city of London—people who have been standing at their posts and working in season and out for twenty, thirty-five, forty years. But it was only by thus standing and working that they could carry on this warfare. If they do not, God may curse this land as he has my own because of slavery.”

Mrs. Stewart, in the course of her address, said she was sorry to see the church and the temperance cause divorced, and her work here, she found, was chiefly to try and stir up the churches. They could not make great progress in their warfare unless their efforts were directed in that way.

Class distinctions were in their way. Some said, “Go to the upper classes,” but they were not sure they would be received on the same plane. So with other classes. They had to work, each class by itself.

She had been asked by a reporter if she had received invitations from any of the upper classes of society. She must say she had had invitations from God’s aristocracy—numbers of them—but from this world’s, perhaps not many. She had an invitation from a lady with a title a few days since, but it came to her too late. It had been intimated that there was a large number of ladies of this city working quietly. They should let their light shine before all men. The enemy only wanted them to be quiet.

She insisted that their work should be published to the world for the effect it would have upon both the friends and enemies of our cause. Those ladies understood what they were doing; she did not. But all who took part in the movement should sign the total abstinence pledge. The same pledge should be administered to the rich and poor, as the same means that will save

one will save another. They were all sinners. They must bring the Gospel of the blessed Christ to all. She hoped they would continue their work, or the liquor men would publish in their papers that there had been a month's sensation, but now it had passed away.

In closing her remarks, she said: "Let me urge you to form a national association and send representatives to our Women's International Convention, in June next. Let your watchword be, 'Stand together.' Let all the organizations work hand in hand, each working in its own way, but all helping on the general cause. Do this for Christ's sake and for the sake of perishing souls."

The proceedings were brought to a close by the singing of the doxology.

At the evening meeting the chair was occupied by T. B. Smithies, Esq., editor of the *British Workman*.

After prayer and singing, the Rev. John Morgan moved a resolution. He said Mother Stewart had won all hearts—men, women and children, old and young, rich and poor—who had come in contact with her. He believed that woman had much more to do for the world than she had done hitherto. He believed she would have to occupy a more prominent position in church and state than she had hitherto. If the men would not do the work required for temperance, let the women come.

The resolution was seconded by Mrs. Lucas. She said she did so most heartily as a Good Templar. She only feared that Mother Stewart had worked too hard, and that they had been too little considerate of her strength.

Brother Kempster, in supporting the resolution, said Mother Stewart had done great good by her advocacy of temperance coupled with Christianity, and he hoped the time would come when no Christian man would consider his Christianity complete without

total abstinence. Mother Stewart had done much to forward that.

Brother Hilton read the following resolution, which had been passed that afternoon by the London executive committee of the United Kingdom Alliance :

“That this committee desire to put on record their sense of the high estimation entertained by them of the able and effective advocacy of prohibition by Mrs. Stewart; their approval of her Christian character and devotion to the temperance cause, and their warm interest in the success of her mission to this country in behalf of the victims of a traffic condemned by the principles of morality, and demanding the unqualified opposition of all Christian citizens and social reformers.”

The chairman then introduced Mrs. Stewart to the audience.

Mrs. Stewart arose, and speaking under evident emotion she urged the women to take a more determined stand on the temperance question. She was convinced that they were called upon to do so, not called to be more like men, or mannish, by any means. They were not to go and clamor to be like men; they were only called to make men more like women. God had called the Christian women to do this work because the men had failed to do their duty. Hundreds and thousands might be saved if each would do what she could. The liquor curse was hindering all our progress, making us too poor to send the Gospel to a perishing world. It was using up our talent, taking up our time, diverting the attention of professors of religion from the interests of the Gospel. If the church was all right on this question she would be prepared to lead her sisters forth that night in crusade bands to visit the public houses. But unfortunately it was not. The first thing for her sisters to do was to work in their own families. Let them pray for the



MARGARET E. PARKER,
First Pres. B. W. T. A.

liquor men who sat in parliament and helped to make the laws which crippled them so that they did not know which way to turn. Let them influence their husbands so that they would never vote to send such men again to parliament. If their husbands failed to put up a good man, let them get up a ticket themselves, and insist upon their supporting their candidate. Let them also pray for the ministers of England. She was astonished to find that temperance among ministers was an exception. Let the women beware how they gave the intoxicating cup to their beautiful children. It remained for them to say whether this curse should be banished from their homes and their children saved in the future from the drunkard's fate. How many men and how many women were going down to destruction who might be saved by the pleading voice of woman! She hoped they would send delegates to the international convention at Philadelphia. She bade then a last farewell. She knew not how long she should labor, how long her strength would last. It was a matter of indifference as to the work, for the Lord would raise up workers; but she would like them, ere she went away, to pray for her and the blessed work—pray that souls might be saved from drink. She returned them her kindest thanks for all their loving patience and forbearance, and she wished she could have said some words to induce those who heard her to take a decided stand for the Master.

The proceedings, shortly afterwards, were brought to a close.

Between the afternoon and evening meeting tea was served, when I had the happiness of meeting my co-workers in a last social reunion, and also of making some new acquaintances. Among these was Miss Anna McPherson, who had devoted her life to the work of rescuing and providing homes for the friend-

less and outcast children in London. She some years since established a home to which she gathers in the poor, little, homeless waifs and shelters and trains them for a time, then takes a company of them to Canada, where she finds comfortable homes for them among the farmers. Many have been the poor little sufferers, as she said in her speech, because of the drink curse, that she has rescued from a life of suffering, and very probably crime, and started on the road to one of happiness, usefulness and respectability. While we talked as fast as we could, she took from her pocket a folding photograph case with three photographs and presented it to me, explaining that they were one and the same subject—a boy whom the policeman (which was not an unusual thing), after rapping at her door with his baton, had thrust in, and walked away. But how could it be possible that these three takings were of the same subject? The first was of a boy, possibly ten years old, but so ragged, so dirty, so pinched with hunger and cold, so stamped with the life of the street—how could any human effort ever efface the unmistakable signs of the London street Arab?

Now look at this picture: A very decent, well-mannered school-boy of the middle walks of life, clean, you see, hair combed nicely; steadily, but cheerfully looks you in the eye. But turn once more. What a bright, intelligent, happy, manly-looking little fellow! The first was as when the Christian sculptor took the unformed, crude and marred mass in hand out of the street; the second was of the same, after a few months of chiseling and polishing; the third,

still the same—a beautiful, happy child in his Canada home.

Oh, woman, what can you not do when impelled by the love of Jesus? Don't tell me of modelers in clay, of sculptors of marble. I had rather have been the hand and heart that found that immortal soul buried in such a thick coating of earth's incrustation, and brought it forth, than to have been a Phidias or a Michael Angelo. Queen Victoria is not the solitary sovereign in England, grand and worthy as she is of the homage of her people. Others there are, not a few, royal and true, such as Maria Hilton, Anna McPherson, Josephine E. Butler, and Miss Robison, with a host of others, though not wearing the royal insignia, are, nevertheless, of the royal line, daughters of a King.

And still the life work of this brave woman goes on. Only recently came to my hand a most interesting report of her work in the home, and also of work organized and prosecuted among the destitute women in that part of London. May the richest blessings of Him in whose footsteps she treads abide with her always.

But my treasure that could not have been so valuable to anyone else has been purloined from my center-table by some vandal, who did not know how to prize or use it as I would have done.

Major Sutherland, who is reported as speaking, is a nephew of the Duke of Sutherland, and one of the "Light Brigade" who rode in that fateful charge :

"Half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death."

And one of the few who

“Came through the jaws of death,
Back from the mouth of hell,
All that was left of them,
Left of the six hundred.”

He is as brave and fearless in his advocacy of the principles of total abstinence, though a rare exception in his class, as on the day he rode at his country's command with the immortal six hundred, at Balaklava.

The major kindly presented me with his photograph, which finds its companion in my album in the photograph of Rev. A. LeRoy, of my own State, another of the few who came back to tell the tale, and who is to-day, with purpose as true and heart as brave, standing in the trenches, though he knows

“Some one has blundered,”

fighting for God and humanity. Oh, for such another “Light Brigade” to charge the liquor legions of to-day.

Thus closed my wonderful campaign in London. But though the years have swept on, leaving it far in the past, what a sense of pleasure it is to recall those busy days and the dear friends that by their warm sympathy and co-operation made it possible for me to do the work I did.

I am in doubt whether it shall seem to be in good taste to introduce here a letter of my own, which, indeed, I had forgotten till in consulting my papers of the time, a few days since, I found it in the *Watchword* of March 8th, 1876. But it expresses still my sentiments of gratitude and affection for those dear friends that I shall greet never again till the day's work is done and we shall meet at the harvest home in our

Father's house. Ah, how many have already passed over!

234 LANGVELD HOUSE, BURDETTE ROAD,

March 2, 1876.

*To Mrs. Dawson Burns, Hon. Secretary London
Temperance Committee:*

MY DEAR MADAM:—I cannot leave London without expressing, if possible, in more befitting words than I was able last evening, my sincere gratitude to you as the secretary, to Mr. Kempster, the chairman, and each of the committee for your invaluable aid, as well as all the personal kindness you have shown me. Without such aid as you have given me in arranging the meetings, taking from me the burden of a heavy correspondence, and above all your earnest words of encouragement, your kind hospitality and prayers, I could not have done the work I have had the happiness of doing.

It has been to me a subject of continual surprise and thankfulness that coming to the temperance friends in a humble, unostentatious manner, and unheralded, you should take me so warmly to your confidence and to your homes. I accept it all for my work's sake as more than the cup of cold water, cheering my heart and encouraging me in my labors. To you, my dear friends, therefore, is mainly due any good results that may follow my poor efforts to advance the Master's work in this, your great city. I would that I could have done a hundred fold more for our blessed cause, and I pray that you, my fellow laborers, may be abundantly blessed in your united efforts to advance temperance and righteousness in the kingdom. I cannot close this hastily-penned note without also returning my sincere thanks to the London press, as well the daily and secular as our own journals, for the very kind notices given me. Very truly yours,

ELIZA D. STEWART.

On March 2d, I took leave of my London friends, and in company with Mrs. Lucas set out for Liverpool. I see in the *Star* of March 9th, before me, after mentioning the fact that a large delegation of friends, among which were Rev. John Morgan and several members of his family, John Hilton, Esq., Mr. Smith, editor of the *Star*, and Mr. Nichols, met at the station to say farewell, says :

The leave-taking was of the most hearty description, and Mother Stewart not only carries with her the affection of many friends in London, but leaves behind many who can now say, "We never knew how much we loved her until we felt that she had left us."

It was a source of sincere regret that I found myself obliged to leave London while the calls for help were still pouring in daily by the score from all the other prominent cities, as well as from the metropolis, where one might work on and on through the years and never get done.

In the *Temperance Star* of March 9th, 1876, after all these years, my eye has just fallen upon, for the first time, the following :

FAREWELL TO MOTHER STEWART.

BY JOHN ANDERSON.

Not in doubt, or tears, or sorrow,
Have we bade our queen adieu;
No, there comes a sweet to-morrow
That will bring her presence too.

Long we'll mind her wrath unmeasured,
As of woman's woes she spoke;
Long her image shall be treasured,
As the "Devil's Chain" she broke.

Long her faith, sublimely burning,
Shall our ways and words control,
As its glory, back returning,
Lights the chambers of our soul.

Long her matchless interceding
On our ears shall sweetly fall;
Long her kind and artless pleading
Memory shall with joy recall.

Do not frown, although her fingers
Ring a louder bell than ours;
Charity hears all the ringers,
And applauds their varied powers.

Other speakers may precede her
In the wiles and tricks of speech;
Who are they that can exceed her,
In the length her counsels reach?

May her work supremely needed,
To make woman woman raise,
By the great and good be heeded
As a work surpassing praise.

Bear her up, ye earnest spirits,
Help her on, ye men of might;
God will multiply her merits,
In the women's war to fight.

Special angels guide and guard her,
'Till her mighty task is done;
And the Master's hands reward her
With the crown so nobly won.

5 Harpur Street, London, W. C.

CHAPTER IX.

LIVERPOOL—A SUNDAY BREAKFAST—MEETING AMERICAN MISSIONARIES—FIRST PUBLIC MEETING IN LIVERPOOL—AN INTERVIEW WITH A PASTOR—MEETING AT HOPE HALL—A CRITIQUE IN THE LIVERPOOL "POST"—A LADIES' CONFERENCE—MEETING IN ALBERT HALL—WATERLOO—ST. HELLENS—WIGAN—WIDNES—GARSTON—TEMPLAR HALL, WARWICK STREET—CHESTER—BOOTLE—MEETING FRIENDS—MEETING AT LEIGH—FREE CHURCH, LIVERPOOL—CALL ON JOSEPHINE E. BUTLER—"THE DRUNKARD'S RAGGIT WEAN."

RETURNING to Liverpool upon my promise made the friends there before going to London to give them a three weeks' engagement, I was met by Mrs. Lawrence and other friends and taken to Beach Bank, Mrs. Lawrence's hospitable country seat, a little out of the city.

On Saturday evening, at the reception given by sister Lawrence, I had the pleasure of meeting a number of the temperance friends, who seemed never to tire of hearing of America and of our crusade. On Sabbath morning sister Lawrence took me, by invitation, to one of those Sunday morning breakfasts where the benevolent Christians gather in the homeless and poverty stricken, furnish them a lunch, and take the occasion to read the Scriptures, give them religious instruction, and sing and pray with them.

To those grown familiar with the sight of the wretched subjects of the drink, and the scenes inevitably connected with it from daily observation in those large cities, I suppose such spectacles as five or six

hundred poor, haggard human beings in every stage of degradation and misery become ordinary occurrences, familiarity divesting them largely of their terrible effects on the mind. But to one never before having witnessed such a sight, it was almost unbearable. I was, with much difficulty, able to restrain my emotions till we reached the carriage, when I broke down and cried miserably. Oh, the misery of it! oh, the horror of it all! In a land boasting of its civilization, its intelligence, culture, refinement, claiming to be a Christian nation, boasting of its charitable and benevolent institutions! Yes, pointing to such as this Sunday morning breakfast as corroboration of such claim! The government tolerating, protecting by deliberately-conceived and well-framed laws, the abominable business that produces all these results—all these results—and every member of parliament, every official, every citizen in the kingdom knowing well that they are the results of it.

And in kind are the laws of my own country and of every nation under God's blue heavens calling itself Christian. What effrontery, what blasphemy! Taking the name of the blessed friend of sinners, who gave Himself a ransom for those poor slaves of appetite, as He did for the highest dignitaries, and at the same time helping, with our political and social influence and example, to plunge them into hell!

Where are the Jeremiahs to sound the note of alarm and warning while yet the the thunderbolts of God's judgment are stayed in mid-heaven? "Shall I not visit for these things? saith the Lord." "A wonderful and horrible thing is committed in the land." "The

prophets prophesy falsely, and the priests bear rule by their means, and my people love to have it so; and what will ye do in the end thereof? ”

At this breakfast I met a reverend gentleman who very kindly invited me to meet some returning American missionaries at his house to tea, the next evening. I felt very grateful for the invitation, and especially as it gave me the hope of meeting people from my own country, even though they were unknown to me, personally. The fact was, with all my blessed, overwhelming work and the loving care of the dear friends, I was a little—yes, a good bit—home-sick, and in seeing anyone of my own land I anticipated much pleasure. I found them to be Dr. Nutting and family, returning after a residence of several years in Mesopotamia, where the doctor had served the American Board as medical missionary. And upon meeting him I found he was a brother of a classmate, Miss Marcia Nutting, when I was a student at Granville seminary, in girlhood days.

The occasion was a most enjoyable one. Of course, the subject of my mission was discussed, and the doctor informed me that they had in Mesopotamia a community numbering 25,000, one of the conditions of citizenship being total abstinence. I was glad of the opportunity of asking information on the question of communion wine as used in the East. It was a subject of much discussion in England, and the fact that fermented wine was used almost universally was a source of great trial and grief to the total abstainers.

At this point of our conversation our host remarked to me that I must not be so extreme in my views, or I

would not get on with the better class of people. I was not a little startled, for I had not thought before that one could be too extreme on the subject. I asked him with whom I would get on. "Oh, the Good Templars and such," he answered. Well, I concluded that would not be so bad, yet it gave me great pain and solicitude. For, notwithstanding the glorious success with which the Lord had blessed my labors so far, I was so faithless in regard to myself that I began to think very fast and grow very miserable. Oh, if I *shall* fail to meet the expectations of my friends! They have with so much confidence made every arrangement for meetings, not only in Liverpool, but in all the adjacent towns and cities.

But there was no time for reflection or nursing my misery. I must hasten away, wrapped in my wet blanket—a pretty cool night, too—to my first public meeting in Liverpool. The meeting was held in the Congregational church, Norwood Grove, Mr. N. Simpson presiding.

Any speaker who has ever had a similar experience will be able to appreciate my situation; no one else can—my first appearance before a public audience in Liverpool, and on it would, in all probability, depend my success or failure for the rest. May be I *was* too extreme in my views and utterances to suit those very good, but certainly mistaken people on the sin of intemperance. But I could not compromise my conscience; I must declare my convictions and deliver my message of warning.

How I labored, and how I felt that every effort I made must be seen by the audience to be a beating of

the air! I was really in an agony, but I got through. And to my amazement my good, indulgent friends congratulated me on my "successful effort."

When I told them what a weight I was carrying, and all the time feeling that they must see it and feel chagrined and disappointed, they were kind enough to assure me they saw nothing of the kind, and that my address gave great satisfaction.

The fact was, the temperance people were not in sympathy with my extremely conservative clerical friend. And they greatly enjoyed the "hard blows" I dealt on the drinking ministers and church members. I am glad to say, in justice to the reverend gentleman, that he has long since taken much higher ground.

At the close of the meeting the pastor of the church came forward and asked to be introduced, when Mrs. Lawrence remarked to him that she was surprised not to see him on the platform; he should have been in the chair. "Oh, no," he replied, "I do not go quite as far as Mrs. Stewart. I am not a teetotaler." He was standing on the floor and I on the platform, which brought me about to his height. Before I could have time for reflection, his acknowledgment that he was not a temperance man, or a "teetotaler," so surprised me—*shocked* me, is the word—that I dropped my hand very suddenly on his shoulder and exclaimed, "Why, my brother, you don't tell me so?" The good man was quite startled, and looked up at me as if he thought he had really fallen into the hands of one of those dreadful crusaders. But as soon as he could get his breath, he answered as calmly as he could, "Oh, yes, I have to have my stimulant; I could not live and

do my work without it." "Then die," said I; "die for Christ's sake."

I do not doubt such utterances from a woman were very shocking to his sensibilities.

On the afternoon of March 7th, I met the ladies of the Liverpool Temperance Association at their annual tea meeting at Hope Hall, Hope street, and at night addressed a very large meeting held in the same hall, which was presided over by Mr. J. Patterson, J. P. By this time I had been able to throw off my wet blanket and rally from the ague fit it had occasioned. In fact, "Richard was himself again."

In consideration of the aforesaid blanket and ague fit brought on by my very kind host's admonitions, I hope the reader will pardon me for copying here a critique that appeared the next morning in the *Liverpool Post*. The writer I did not know, never saw, and did not even learn his name; but was told he was one of the staff—his duty being to report public lecturers who visited the city and to write them up, or down, as he thought best, and was generally considered a very caustic critic. The friends knowing him not to be a teetotaler, and not especially interested in the cause of temperance, were very much surprised at his fairness, as they were pleased to term it. For myself, I am in not a little doubt whether I deserve it, as I have felt in regard to many another generous criticism of the press. But I have it, and appreciate it, too.

STRANGERS ON THE PLATFORM.

There stood, or slowly paced about, a deliberate and oratorical speaker; not loud, indeed, nor glib (or she would have been less an orator), but an evident mis-

tress of all the expedients of public speech. How she glided to her conclusions, shutting you suddenly in with them by a sudden grip of *ad hominem* argument, or a good humored push of sarcastic freedom!

How solemnly she could pass into the fervor of a life reminiscence, withdrawing, as it were, from the presence of the audience into a *nimbus* of faithful and devout experience! How she could at five words' notice command irrepressible tears. How she could make the war time live for her Liverpool audience, as it had been for her and other American women who went patiently, but feverishly and in agony through its poignant changes and chances! How powerfully she could adventure on pathos of less dignity, and give a pure sublimity to the white hyacinth, at the sight of which the young American debauchee turned away from his usual haunts of indulgence! And how humbly she acknowledged the divine favor when she declared the best of all was, "We received our pay as we went along in the blessedness that came into our own hearts."

She had received a friendly caution to be moderate, and she recited the counsel given her in a curious tone of respectful, but sardonic and sub-acid narrative. Then she asked with simplicity how she was to begin to be moderate. Next she offered an effective sample of moderation, not grossly overdone, but soon quitted the style with quiet scorn as unworthy of herself and unwished by her hearers; reminded them that God would not look upon sin with any degree of allowance, and read with stern, unquivering accents from Jeremiah, the finest, perhaps, of the many old Hebrew passages in which dense sinfulness and obduracy is brought into the majestic presence of the "power that makes for righteousness." It was a fine commencement. You might not agree with the suppressed premise that drink is sin, but the skilled orator held you for the time under a spell superior to exact reason.

And the same power was again and again developed after Mrs. Stewart had launched into her subject.

My next meeting, March 9th, was a ladies' conference, under the auspices of the Ladies' Temperance Association, of which Mrs. Dr. Townsen was president. This was a largely-attended assemblage of representative ladies. Dr. Townsen occupied the chair. I find myself in possession of a report of this meeting, from which I quote a few sentences :

Mother Stewart said there seemed to be enough drinking places in Liverpool to kill every man, woman and child in the city. Mrs. O'Brien and Mrs. Gilpin afterwards addressed the assembly.

At the close of Mrs. Stewart's address a young man stepped forward and said that five years ago he left his wife and two children in Liverpool and went to America. He was a drunken man when he went there, and he continued his drunken career until last Christmas day, when he was picked out of the gutter, as it were, of the streets of Philadelphia, by two sisters of the Temperance Union. They returned him safely to his family, and he was now happy. He desired to publicly thank those ladies for what they had done for him.

This young man had immediately upon his arrival sought me out and told me his pitiful story of his fall and degradation through the appetite for drink, his desertion of his family, and the lower and lower depths to which he had gone down, till that blessed Christmas morning when those devoted Christian ladies found him by the wayside and induced him to go with them to meeting. A revival meeting was in progress in Dr. Ridgeway's (Methodist) church, and

they took him there. Conviction seized him, and with strong cries and tears of repentance he besought the Lord for pardon; and before the day dawned he gave his heart to Jesus and yielded to be saved a sinner saved as by fire. Those elect ladies kept motherly watch and guard over him till they felt that he might in safety be sent on his way home. They passed him to the hands of other Christian friends, who saw him aboard the steamer with prow turned towards home.

I advised him to at once put himself under the guardian care of the temperance friends of Liverpool, and I charged them to give him watchful care and encouragement. But in talking with me he said with evident solicitude and fear: "Oh, if only my wife would consent to give up her beer; but she will not." I saw where his fall must inevitably come, and I was not surprised upon my return, before sailing for home, to hear from the friends that "he was gone." For a time he had written to the ladies in Philadelphia, telling them of his hunting me up, and of casting his lot in with the temperance friends in Liverpool. Then his letters had ceased coming. When I reached Philadelphia how eagerly those devoted women hastened to me to inquire about their charge. Alas, alas! what sad news I was obliged to give them!

It seemed that neither they nor his pastor, Dr. Ridgeway, could believe it possible that he had fallen. He had given such unmistakable evidence of reform and of having come to Jesus. Oh, the accursed drink!

And what shall be said of a drink-enslaved wife who will not give up her indulgence, even though the soul as well as body of her husband shall be the

sacrifice? And oh, what of a government that by law protects men in a business that so enslaves even a woman as to crush out all sense of obligation as a wife and mother—a business that shall keep the temptation forever flaunted in the face of the poor, struggling, appetite-enchained soul? Prometheus is fable; this is living, intense, nineteenth century fact. Because, forsooth, from “The Trade” it derives large revenues. “Shall I not be avenged on such a nation as this?” saith my God.

I have loved to think of England’s queen as a model sovereign, a model woman and mother. But I am wondering how the scales may be adjusted by the hand of eternal justice between the monarch of the greatest empire on earth and the not much more than half-civilized queen of the little kingdom lying under the Southern cross, the whilom heathen Madagascar. You tell me that the queen in this case is powerless; the laws would control or restrain even her. And I insist that as the sovereign, knowing that “the trade,” that the manufacturers and their supporters mouth with such unction, is sending from sixty to a hundred thousand of her subjects to eternal death every year, entailing the destruction of homes and pampering and making criminals of a great army of helpless children, degrading, imbruting, impoverishing her subjects, it is her right and duty to crush such a scourge out of existence. Let her high-mighty law-makers rebel if they would. All the world would sustain such a sovereign. And having emancipated that great army of her subjects from a ten-fold greater thralldom than that of our African slaves, she would take her place

by the side of—if not above—our immortal martyr, Lincoln, for all the ages to come. The English government boasts of protecting its citizens in all lands, and really does make much ado, and the grim old lion roars and snarls and shows his teeth upon occasion, when it fancies the rights of a subject are infringed. Here is this case. Leaving his native land a wreck, almost an outcast, citizens of another government gather him up from the wayside, set him on his feet and return him a sober man, a Christian, with all high purposes and hopes of a new life inspired, ready to take his place among the respectable, law-abiding citizens. He goes down again. Why? Because this boastful Christian(?) government has, for the sake of the money it pays into its coffers, permitted “the trade” to place pitfalls in his way that he falls into as soon as he again steps onto his native shores.

Out upon such a pretense of government! Government, indeed! It is barbarous tyranny upon wretched, helpless victims. It is no sort of vindication to say they are not compelled to buy or drink the soul-destroying stuff. By its stringent protection of “the trade,” the subject is given to understand that it is perfectly legitimate to drink; and by the example set from the throne, the high officials in church and state to the stable boy and the scavenger, he is led to believe it is no bar to respectability to drink. His veins are full of it; it tingles through nerve and brain, “visiting the iniquities of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation.” The very air is laden with it. The wretch struggling against these combined forces is chafed and sneered at, if with all

the energy he is master of he attempts to fight the odds. If he goes down, "Oh, well, he is a poor, weak fool; why could he not drink in moderation? (Why couldn't he thrust his hand in the flame and burn it only a little?) What need to make a beast of himself? Cart him off to the work-house. Send wife and children to the alms-house." A Christian nation? I have said elsewhere that my own country is well up with England in favoring "the trade" and permitting the slaughter of its citizens. "Great is Diana of the Ephesians."

Under the auspices of the Good Templars a meeting was held in Albert Hall, Virgil street, Scotland Road, on the evening of the 9th. A full report of the proceedings and addresses was printed in pamphlet for circulation among their temperance literature. In a paper in my possession I find quite a full report of this meeting, from which I take the following:

There was a very large attendance, mainly of working people. The Rev. John Foulks occupied the chair, and was supported by Mrs. Lawrence, Mrs. Clarke, Miss Patterson, Miss Thomas, the Rev. J. B. Stoneman, Messrs. Walter Bathgate, Adam Gibson, A. B. Craig, J. G. Brown, W. Tait, B. Clark, M. Bebbington, Jos. Thomas and others. The chairman, in opening the meeting, said there was very little doubt that if the workingmen of the country had this question in their own hands to settle it would be settled very soon, and they would see a very different state of things.

The Rev. J. B. Stoneman proposed, "That this audience, having heard of the abundant and successful efforts of Mrs. Stewart to rescue the perishing in other parts, tender her its cordial greeting, and de-

voutly prays that her labors in South Lancashire may be graciously owned and abundantly blessed of Almighty God."

Mr. Bathgate seconded the resolution, which was passed. Mother Stewart, who was received with applause, then addressed the meeting, and Rev. J. Yeams and Mr. J. Gough Brown afterwards spoke. An overflow meeting was held in another part of the building, and was addressed by Mother Stewart.

At this meeting was quite a tablefull of reporters. I was not a little amused, on looking down over the desk at the reporter's table, to discover one young gentleman all absorbed, now and again catching furtive glances at the speaker and transferring her face to his paper.

I here, as in London, received the kindest reports through the press. My friends said, with much surprise, that the press had never given so much space before to the temperance cause, and no speaker had been so generously dealt with. There were often half a dozen or more reporters at the table.

In the same paper of later date I find a report of a meeting on the 11th, held in the Wesleyan school building, Waterloo, a fashionable suburb of Liverpool.

The audience was composed of a most respectable and educated class of people. The chair was taken by a leading Wesleyan, Mr. Pheyser, and addresses made by Mr. N. Smythe, D. C., and Mother Stewart, who was warmly received and heard with rapt attention.

At the close of my speech one of the gentlemen

remarked, "Well, the lady certainly tells the truth, anyhow." It was here, at Waterloo, that Jefferson Davis sojourned while in Liverpool.

As was to be expected, my fashion of "hitting hard" sometimes called out rejoinders. I found the Licensed Victualer's Bill, for which the grand old premier, Gladstone, is held responsible, giving grocers the privilege of selling bottled liquor, was working very great disaster, as it had come to be a common custom for women buying groceries for family use to also order their bottle of liquor. And very often under the innocent head of pickles or tea, the husband would unsuspectingly pay his wife's liquor bills. And by this easy and ingenious device, drunkenness was being introduced into hitherto happy and virtuous homes, and intemperance was alarmingly on the increase among women. It was a good thing to hit, and I hit it with all my might. I advised the men, when settling their grocer's bills, to take notice how often tea and pickles were entered in the account. Of course this created a sensible stir in some quarters. One dear, good woman rushed into the papers and charged that Mother Stewart would cause husbands to lose confidence in their wives. I answered from the platform that all that was necessary in the case to restore confidence, if deserved, was for the husbands to revive the old Roman custom of kissing their wives.

As an offset to the attack of my lady friend, I give what a gentleman said about it to the editor of the daily *Post*:

SIR:—Though I do not claim to be a teetotaler, I cordially endorse Mother Stewart's remarks at the

meeting of the 6th inst., especially as regards grocers' licenses. There is little doubt that the great increase of drunkenness amongst women, which we have had to lament, may be traced to this cause. I myself know of instances where women go to grocers for drink, who would be ashamed to enter a public house, thus not only obtaining drink, but deceiving their husbands. I think all temperance societies should strongly agitate for a repeal of these mischievous licenses; and I cannot see why publicans could not join them in this work, for not only do the grocers encroach upon their business, and, if I am not mistaken, upon favorable terms as to cost of licenses, to say nothing of not being under police surveillance, but they receive the odium of causing drunkenness, which is really caused by the latter. If any proof of my assertions is necessary, I merely refer you to the police returns for the last ten years, by which you will see that drunkenness has alarmingly increased, especially among women, in the latter part of the term, during which these licenses have been in existence. For the sake of humanity generally I hope you will devote a leading article to this innovation in the drink trade, and show teetotalers and publicans a way in which they can unite to decrease drunkenness, which I fear will never be done to any extent while there exists a *grocer's license*.

The grocer's license still exists (sixteen years later), and the drunkenness goes on increasing, notwithstanding the superhuman efforts of the great army of the bravest soldiers, men and women, that ever met an enemy to arrest its progress.

I have attempted to give a glimpse of the scene I witnessed in the police court on that first Monday morning after my arrival in Liverpool. I will here copy a memorandum obtained for me by Miss Patter-

son, secretary of the Liverpool Ladies' Association, just before I left :

LIVERPOOL POLICE COURT,
Monday, May 22, 1876.

Cases brought before the magistrate for being drunk and disorderly, 232, out of which were 139 women, many of them quite young. Thirty-six had small infants in their arms.

One	woman	had	been	up	79	times.
One	"	"	"	"	59	"
One	"	"	"	"	43	"
Two	women	"	"	"	38	"
Seven	"	"	"	"	30	"
Six	"	"	"	"	28	"

What of the husbands, what of the children, what of the *homes* of England? But I must get back to my work.

On Saturday evening I went out, accompanied by Mrs. Collings, Miss Patterson and Mr. Bebbington, to Haydoc, the center of a district of colliers. We found the Wesleyan chapel crowded with a very earnest audience. The chair was taken by Mr. J. H. Howshall, a home missionary engaged in that locality. Mr. Bebbington addressed the meeting, and the reporter says Mother Stewart was listened to with intense interest for over an hour. It was intimated that scores would sign the pledge. We left before the meeting closed, to return to the city, and did not learn the actual number.

Similar meetings were arranged for the next week, with encouraging prospects of great success. In this district a wealthy and pious lady employs a woman as Bible reader and missionary, as is frequently done by

ladies of the upper class, to visit the homes of the miners, read the Word and give any needed instruction.

Monday, 13th, with brother Bebbington as escort, I went out to St. Hellens, some twelve miles out of the city, and addressed an immense meeting. The women here formed a union and decided to inaugurate prayer and mass meetings. Forty ladies joined the organization. It is at this town that the renowned Lancashire glass works are located. In my parlor hangs a beautiful Good Templar's device in glass, made here expressly for the "crusader," and presented by sisters Jackson and King, of St. Hellens. After our meeting we returned to the city, as was our custom to do, from cities six to twenty miles distant.

As has already been seen, I was not very sparing in my denunciation of drinking Christians, even expressing my doubts of such enjoying an experimental knowledge of the religion of Jesus. This was unheard-of audacity on the part of a temperance lecturer, and of course my way of putting it was very shocking to them. And so some good lady again rushed into the paper and inquired if people who drink are not Christians; what became of all the evangelical ministers and the 2,000 Sabbath-school teachers in the city? Her mode of putting it, however, was a little beyond her warrant. I give it simply as the statement of one of the citizens that "all the evangelical ministers and the 2,000 Sunday-school teachers drink." I wonder what those teachers ever said to their scholars about the drink! Perhaps Father Nugent's report from the prisons of Liverpool, given not far from this time, may throw a little light on the subject. He says

nearly all the inmates had been Sunday-school scholars for a longer or shorter time. If those 2,000 drinking teachers had been faithful in precept and example on the drink question, is it probable so many would have been brought up behind the prison bars? Intemperance is the chief cause that leads to crime and prison. I am happy to testify, of my own knowledge, that not *all* the ministers are in the habit of drinking, for many were my strong supporters in my work. But they were the exception to the general rule, as were the teetotaler Christians. My friend, Mrs. Lawrence, told me that she could count on every finger ministers whom she had known to have fallen through drink.

I answered my lady assailant again from the platform, that I would not presume to sit in judgment on any one and unchristianize them because they drank, but I could say, most emphatically, that they would be very much better Christians if they did not.

As Mrs. Lawrence drove me out to her country seat one day, she took me to visit a magnificent church that had been built not long before by a wealthy brewer. I noticed a framed card hanging on one of the pillars, and upon reading found it to be a request of the visitor to offer up a prayer for the builder, for the congregation that worshiped there, and for his own soul. I said, "I won't." I would not pray in a place the walls of which were cemented together with the blood and tears of the victims of that brewer's soul-destroying business.

Again, all Liverpool was excited over a grand art hall that was almost finished—built by the great XXX Ale man, A. B. Walker, and soon to be by him pre-

sented to the city. He had expended upon it £30,000. And with very imposing ceremonies it was not long after handed over to the city.

We in our country who have advanced so far in our fight against the traffic as, in some degree, at least, to make it disreputable for a man to manufacture or deal in this scourge of the human race, cannot form any sort of idea of the reverence paid to those great brewers and distillers in that country. They give them prominent positions in their churches, place them at the head of benevolent institutions, and send them to parliament.

I remember, upon visiting St. Paul's, in London, the janitor took us down to the crypt to point out the various resting places of the illustrious dead. Upon coming to the Wellington sarcophagus he droned to us, in a tone that he intended should be awfully imposing and awe-inspiring, that the great brewer—somebody—had furnished his magnificent black horses to draw the illustrious remains to their last resting place. But as my education in that direction had been totally neglected, really I could not see that England had added any more lustre to her name, or that the great warrior was sleeping any more peacefully than if some good, loyal drayman had sent his horses.

But this great brewer, Walker, of the XXX brand, besides his immense brewing establishments, owned one-third of all the public houses in Liverpool, and because of the wealth he had gained by making others poorer the people worshiped him, though they knew he was doing his share, and that a large one, to make

his city what it emphatically was, "Old drunken Liverpool."

Notwithstanding my clerical friend's admonition that I would not get on with the respectable class of Christian people if I publicly advocated such extreme views as I held, I did not hesitate to refer to the great XXX ale magnate as a worthy subject of prayer for my temperance sisters. This was again too shocking for anything to the "respectable class of Christians," who held that it was no sin to drink, and, of course, none to manufacture the drink. So I came in for more criticism, as one must expect to if some one is hurt. It was not surprising that my fearless denunciation of the traffic, and of Christians for their complicity in it, or, at least, of their tolerance of it, was very shocking to their sensitive nerves, for they had been accustomed to look with supreme contempt upon the teetotalers as a "poor lot," who had no business to thrust their views upon the notice of respectable people.

We are scarcely able, in these days of the advanced sentiment upon the temperance question, to realize or believe what the early advocates had to contend with in attempting to promulgate their principles. Very often they suffered violence at the hands of infuriated mobs, set on by the publicans. My friend, Mr. N. Smythe, of Liverpool, told me he had been stoned and dragged through a horse pond. And Mrs. Hilton told me that in her husband's earlier years he had to endure many indignities. On one occasion she was with him when he spoke out of doors. A howling mob surrounded him, and with their noise attempted

to drown his voice. One great, burly fellow, more demonstrative than the rest, would flourish his fists and roar out at the top of his voice, "I'll have his heart's blood ; I'll have his heart's blood !" She stood trembling and, of course, very pale, expecting every moment to see her husband torn to pieces. The big ruffian still shouting, "I'll have his heart's blood ; I'll have his heart's blood !" managed to work himself up near enough to her to say, under his breath, "Don't you be frightened, ma'am ; I am paid for this. I would not hurt a hair of his head," shouting in the next breath at the top of his voice, "I'll have his heart's blood ; I'll have his heart's blood !"

The great cry of the good, tippling Christians against the temperance advocates was that they were "putting temperance before the Gospel." There is always a class of people who, when you attempt to stir up their consciences in regard to a cherished sin, at once grow wonderfully anxious for the promulgation of the Gospel. What an agony this class was thrown into in the days of our slavery agitation ! If a minister ventured from his pulpit to denounce that crime of holding human beings in bondage, and buying and selling them as cattle and swine, oh, dear, how hungry they grew at once for the "Gospel !"

In these latter days, when the world is coming up to the last great battle with the arch enemy of mankind, and demanding that it *shall be prohibited*, as other lesser crimes are, and ministers from their pulpits are daring to cry out against it, the wail comes again for the "Gospel." They don't want "politics," and it is an unpardonable sin for a minister to meddle with

politics. Who is able to measure the deceitfulness of sin?

March 14th, brother N. Smythe and others accompanied me out to Wigan. We were entertained to tea by Mr. Nichols, the hotel keeper. There are large chemical works here. It is also in the midst of a mining region, and it was a sight of much interest, not witnessed in our country, to see the women in the peculiar garments adapted to their work busily engaged in shoveling, screening and wheeling the coal. They do not now, as in former times, work down in the mines. But the day was so very windy that we could not go out to take a close observation of these singular laborers. Our audience was a very large one. After meeting we returned to Liverpool, the distance being eighteen miles.

The largest meeting ever held in Widnes, so said the papers of the next day, was held in the Volunteers Hall. Rev. J. Leathy presided, and addresses were made by Mother Stewart, Messrs. N. Smythe, N. Taylor, B. Brown, J. Hargraves, R. Lee and A. Speakman. The chairman, as a practical result, invited any of the women present who felt inclined to work to meet him for prayer, time and place to be arranged. On leaving the hall the large audience arose and cheered the crusader again and again. A vote of thanks was passed to the committee for affording the citizens of Widnes an opportunity of hearing her.

At Garston, on the 16th, we had another big house. Mr. Joseph Malins, Grand Chief Templar, came up from Liverpool, arriving after nine o'clock, and spoke. We took tea at brother Bebbington's. We stopped at

the house of a very respectable Methodist gentleman and lady to wait the coming of the train to take us back to the city. Some one of our company good-humoredly suggested that there was room there for a crusading, whereupon I proceeded to investigate and found they "had not become teetotalers;" were *temperate*, of course. Everybody was in that country, only and excepting the gutter drunkard and "the little I take certainly can't do anyone any harm."

I had been early instructed that in seeking to enforce my principles I must use the word "teetotal" or "total abstinence," as the people would talk with me all day on "temperance," agreeing with me all the time. Of course temperance with such people meant drinking in moderation(?); that is, not more than they want, I suppose. I learned afterwards that the lady said, "If Mother Stewart had opened the cupboard at her elbow, she would no doubt have been quite shocked at the discovery she would have made."

Friday evening, 17th.—The Liverpool *Mercury* comes to the aid of my memory and furnishes a report of a meeting in Templar Hall, Warwick street, under the auspices of the Independent Order of Good Templars. The Rev. Stephen Todd presided, and Mr. Adam Gibson sang, with very fine effect, "The Drunkard's Raggit Wean." Mr. Gibson was a sturdy Scotchman and staunch teetotaler.

On the 18th, escorted by Mr. Harrison, Miss Patterson and Mr. Whitehead, I went to old Chester. We were entertained by Mr. Roberts to tea. I can remember but little of this meeting, but do remember of attempting, in a very brief space of time, and in the

face of a furious wind, to explore some of the points of interest in this quaint old Roman city. We visited the old Cathedral, walked on the Roman wall that once enclosed the city, visited the tower on the wall where Charles the First stood and looked off across the fields and witnessed the defeat of his army by Cromwell's forces, at Rowton Moor. We next visited the old burial place where the people of long generations ago deposited their dead, but to us they were as if they never had lived—only some old crumbling tombstones to tell of men and women who had walked where we were now walking. Some had been carried and laid there by their friends, who had in their turn been brought to lie down by their side. Some of these crumbling stones, it is said, date beyond the Romans, and mark the resting place of Druids. Finally, a promenade "under the Rows" closed our all too-hurried visit to this quaint, old place. After meeting we retraced our twenty miles to Liverpool.

Monday evening, 20th, we had a meeting at Burkenhead, across the Mersey from Liverpool. The jam was so great that it was with difficulty that I could make my way through the mass of people to the platform. The excitement and enthusiasm were such as might be expected from such an audience. Brother Smythe, of my committee, presided.

Tuesday, 21st, I addressed a meeting at Warrington, in charge of Mr. George Whitehead, of the committee.

Wednesday, 22d, I went to Bootle, a very pleasant town six miles out of the city. The meeting was in the assembly rooms, brother Collings presiding. Mrs. Collings, Miss Patterson and Rev. James Yeams, a

Wesleyan minister and enthusiastic supporter of the temperance cause, assisted. The audience, which was of the better class of citizens, seemed much interested, and a goodly number of ladies gave their names for the formation of a woman's union, or praying band, as the ladies then seemed generally to prefer to call the associations we formed. The ladies of the Liverpool Association had, upon the beginning of my work, established a daily prayer meeting, which I generally attended. But on this afternoon I found myself so weary that I was obliged to lie down and rest before going out to the evening meeting.

When my escort called for me, the ladies brought me a very exciting piece of news. A gentleman giving his name as Rev. Cherrington, missionary from the United States to India, had just arrived in the city and was stopping at the Lawrence hotel. He had learned that Mother Stewart was in the city, and had come to the meeting in hope of seeing her. "She was a very dear friend; had nursed him when a child; was a life-long friend of his mother." The ladies got things somewhat mixed, understanding that his mother was with him. I was nearly wild. Could it be that my dear friend, Mrs. Cherrington, and one of her sons was in the city? No familiar face had I seen since I said good-bye to my New York friends on board the City of Brooklyn.

While all absorbed in my blessed work I could forget, but in the brief intervals such a feeling of homesickness would come over me that I would have flown on the wings of the wind if it had been possible. Here were some of the dearest friends of my life, and

of "Auld Lang Syne," in the city. But I had not a moment, even, to crowd back the lump in my throat. I must set out at once. "Well, I'll find them upon my return if it shall be midnight, which it very probably will."

On my way back I told brother Collings I must be driven to the Lawrence hotel. But he assured me that the house would be closed for the night, and, besides, the Chester races being on, it would, as all the hotels in the city, be crowded to its utmost capacity. There was nothing for me to do but to wait and watch for the morning, as it was little sleep that would come to help me bridge over the remaining hours.

Early as possible next morning I called at the Lawrence hotel to find Rev. W. F. Cherrington, with his wife and Miss Swain, M. D., returning from India. Mrs. C.'s health had failed, and her physician had ordered her return to her native land to prolong her life. Miss Swain, our first lady medical missionary, was also returning, after several years of arduous labor, for a much needed season of rest. The meeting with these dear friends was truly to me a cheering occasion. But even this delightful interview must be cut short, for my work demanded my time.

On this evening I was taken out to Leigh, and addressed another mammoth meeting under the auspices of the Good Templars, brother J. B. Collings presiding. In the Leigh *Chronicle* of the next day I find a very full report of this meeting, in which it was stated that there had not been such an assembly at a temperance meeting since John B. Gough visited their city.

In going through my papers of those days, among

my interminable gatherings, I have been not a little interested in the posters. I had forgotten that I had any of them. In size and lettering and taking announcement I am disposed to believe the English temperance people excel us. For instance, here is one announcing my meeting at St. Hellens, measuring 30 by 40 inches, in immense letters of black on yellow paper; others on purple, red, white, etc. As I have said before, these people have seen the enormity of the liquor scourge as we of our country as yet have not—though by tremendous strides our wise law-makers are hastening to overtake England in the licensing and protection of “the trade”—and consequently they use every means in their power, and take advantage of every opportunity to call the attention of the public to the subject.

After our meeting we again returned to Liverpool, some twenty miles. Our meetings were held till a late hour, and though the trains ran at frequent intervals, affording facilities for reaching the city at almost any hour, it would be midnight before I reached my pillow.

My last meeting in the series was held at the Free Methodist church, Liverpool, Friday evening, 24th. Brother Smythe presided. The occasion was a very pleasant one, though again there was a tinge of sadness, for it was the closing of a three weeks’ of delightful association and work with a band of true yoke fellows and always-remembered dear friends.

Besides the public meetings above referred to, I attended the daily prayer meeting when in the city, and if not, I would meet the ladies of the other towns I

visited and encourage and aid them in organizing women's unions, or, as they chose to call them, praying bands. I am fain to believe that the results have not passed away, even though many years have.

On Saturday, 25th, before leaving for Birmingham, I gave myself the pleasure of calling to pay my respects to that noble Christian lady, Mrs. Josephine E. Butler. Of course, the work to which she has devoted her life was the subject of conversation, and to me it was deeply interesting. Whoever looks into that sweet, gentle face will be impressed both with her earnestness and the importance of the work which she has taken up as her life mission. Her face tells you she has the heart of a saint and the life of a martyr. Mrs. Butler very kindly offered to present me with a copy of her book, recently published, "The New Abolition." But I had already been presented with a copy by her friend and co-worker, Miss Howarth. Upon leaving, my friend Mrs. C. remarked that she was so glad she had gone with me. She had taken up a strong prejudice against Mrs. Butler because she had heard people speak of her as "that dreadful Mrs. Butler, but," she added, "what a sweet lady she is!"

Yes, whoever follows the Master in the rough and rugged way of self-denial and ministration to those for whom He died, must expect, like Him, to suffer persecution, and not improbably have their names cast out as evil.

My mission ended, I bade farewell to my Liverpool friends, and at half past one took the train for Birmingham.

THE DRUNKARD'S RAGGIT WEAN.

BY JAMES P. CRAWFORD.

[And sung by Mr. Gibson, at my meeting in Templar Hall, Warwick St., Liverpool.]

A wee bit raggit laddie gangs wan'erin' thro' the street,
Wadin' 'mang the snaw wi' his wee hackit feet,
Shiverin' i' cauld blast, greetin' wi' the pain,
Wha's the poor wee callan? He's the drunkard's raggit wean.

He stan's at ilka door, an' he keeks wi' wistfu' e'e,
To see the crood aroun' the fire a'lauchin' lood wi' glee,
For he daurna venture ben, tho' his heart be ee'r sae fain'
For he mauna play wi' ither bairns, the drunkard's raggit wean.

Oh, see the wee bit bairnie, his heart is unco fu',
The sleet is blawin' cauld, an' he's drookit thro' an' thro'.
He's speerin' for his mither, an' he wonners whaur she's gane,
But oh, his mither, she forgets her puir, wee, raggit wean.

He kens nae faither's love, an' he kens nae mither's care,
To soothe his wee bit sorrows, or kame his tautit hair;
To kiss him when he waukens, or smooth his bed at e'en,
And oh, he fears his faither's face, the drunkard's raggit wean.

Oh, pity the puir laddie, sae guileless an' sae young,
The oath that leaves the faither's lips 'ill settle on his tongue;
An' sinfu' words his mither speaks his infant lips 'ill stain,
For oh, there's nane to guide the bairn, the drunkard's raggit wean.

Then surely we micht try an' turn that sinfu' mither's heart,
An' strive to get his faither to act a faither's part,
An' mak' them leave the drunkard's cup, an' never taste again,
An' cherish wi' a parent's care their puir, wee, raggit wean.

CHAPTER X.

BIRMINGHAM—CONSUL T. B. GOULD—MEETING NOTED PERSONAGES
AT A SERIES OF BREAKFASTS—VISIT TO KENILWORTH AND WAR-
WICK CASTLES—STRATFORD-UPON-AVON—A LETTER FROM MISS
SARAH JAMES—MANCHESTER.

AS ever, when visiting a place in my work for the first time, though I had had such abundant proof of the warm hospitality of the English people, I could not put aside a feeling of solicitude lest I might not be received with the cordiality tendered me elsewhere. Very probably I may not meet the expectations of the temperance friends who have so kindly invited me. May be this time I shall make an ignominious failure and mortify my friends and injure the cause instead of advancing it. Oh, dear!

I had but little time, however, for fears and forebodings. The run out from Liverpool to Birmingham we in our land of distances would call a short one, and I was soon at my journey's end, and was met by Mr. Parry and taken to Mr. John Cadbury's, where I was welcomed by that venerable gentleman and his amiable daughter, Miss Marie, in such cordial fashion as at once to banish all solicitude and make me feel that I was again among true and sympathizing friends. Friends? Yes, both in name and in fact.

What a restful home was that, and how was my every want anticipated! Friend Cadbury was a stately Christian gentleman of the old school; and his daughter, taking the place of her departed mother at

the head of the household, presided over it with dignity and grace. How bright and green, and how genial the sunshine on that sweet spot in my memory ! And yet, alas, the shadow has fallen ; the death angel has swept over it and translated the grand old friend of God and man to the mansions of the blessed. Ah, they are going over, one by one, and the world is becoming more lonely. But I am standing on the border.

Immediately upon my arrival, Mr. Cadbury sent out an invitation to Mr. T. B. Gould, our consul at Birmingham, and his lady, to meet me to tea the next evening. It was a great pleasure to meet these friends, for besides being from my own country I found them to be devoted Christians, and interested in all work having for its purpose the elevation of mankind. Mr. Gould was highly esteemed by every person. He honored his position and brought credit to his country. Sorry I am that this cannot be said of all who represent our country abroad.

Mr. Cadbury also very kindly arranged for me to meet some of the prominent citizens and Christian workers of the city each day at breakfast, thus giving me the pleasure of making their acquaintance in an hour's social intercourse, and leaving me the remainder of the day for my work.

From the list of names furnished by my host, I recall with pleasure Mrs. Avery, wife of the first Alderman, afterwards Lord Mayor of Birmingham, Miss Eliza M. Sturge, niece of Joseph Sturge, and the first lady ever elected to a place on the school board ; Mr. J. W. Kirtin, the popular writer, Miss Elizabeth

Cadbury, Mrs. Lucas, Messrs. George and Richard Cadbury, the sons of my host, and their amiable wives.

My first public meeting was held on Monday evening, March 27th, in Temperance Hall. I stopped, however, on my way and spoke for a short time to a tea meeting at Friends' Institute. By invitation of the temperance committee, Mr. Gould presided. I greatly appreciated the favor of being thus publicly indorsed by so influential a countryman.

Tuesday evening we had another meeting with a large audience. On Wednesday morning Mr. George Cadbury, son of my esteemed host, took me to visit old Kenilworth and Warwick castles. But I must not linger over these old places of so much interest to the student of English history, though every stone and beam, and even yon old ivy, with trunk like an old forest tree that is covering all the wall with its heavy foliage, if endowed with the power of speech, could no doubt tell startling stories of the times of the imperious Elizabeth and the courtier Leicester and the sad-fated Amy Robsart and the rest not found in grave history, or the intoxicating tales of the immortal romancer.

I stood in the old banquet hall of Kenilworth, now so sadly deserted and dismantled, and for a few moments lingered in memory over the royal banquets and banqueters, the intrigues and intriguers. I looked off into the garden where the chronicler says her majesty met the forlorn Amy, then out onto the terrace and looked across the green, quiet meadows that in those old days served for the tournaments of lords and sir knights, where with manly skill they broke

the lance in honor and sight of courtly ladies. But what is this at my feet? As I live, a bright little star nestled down in the grass among a cluster of little pink buds. Yes, the first English daisy I ever saw on its native soil. I think I felt something like a little girl might have who had found a doll with "real hair" and eyes that could shut, in the grass. Oh, that bright, beautiful daisy! What a realization of my childish dreams, found on old Kenilworth terrace!

But now back to the city, and at night I addressed a meeting in the Methodist rooms, presided over by Miss Eliza Sturge. Miss Sturge was a brilliant little Quaker lady. She presided with as much ease and grace as if always accustomed to it, yet where the humor came in she would laugh out with the heartiness of a child.

On Thursday Mr. Richard Cadbury, second son of my friend, took me down to Stratford-upon-Avon. We visited the quaint old birthplace and childhood home of Shakespeare, went up into the low chamber, visited the garden, looked down at the Avon running by—a very modest little stream to have acquired such historic fame. We visited the church, and walked across the fields to the home of Ann Hathaway. Returning to the station, and while waiting for the train, Mr. Cadbury gathered up off the common a little root with one little star and its delicate pink buds and took it home. The next day, having made a copy of it in water colors, he presented it to me, accompanied with a poem, "To the Daisy." It is hanging here over my mantle, a dear reminder of that day's rich treat.

Upon invitation of Mrs. Hannah Sturge, widow of

Joseph Sturge, the great philanthropist, I had the pleasure of dining with her and her niece, and spending a brief season that I still recall with especial pleasure. For the school board, women were voters under the laws of England, and Miss Sturge told me some amusing stories of times when there were questions of more than ordinary interest before the voters. In some instances carriages would be sent for women, who would be driven in state to the polling place, and when arrived would be assisted out and escorted up with the most profound gallantry. Not much "jostling at the polls by rough men." Indeed, no one treated with the least discourtesy. What an odds the difference makes. A card of the season's greetings during the recent holidays (1891) made me very happy by the assurance that this eminent lady still tarries in the Master's vineyard.

In the afternoon I met the Birmingham Ladies' Temperance Association in their annual meeting, held in Masonic Hall. Mr. Gould again presided. I am glad to record, as I was told by the friends in Birmingham, that it was not a rare thing for Mr. Gould to thus identify himself with religious and philanthropic work. He often addressed Sabbath-school assemblies, and not unfrequently occupied the pulpit, greatly to the edification of his hearers.

I hope my lady readers, at least, will not charge me with letting down the dignity of my story if I tell how grateful I felt to Mrs. Gould, not only for taking me under her charge, but for her sisterly kindness in "looking me over," at my request, and expressing herself entirely satisfied with my dress and appearance.

It was natural that, in the position she occupied, the appearance of her country women, and the impression they made, would be a subject of keenest interest to her.

This afternoon's meeting was one of peculiar interest, and was attended by the representative ladies of Birmingham. At night, my last meeting for this city was held at Friends' Institute, Severn street, with a great crowd in attendance. I afterwards received a letter from a man saying that meeting was the occasion of four of his family signing the pledge, his wife being one of the number.

Now, my work done in Birmingham, the time for leave-taking of these new-found, but ever dear friends had come. Few and busy had been the days, but the memory of them lingers still as the incense of sweet flowers. But one regret also stays with me still. I learned from Mrs. Sturge that Miss Sarah James, the daughter and last remaining member of the family of that eminent minister, John Angel James, was a hopeless invalid, as she had been nearly all her life, and for many years confined to her bed. Mrs. Sturge expressed the hope that I might be able to call and see her, as she knew it would be a source of pleasure to the solitary sufferer. And though I much desired to do so, I found it utterly impossible, my time being so fully occupied. But out of it grew a correspondence with Miss James which was to me a source of much happiness. I take pleasure in giving here a copy of one of Miss James' letters, believing the reader will be deeply interested in learning of the wonderful patience and resignation of this suffering child of God :

MY DEAR CHRISTIAN FRIEND :—I assure you that it is not without much sorrow that I think how long it is since I received your kind letter and most interesting book. I quite hoped to have written before the year closed, but was prevented by an increase of illness which has lasted more or less up to the time I am writing, and will, I am afraid, much diminish my power of writing. It is, I assure you, very gratifying to be remembered for the “father’s sake,” by those who have never seen me in the flesh; and it helps me to anticipate the time when in the “many mansions” above we may meet the redeemed of all nations, times and creeds as the members of one universal family, and know no separation. I was thankful to notice, from your letter, that a merciful and omnipotent God had guided and guarded all your steps, had watched over all your “goings out and comings in,” and had restored you to your own family in peace and comfort.

I do trust you continue to receive, in your distant home, intelligence that will prove you didn’t visit England in vain, and that the seed you scattered with an unsparing hand, watering it with faith and prayer, is springing up, bearing a plentiful crop to the glory of the Master you love to serve. I am more and more convinced that active service is easier than the passive mode of serving our Lord. And I find it difficult not to murmur that the portion prepared for me is to lie and suffer instead of being up and doing. I should so love to help in teaching others, as well as nursing the sick and other departments of service in the world’s wide field. But early the voice came to me, “Your strength is to lie and be still.”

I am a longer sufferer than your friend Jennie (Jennie Smith), and am far more cut off than she is from pleasure of every kind, as you will judge when I tell you that I have never been in health since April, 1828, when in my fourteenth year an affection of the spine, complicated with internal diseases, came on,

and I am now in my sixty-third year. I was not laid aside permanently for many years, but I have not stood or touched the ground with my feet for fourteen years, all which time I have been confined to my bed, and to one position, night and day.

I am lifted out of bed night and morning and propped up with pillows for my meals, and that is all the change I have. I have not been in my own garden for nearly twenty years, nor in the house of God for twenty-one or twenty-two years. Every joint in the body is the seat of pain, and more or less deformed. And from my twelfth year I have been afflicted with deafness, which is now much increasing, while from weakness and the advance of age my sight is now failing. I have not the delight of looking at a lovely prospect—only a row of houses, of which I know every stone. I am spared poverty, but I have solitude. I live alone with my two servants, and a great deal of the time I am unable to bear much talking or listening. I live in the room in which I was born, and on the same spot from which my mother went to heaven when I was only four and a half years old, and on the same spot I hope to die.

I have thought you might be interested in this sketch of my life, from which you will see how I can enter into sympathy with Jennie. I spend many weary, restless nights with no company but God, the best of all. Do not suppose I am dull or unhappy. I am graciously helped and comforted, and until the last six months the days seemed short for what I had to do with my books, work and pen. But I am now decidedly much weaker, and quite believe I have reached the beginning of the end. I think there are many valuable lessons to be learned from Jennie's autobiography, and I hope I am the better for it. I have already placed it in the hands of one of my best friends. If you see her, give her from me a message of Christian love and sympathy. We shall never

meet on earth, but I trust we shall be fellow worshippers in the heavenly Jerusalem. (Since Miss James wrote the above, our dear Jennie has, through the abounding grace of the Lord, been enabled to "arise up and walk," and for years has been proclaiming His love and mercy to thousands, and many have, through her labors, turned their feet to the testimonies of the Lord.) I am reading with intense interest President Finney's life. I had the privilege of knowing him and his wife when they were in England, and knew many of the ministers he mentions. Oh, what an Elijah he was, and how we want many more!

I saw our dear Mrs. Avery two days ago. She was then well, and sends you much love. She is untiring in her temperance work. I am sorry I do not see your friends, the Cadburys, but I esteem them very dearly. I am sure I must have tired you with this long letter. My own strength is gone, so craving a constant interest in your prayers, believe me yours in much esteem and Christian love,

SARAH A. JAMES.

May the Christian cheerfulness, fortitude, resignation and hope breathing through every line of this brief sketch of a life of suffering be a benediction to whoever may read it. And now I have to record, as learned from friends on my recent visit (1891), that this patient, suffering saint has joined the triumphant throng on the other shore.

I am debtor to my dear Mrs. Avery for the biography of Rev. J. Angel James, the sainted father of my afflicted friend; also for that of Rev. Charles Finney, mentioned by Miss James. And I must add that I had other valuable evidence of her generous heart. May the dear Lord bless and keep her always.

From Birmingham my next engagement was at

Manchester, but only for one night. I was met by Mr. Barker, secretary of the U. K. Alliance, who had been so kind as to come down to Liverpool to meet me on my arrival in England, but on account of the delay of our steamer was obliged to return before we got in. This was consequently my first opportunity of meeting him. He took me to the house of a very kind lady, who, with her daughter, made my stay with them a very pleasant memory to recall. But somehow the gentleman seemed afflicted with a chronic antagonism. Spite of my best efforts to be amiable, he insisted upon disputing with me. He did not like my country or countrymen; had a great grievance against me about the international copyright laws, or lack of them. As I had never had any grievance in that direction, and I could hardly believe he had, it was not plain to me why we should dispute over it. If the above little episode serves no other purpose, it will, at least, serve as an offset or relief to the monotony of the previous pages. I am happy to record that it is the solitary case in all my travels where any word savoring of discourtesy to me, or of my country, was uttered.

My meeting had been arranged for the Friends' meeting house, but it seemed that the bills announcing "Mother Stewart, the Leader of the Whisky War," had given those good, peace-loving people the impression that I must be a very belligerent sort of personage. At least, for some reason, they recalled the promise of the house, and it was found necessary to procure another hall; but Mr. Hind Smith, a Friend and Christian worker, well known in my own country, presided,

and his wife, the originator of the British workmen's coffee houses, assisted me. Rev. Mr. Mitchell, a minister of the Established Church, a most earnest advocate of the cause of temperance, also spoke. Our meeting was very large and enthusiastic.

I had been told that a clergyman of Manchester had recently returned from a visit to the United States, and was giving lectures on his observations in our country. He had gone up from New York to Maine, and was telling the people that the "Maine law was a failure." (Seems as though we have all heard that.) I took occasion to tell my audience that the reverend gentleman had proved a good deal more than he intended to. He had come to my country, partaken of our hospitality, and then, in an underhanded manner, by his own confession, through signs and nods and winks, he had been taken into some back ways and dark passages and obtained what he wanted to drink, thus breaking our laws to prove that they did not prohibit—I should say not a very enviable role for a minister of the Gospel to be found playing. I am quite sure that, using the same ingenious methods, he would have been able to prove that every law on our statute books was a failure.

But farewell to my crotchety copyright friend and the law-breaking clergyman and Manchester. I now turn my face towards bonnie Scotland.

CHAPTER XI.

GLASGOW—BRILLIANT RECEPTION—EXTENDED REPORTS.

I LEFT Manchester Saturday morning, April 1st, Mr. Barker and other kind friends seeing me aboard the train for Glasgow. My route lay up through Lancashire, Westmoreland and Cumberland, skirting the lake region, almost in sight of Ulleswater, Windermere and Durwentwater. But I only had the poor, tantalizing satisfaction of looking away at the blue sky and the fleecy white clouds sailing on lazy wings over this, another of my childish hopes, now so near, but fast receding forever behind me. I wonder—no, I do not believe any one can know what it cost me. I can scarcely restrain the tears even as I write.

Upon arriving at Glasgow I was met and welcomed by Mrs. Stewart, president of the Ladies' Prayer Union; Mrs. Walker, who presented me with a beautiful bouquet of flowers; Miss White, Mrs. Simpson, Mrs. Woika and Miss Bryson. I was taken to Miss White's and made at once to feel at home, and among warm, sympathizing friends, several of the ladies remaining to tea and kindly giving me valuable information as to the work they were prosecuting, the situation and needs. I was glad that the blessed Sabbath came next to give me a day of needed rest before taking up my work again in this new field.

The ladies had been urging me for some time to hasten my coming, as the season was approaching

when a large number of the influential citizens left the city for the summer, and they were very anxious that I should open my work before they left. They had accordingly made arrangements, on a magnificent scale, for a public reception on the evening of Monday, the 3d.

The Queen's Rooms, the finest public assembly rooms in the city, were secured, and the Lord Provost had been engaged to preside, but unforeseen business called him to Edinburgh. But Mr. William Collins, first Bailie, since Lord Provost, and later knighted by the queen, and a staunch supporter of the temperance cause, presided in the Lord Provost's place. The rooms were tastefully draped with white lace, festooned with roses and ivy, and decorated with the rarest of flowers in pots and vases and the flags of various nations, a magnificent flag of my country sweeping down at each end of the broad platform, bringing tears to the eyes of the wanderer. Oh, those "stars and stripes!" How they quickened the pulse and caused the tears to start wherever seen on foreign soil! Over the entrance, in brilliant lettering, were the words, "Welcome to Mother Stewart." On the long table on the platform stood a beautiful ornament in form of an eastern pagoda, made of confectionery, and in all the colors and brilliance of the rarest gems, on one side of which was the motto, "Wine is a mocker;" on the other, "Strong drink is raging."

The entertainment was an invited tea meeting, and six hundred of the elite of Glasgow sat down to tea. But I prefer that the report of this brilliant demonstration by the Ladies' Union, with which it was said

royalty might have been flattered, be given by other pens than mine. From the various papers of the next day, secular as well as temperance, I give the following selections, mainly from the North British daily *Mail*, the Glasgow *Herald* and *League Journal*, of April 4th, 1876 :

RECEPTION TO MOTHER STEWART IN GLASGOW.

A largely-attended social meeting of ladies and gentlemen interested in the progress of the temperance cause was held last night in the upper hall of the Queen's Rooms for the purpose of giving to Mrs. E. D. Stewart, better known as Mother Stewart, a reception worthy of her energetic and successful crusade against the liquor traffic in America. The hall, which was well filled, was beautifully decorated. The front of the gallery was draped with white lace, prettily festooned with garlands of flowers, the beautiful effect being enhanced by the bright colors of the numerous flags which were hung around the hall. Over the front of the southern gallery was depended the motto, "Welcome, Mother Stewart," and the table on the platform was tastefully garnished with flowers. Bailie Collins, in the unavoidable absence of the Lord Provost, presided, and among the ladies and gentlemen on the platform were Rev. Drs. Wallace, Guthrie, Grundy ; Rev. Messrs. Gardner, A. Oliver, Welsh, R. Wallace, Wm. Ross (Rothesay), George Gladstone, R. Craig and W. Ewan ; Bailies Hamilton, Torrens, Lamberton and Burt ; Councillor Miller, Provost Dick, (Kinning Park) ; Messrs. A. Allen, Akenson, J. Horn, W. W. Turnbull, R. Service ; Mrs. E. D. Stewart, Mrs. Collins, Mrs. A. Stewart, Mrs. Simpson, Miss White, Miss Bryson, Mrs. Parker (Dundee), Mrs. Hellen Kirk (Edinburgh), Mrs. Fulton and others.

A blessing having been asked by the Rev. Dr. Guthrie, tea was served. Thereafter Bailie Collins

said: "I hold in my hand apologies from several gentlemen who are unable to be with us to-night. The first of these is from the Lord Provost, who says, 'I regret that as I must be in Edinburgh on the evening of April 3d, I cannot be present at the meeting to receive Mrs. Stewart.' The other letters are from Principal Douglass, Provost Wilson, of Govan, Provost Murray, of Paisley, Rev. Drs. Joseph Brown and Fergus Ferguson, Bailie Clark, Councillor Mowat, Rev. Messrs. Scott, Riddle, Wells, Reith, D. Russell, Mrs. Gamble and others."

Bailie Collins then said: "We are met this evening to give a welcome—a Scottish welcome—to a lady who has come from the far West to give us an account of what has been done in that distant country towards breaking the bonds of a slavery more terrible still than that other slavery from which, at such terrible cost, our cousins freed their country.

"The name of Mrs. Stewart, and the deeds of that noble sisterhood of which she has been the leader, have been well known to many of us. Mrs. Stewart comes to us accredited not only with letters of commendation from the leading men who are identified with the temperance reformation in the United States, but from leading clergymen of various evangelical denominations, from judges and from members of Congress. Mrs. Stewart has left, for a time, her family and country at the call of duty, and in response to the impulse of her noble nature, to tell us of the great things which work and prayer have accomplished, and to incite her sisters in our country to new efforts to rescue our beloved land from the slavery of intemperance. I do not know that our welcomed visitor is prepared to recommend a course of action similar to that followed with such great results in her native country. Perhaps she may feel that the same mode of procedure would not be suitable either to our institutions or the habits of the people; but I am

sure of this, that we stand greatly in need of fresh inspiration, not only to encourage those who are already in the field to persevere in their labors, but to enlist all who love their country and would desire to see it freed from what has been graphically called the 'Devil's Chain,' into one united army, who are prepared, both by precept and example, and impelled by love to God and their fellow countrymen and countrywomen, not to rest till the hydra-headed monster is slain, and their country emancipated and free.

"Mrs. Stewart's visit to this country has already been productive of good results. She has held her audience night after night spell-bound by her earnest pleadings and natural eloquence; and although her visit to this country is necessarily brief, I feel confident it will leave lasting results. I have read with pleasure many interesting incidents connected with the women's crusade in America, but as I have no doubt we shall hear some of these from her own lips I shall not further refer to them. I may perhaps be allowed to refer to one fact which Mrs. Stewart's modesty may prevent her from referring to, namely, that she has, in not a few cases, acted as an advocate in pleading before juries of her countrymen the wrongs which her sisters have sustained at the hands of the rum-sellers, and that to a large extent she has been successful in her advocacy.

"We are met this evening, not only to welcome Mrs. Stewart in our capacity of citizens to the second city in this kingdom, but she will also be welcomed by the representatives of the various temperance organizations; and as there are gentlemen present representing these organizations, I shall not further detain you by any observations of mine, but will conclude by calling on this meeting to extend their heartiest welcome to our visitor and guest, or, as she is known over a great country, Mother Stewart."

The chairman then called on Mr. Alexander Allen,

who read the address of welcome to Mrs. Stewart. It was in these terms :

“AN ADDRESS.

“Presented to Mrs. E. D. (Mother) Stewart, of Ohio, United States of America, in the Queen’s Rooms, Glasgow, Monday, April 3d, 1876.

“MADAM :—We, on the behalf of the Ladies’ Prayer Union, and of this meeting, tender to you a cordial welcome to Scotland. We proffer this greeting to you as a small tribute of the admiration which your courage, patriotism, eloquence and self-denying devotion on behalf of those who were ready to perish have excited in our breasts.

“As the great civil war raged in your country, when liberty wrestled with oppression, the citizens of America followed your noble career with deepest interest and fervent prayers. Their hearts throbbed with profound thankfulness to Almighty God when in His loving mercy He raised you up for the succor of the sick and wounded that crowded the hospitals during the protracted fratricidal struggle that resulted in wiping from your beloved land the foul blot of slavery.

“In you we realize the living embodiment of those great temperance principles which we cherish with the tenderest and most unchangeable affection.

“In the great crusade against the liquor saloons of America, which stirred the hearts of all philanthropists in all lands, you took a leader’s part, and with bands of faithful women, weak, yet strong, timid, yet bold, proved to admiring millions the power of prayer to sustain the trembling hearts and strengthen the feeble knees of God’s loving and dutiful daughters, and to restrain the pernicious influences of a business opposed to the moral and spiritual growth of mankind.

“We welcome you to Scotland with the warmest affection of which our nature is capable. We trust

that in your intercourse with her people you will experience unalloyed pleasure and satisfaction ; that you may form many lasting friendships, and that under the guidance of our Heavenly Father, who has blessed your labors so abundantly hitherto, and in the exercise of the gift with which you have been so largely and so richly endowed, you may stir the hearts and consciences of her people to increased zeal and activity and enthusiasm in the great temperance enterprise.

“MRS. GEO. STEWART,

“President Ladies’ Prayer Union.

“MISS ELIZABETH DUNLAP, Treasurer.

“MRS. R. SIMPSON, Junior Secretary.”

The following gentlemen’s names were also appended :

BAILIE COLLINS, Pres’t S. T. L.,

BAILIE TORRENS, Ch. S. P. B. and T. A.

JAMES WILKINSON,

Glasgow Abstainer’s Union,

JAS. HAMILTON, Pres’t S. P. B. and T. A.

THOS. DICK, Provost of Kinning Park.

ALEXANDER ALLEN.

Mr. Allen then said : “I feel it to be both an honor and a privilege to be the medium of presenting to you the address which I have now read. I think it expresses very fully and very clearly the sentiments of all the Scotch people who take an interest in the temperance movement. It embodies, too, the views of the various societies in and around Glasgow, and, I think I may safely add, of every individual present.

“Reference has been made in the address to the fearful bondage of slavery from which America was delivered at the close of the recent war. It is now a long time since Great Britain wiped out this foul blot from her statute book, but our country is still groaning under the effects of a self-imposed slavery—the slavery of strong drink. Would to God we could see some

prospect of this dark and portentous cloud being removed from our midst; and yet, though the cloud be dark, it is not without its silver lining. We find Christian people everywhere getting roused to the danger with which we are threatened, and asking, 'What can be done to mitigate this great evil?' I believe the time is not far distant when God in His providence will open up some way of deliverance. I cannot tell by what means relief will be brought about, whether by moral or legal suasion, or by both. Our duty clearly is to pray and work on, believing that in His own good time and way God will defend the right.

"I trust your visit to Scotland may be productive of much good, and that your eloquent and impressive addresses may be the means, not only of stimulating those who are already abstainers to be more faithful and zealous in their work, but that many who are not yet abstainers may be led to join our ranks."

Provost Dick said: "We have indeed a pleasure and a duty to perform this evening, in giving to Mother Stewart a hearty Scottish welcome—a welcome to the land of the free—"the land of mountain, heath and shaggy wood." We have heard and read of the noble deeds of Mother Stewart in her native country; how she succored the wounded and dying in that terrible war, and how she headed the noble band who attacked that fearful traffic which has done, in America and every other country, more damage to the human race than even the great civil war. She has come to inspire us in some degree with the courage and devotion to duty which has been manifested on the other side of the Atlantic. Let us then receive such advice and such stimulus as she shall impart this and the other evenings on which she shall address multitudes in this city. Let us consider for a moment what is her object in coming here. It is to stir us up to do our duty as citizens and as Christians with

regard to that terrible traffic which is desolating our land. Let us take counsel as to how best we shall, in some measure, cripple this traffic and sweep it away. Let us consider who it is that suffers. Is it not tender and gentle women, weak and helpless children? Let us come to their rescue and make this country what it ought to be—

“Great, glorious and free,
First flower of the earth,
First gem of the sea.”

This motion was agreed to with acclamation, and the address, which was inscribed on vellum, was then handed to Mother (Mrs. E. D.) Stewart, who, on rising to reply, was received with loud and long-continued applause and waving of handkerchiefs. She said :

“MR. CHAIRMAN AND CHRISTIAN FRIENDS :—I am entirely at a loss, once in my life, for words, and that is a new situation for Mother Stewart. But I can assure you that this hearty greeting and those kind words have overwhelmed me. For myself, as an individual, I thank you ; I thank the citizens of dear old Scotland for this welcome to one in whose veins runs Scottish blood ; and furthermore, one who claims to have married into the royal family. I am most happy, without having had an opportunity to trace the relationship, to claim kin with my dear sister, your honored president of the Ladies' Association.

“But I have not come to Scotland to talk about myself. I have come with a message from my Master to my sisters of dear old England, Scotland and Ireland. I have come to tell you, friends, how we in the far-off West have proved our God to be a prayer-hearing and a prayer-answering God. And now let me say in the beginning, please do not magnify the individual. I am very small, very weak ; but God took the weak things to confound the mighty. I thank Him that He has called me, although so weak and small, into this glorious work. A glorious work it has proved to be,

blessing those that labored as well as those for whom they labored."

But while the audience listened to my address of nearly an hour's length, not only with flattering patience, but also with great good humor, often interrupting with applause, and the papers reported it entire, I do not deem it essential to reproduce more than the above here.

Addresses were also made by Mrs. M. E. Parker, of Dundee, who read a letter from Theodore L. Cuyler, introducing me to Mr. Neal McNeal, in which he spoke in the kindest terms of "our heroine," as he was pleased to call me. His letter, for which I have never ceased to feel grateful, was most valuable to me, as Dr. Cuyler is greatly loved and esteemed by the people of Scotland.

Mrs. Helen Kirk, W. Vice Templar, who had been invited down from Edinburgh; Rev. Geo. Gladstone, W. C. Templar; Rev. W. Ross, of Rothesay, and others also made addresses, bringing the greetings of their respective organizations. A very fine choir added much to the interest of the occasion by their superior rendering of several pieces of music.

And thus was I welcomed so royally by a company of the true nobility of earth, into bonnie old Scotland. But it seemed that my visit to Glasgow was of sufficient consequence to attract the attention and excite the publicans not a little, as well as the temperance friends. And not to be outdone, I suppose, they also got out immense posters, half the size of a good large tablecloth, after their own fashion, announcing my arrival and prospective reception, assigning most re-

markable parts to the Lord Provost, Bailie Collins and Mother Stewart. The temperance friends were very much mortified and indignant at the ill-mannered discourtesy of the publicans. But it was at least an evidence that they were sufficiently alarmed for their "trade" to feel the need of trying to belittle or weaken our influence. But in their attempt, as is generally the case, they did themselves the greatest injury. Among the various souvenirs and keepsakes that I took pleasure in bringing home was one of these very startling posters.

At Glasgow I met Mrs. Parker for the first time after my arrival. In our correspondence through the winter I had repeatedly urged the ultimate object of my visit, the organization of a British Women's Union and the election of delegates to our international convention to be held in Philadelphia in June. But she had thought it not advisable to make any move in the matter till I should arrive in Scotland, as we could better make our arrangements in a personal conference than by letter. Now, we at once set about devising ways and means by which my object might be carried out.

CHAPTER XII.

HOPEFUL OPENING OF THE WORK IN SCOTLAND—MEETING IN REV. HOWIE'S CHURCH—TEA MEETING AT MISS WHITE'S—MEETING IN DR. KERR'S CHURCH—GREENOCK—MEETING IN THE OLD GAELIC KIRK—A NOVEL PULPIT—LADIES' CONFERENCE AT GLASGOW—MEETING AT BETHANY CHURCH—DUNDEE—MRS. PARKER AT HOME—CALL FOR A B. W. T. CONFERENCE—ADDRESSED A MEETING OF FACTORY GIRLS—BRILLIANT RECEPTION IN DUNDEE—MEETING IN BROUGHTY FERRY—RETURN TO GLASGOW—A CONVERSAZIONE—MOTHERS' MEETING—GRAND RECEPTION TENDERED BY THE GOOD TEMPLARS—DUMBARTON.

MY work was now fairly opened in Scotland, and the calls came in, many more than I could possibly respond to. The Ladies' Prayer Union, of Glasgow, took charge of my work, Mrs. Robert Simpson, Jr., the secretary, making all my engagements for me, always sending a committee of one or more of their number with me as my escort, and in every way looking after my comfort and seeking to make my labors successful. All the other organizations heartily co-operated with the ladies. And it is with gratitude to my Heavenly Father, who gave me favor in their eyes, that I record that here in old, exceedingly conservative Scotland many of the most noted ministers of the times put their churches at our service and gave us invaluable aid by their cordial indorsement and co-operation.

I find myself here, as in my English work, at great disadvantage for lack of a journal kept during my work, except a very few brief notes, but much assisted

by notes of places of meeting, with dates, kindly furnished by my ever-thoughtful friend Miss White. I am also indebted to the various papers that, in Scotland as those in England, gave generous space and kindly reports of our meetings.

By these helps to my memory I find that on Tuesday, April 4th, we were invited to Mrs. Mason's to lunch; at three o'clock a drawing-room meeting at Mrs. Robert Simpson's, 17 Walmer Crescent; in the evening, a public meeting in Rev. Mr. Howie's church, Goven, Provost Dick presiding. Mr. Howie, Mrs. Parker and Mrs. A. Stewart also spoke; fifty-six signed the pledge, and a prayer meeting was inaugurated.

Wednesday, by the courtesy of Mr. Neal McNeal, I had the pleasure of visiting the old cathedral and driving through some of the interesting portions of this wonderfully interesting old city. At a tea meeting at Miss White's I met the ladies' committee, and in the evening addressed a very large meeting in Dr. Kerr's church, Sidney Place. Rev. Mr. McEwan presided and addressed the meeting, as did also Mrs. A. Stewart and Mrs. Woika. Forty-three took the pledge.

On Thursday, in company with Miss White and Miss Bryson, I visited old Greenock, on the Clyde. We were entertained by ex-Bailie, since Provost, Campbell and his sister, and at three o'clock met a ladies' conference. Bailie Campbell presided. I was delighted to meet here Mrs. Young, now of Gowock, but formerly of Pittsburgh, and a crusader. She and Miss White addressed the meeting, to the great satis-

faction of the hearers. Twelve ladies took the pledge. And this pledge-taking to them meant more than many in our country, especially Christian ladies, would suppose. It meant the giving up of the custom of a lifetime of taking wine or beer with their meals, as well as the very common use of wine or other stimulants as a medicine, whether by prescription of their physician or from the universal notion that alcoholic stimulants were a remedy for about all the ailments that flesh is heir to.

In the evening we met a crowded house in the old, quaint, Gælic church, Bailie Campbell in the chair. The meeting was a reception tendered by a union of all the temperance organizations. A very beautifully illuminated address of welcome, filled with such tender words of endorsement, cheer and encouragement, was read and presented by Councillor Lang. In presenting the address Mr. Lang mentioned a fact of great interest to the temperance people. He said the publicans had recently held their annual festival, and during the afternoon and while their festival was in progress the liquor shops were closed. The result of this closing of the public houses was that next morning no police court was held. While the publicans were boasting of what a great benefit they were to the country, they had actually proven that if their shops were closed forever it would be the greatest benefit that could be bestowed on the city.

Commissioner McGlashan, on behalf of the Good Templars, supported the presentation of the address. Dr. Boyd, a Wesleyan minister, Miss White and Miss Bryson also spoke. But my turn coming to respond

to all these words of kind greeting and welcome, a perplexing dilemma presented itself. While we had been generously granted the use of that venerable old Gaelic sanctuary for a temperance meeting, and even for a lady speaker—a stretch of generosity or courtesy quite beyond my most sanguine expectations—yet there had to be a limit. To let her occupy the pulpit was not to be thought of. A line must be drawn somewhere, and they drew it at the pulpit. That sacred place had never been occupied but by holy manhood. It was not to be expected at this late day of its hoary sanctity that it should be desecrated by unholy womanhood. It was all right; we had no disposition to demur or to shock their time-honored prejudices. Again comes my friend Dr. A.'s taunt: "Served you right; you had no business to be a woman."

And just this moment an impertinent query thrusts itself forward. What if I had been endowed with the gift of the other sex? Would probably have been shot on some southern battle field, or more probably long since have laid the mortal part down on some torrid mission field. Said my friend Prof. H.: "God did you a degree of injustice in that He did not give you the other sex. The world needs such men every day." But my dear Miss B. responds: "No; God made no mistake. The world needs just such women every day." And the subject saith, "*Amen!* He doeth all things well." It is an occasion of ceaseless thanksgiving that He hath sent me forward as one of His corps of sappers and miners to help open up and macadamize a highway through the bogs and fens and

over the rough stones of ignorance, bigotry and prejudice, for the great army of Christian soldiers that are to-day crowding on in the rear, five hundred thousand strong. And it is a source of gladness, too, to know that their feet will bleed the less for the thorns that have pierced mine.

But here I have left the patient friends all this time in a quandary as to how to dispose of the speaker to the satisfaction of the audience. She belongs to Zacheus' tribe, and the people are all eagerness to see this anomalous woman who has come from over the seas to preach this new gospel of temperance to them.

The gallery is full, as well as the lower sitting, but there is a high wainscoting running around in the front that will entirely cut off the view if I stand on the floor, and I want to look into the faces of my auditors. There was a square table standing below the pulpit, and as a last resort I asked the gentlemen to help me onto that, which they did, and I preached to them from the table—a new addition to my many improvised pulpits. The arrangement seemed to be quite satisfactory to the audience, and we had a good meeting. A few signed the pledge.

The next morning Mr. Campbell gave us a delightful drive on the esplanade, along the banks of the Clyde. And by the urgent request of a photographer, we stopped at his gallery and were "taken." These frequent requests for sitting were quite a tax upon me, for my time was so fully occupied and I was all the time so weary. But how could I refuse when the very affable Scotchman declared that he could not feel more flattered by such a favor from the queen. Of course,

after that we were docile, and the artist did a very good piece of work.

But the most interesting visit was to the tomb of Highland Mary, in the old Kirk cemetery, whom the Ayrshire bard has immortalized by his poetic genius.

Returning to Glasgow, I, at three o'clock, met and addressed a very large ladies' conference in the Corporation Galleries, Mrs. Stewart presiding. Again the difficulty of being seen by that crowded assembly presented itself, but was in a measure obviated by my mounting a chair. This did not give much scope for movement, and compelled a degree of watchfulness to maintain my equilibrium. A lady reported this meeting to the press, and in her vivacious report asked the very grave question if Mother Stewart had washed all the soiled linen at home before she left for their shores. At a subsequent meeting I answered by saying no, I had not, all; *but I left the girls washing*. It was a little funny to notice the audience; for a moment they seemed quite puzzled to find the point, but it was only a moment till they let me know they had found it. Mrs. Stewart and Mrs. Woika also addressed the conference.

At six we attended a tea meeting at Mrs. Fuller's, and at eight a large public meeting at Bethany church, Bernard street. Rev. Mr. Mathieson presided. Mrs. A. Stewart, Mrs. Woika and Miss White assisted, with well chosen, tender, persuasive words. It was a most solemn meeting. When I made the call for signers, the minister stepped forward and said, "Come, my people, I will sign with you; we will sign together." One hundred and twenty-four came forward.



Miss White. Mother Stewart. Ex-Provost Campbell. Miss Bryson.

It was a touching sight, and to me deeply impressive, as I, in accord with their custom, administered the pledge with uplifted hand, while the minister and the 123 members of his charge responded, repeating the pledge in concert. Among the number was James Stewart, who under the great bereavement of his wife and other members of his family had sought oblivion in the drink almost to the verge of his own destruction. I noticed him as he came forward, so under the influence of liquor that I said to myself, "That man certainly cannot keep his pledge; I fear he hardly knows what he is doing." The meeting was closed up by forming a prayer union for the congregation meeting there, and the next meeting was appointed for a week from that night.

When the appointed evening for the next meeting came around, Mrs. Stewart was in attendance, having taken with her Mrs. Boardman, of America, who, with her husband, was spending some time in Glasgow in evangelistic work. And our friend James was also on hand, and so changed in countenance as well as apparel—new garments, with clean, white shirt-front and nice neck-tie—that Mrs. Stewart scarcely knew him. Accosting him in her hearty, Scotch fashion, she exclaimed: "Why, James, is it you?" "Yes, madam," he answered, "it is." "Why," said she, "you have become such a swell I hardly knew you." He said he had not been so happy in the two years since his wife died.

Mrs. Boardman addressed the meeting, and in such persuasive eloquence presented Jesus as the sinner's friend, who was ready, able and willing to save to the

uttermost all who came to Him, that our James accepted Him as his Savior, and testified that Jesus had saved him from the Satan of strong drink that had bound him so long. Thus was he standing steadfast when I left Scotland. Oh, that all thus bound would flee as James did, to Him who will deliver and keep all who, in sincerity, cry unto Him. At this meeting forty additional names were given to the pledge.

As per arrangement with sister Parker, on the 8th of April, I went to Dundee, that we might perfect our plans and prepare and send out our call for a national convention of the Christian women of Great Britain for conference, and, if possible, to form a national organization on a plan similar to that in my own country, and which would, by co-operating with us, aid in calling the attention of the churches of the Christian world to the fearful destruction of souls through the liquor scourge, and peradventure enlist them in our cause.

I was met at Pearth by brother Steel, whom sister Parker had sent to escort me to Dundee, where I found her in waiting to take me to her home, the Cliff. As it was through Mrs. M. E. Parker's invitation and efforts, mainly, that such a wide and hospitable door was opened for me to visit that country, and to enter upon the blessed and glorious work I am in these pages seeking to chronicle, I feel sure my readers will desire to know more of her than I have as yet written. I therefore copy an extract of a letter written to the *Vindicator and Good Templar*, of Lancaster, Pa., after my return :

Mrs. Parker came to this country (returning with me) very modestly saying that her object was to learn of

our workers the best methods of advancing the interests of the temperance cause. But certainly in devotion, earnestness and zeal, she has no need to come to us for counsel or example. It was my privilege to be associated with her in my recent work in Scotland; indeed, it was she who invited me to that country, and I am most happy to testify to her untiring labors, her personal and pecuniary sacrifice in behalf of the temperance cause. A lady of refinement, culture and position, with a husband and children and home of which any woman might be proud, yet her devotion to the cause of temperance, to the cause of humanity, impels her to forego these for the hope of rescuing some poor souls from the drink curse.

On my memory is forever impressed the recollection of my visit to sister Parker's beautiful home, the Cliff, near Dundee. It was in the early spring time, and as we drove up the avenue, dark with overspreading evergreens and rare exotic trees, the fragrance of the early blossoms was wafted on the air. Emerging from the avenue into the lawn, the stars and stripes floating from the turrets met my view, and as, everywhere, caused the tears to spring to my eyes. Over the entrance, in large letters, was "Welcome to Mother Stewart." Within were still preserved the wreaths and mottoes of greeting that had been prepared for my reception, as sister P. had hoped I would come to her at the Christmas holidays. On reaching my chamber I found it laden with the fragrance of sweet violets, and everything that a warm, generous heart could suggest, to add to my comfort or cause the stranger to forget she was such, was mine.

One of the most beautiful spots of that dear old land of beauty is the Cliff, looking off upon the German ocean and old St. Andrews of classic memory. With all my friend's labors for the public, her house, for taste, order, neatness and comfort, is a model even for a New England housewife.

Alas, alas for the mutations of time! The above was written fourteen years ago. To-day all is changed. It was not long till the conqueror of all, with stealthy tread, invaded that household and beckoned away one of the sons, a noble youth with his feet just on the threshold of manhood. Once again, and this time calling for the husband and father. What a devoted husband and father was Edward Parker! He almost worshiped his gifted wife, and of course took a lively interest and co-operated, as far as possible, with her in her benevolent work. Sister Parker, with her daughter, has made a home in our country on the Pacific coast, and the Cliff is occupied by strangers. But while the strangers' feet pass over the sill and resound in the halls, I know she is with T. B. Reed saying:

"Tread lightly, for I love it still."

I think I must give in this place a couple of anecdotes, characteristic of this worthy couple, told me by sister Parker. The first time that Mr. Parker offered his arm to escort her who was to be his future companion in life's journey he held a cigar between his lips. She very quietly declined his services, saying she never walked with a gentleman who smoked. He took the cigar from his mouth and dropped it at the root of a tree, and again proffered his arm. She took it, and henceforth they walked together down the vale till death severed them.

When John B. Gough made his first visit to that country, Mr. and Mrs. Parker were among the first to sign the pledge for him. And going home they at once proceeded to have a little home-made crusade

They brought forth their wine decanters and goblets, emptied the wine into the sink and smashed bottles and glasses. They did not propose to have any half-way measures in their teetotalism. It had not occurred to them that the goblets might serve any other purpose.

Here in this hospitable retreat, resting up for a day, we took the time for discussing the subject of my cherished hope, and after due deliberation we decided to avail ourselves of the meeting of the English Grand Lodge of Good Templars, at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, on the 21st of April, to call our conference for that time and place, knowing that many active and intelligent ladies were connected with the order and would probably be in attendance upon the lodge. We accordingly issued the following circular :

THE CLIFF, DUNDEE, April 10, 1876.

FIRST BRITISH WOMEN'S TEMPERANCE CONFERENCE.

MADAM :—At the earnest request of the Women's National Christian Temperance Union of America, conveyed to us by Mrs. Anna Wittenmyer, its esteemed president, and Miss Frances E. Willard, corresponding secretary, and others, we hereby convene *a meeting of women* connected with the various temperance organizations in the United Kingdom to be held on Friday, the 21st inst., in the Central Hall, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, at 10 o'clock, to consider a cordial invitation to the women of England, Scotland and Ireland to be present, personally or by delegation, at the first International Women's Temperance Convention the world has ever known, which is fixed to take place at Philadelphia, United States, on the 10th of June.

We trust that the women of Great Britain and Ireland will as cordially co-operate as they do heartily sympathize with the glorious work done by their noble American sisters, and that the forthcoming convention

will be memorable for numbers, influence and results. A number of ladies have already intimated their cordial approval of the proposal to hold this meeting at Newcastle, and some of them have signified their willingness to act as delegates, if appointed, and the prospects of a successful meeting are assured.

The wrongs that women suffer through the effects of the liquor traffic on their hearts and homes are so many and grievous that every Christian woman in the land should rise in the might and influence that God has given her, and in His strength do all in her power to sweep this scourge from the land.

On behalf of the women of the United States,

MRS. E. D. (MOTHER) STEWART.

On behalf of the women of the United Kingdom,

MRS. MARGARET E. PARKER.

A large number of these circulars were posted at once, sending to all parts of the kingdom.

On Sabbath evening, April 9th, I addressed a large meeting of young women engaged in the various factories in Dundee, among whom Mrs. Steel, a devoted Christian worker, was laboring. Many others, however, both men and women, were also present.

On Monday evening, 10th, a reception was tendered me by the various temperance organizations of Dundee, in Kinaird Hall—a brilliant affair. Among the various flags and decorations was a magnificent flag of my country which the dear friends had ordered up from London for the occasion. A very beautiful bouquet was graciously sent me by Lord Kinaird, from his conservatory. Again am I reminded of the changes that are wrought by the fleeting years. This nobleman—not merely in title, but all that the word is meant to convey—has passed away.

Councillor Moncour presided at this meeting, and among a very long list of notables, ladies and gentlemen, named in the report before me, is the United States Consul for Dundee, Mr. McDougal, who showed me very great kindness. From the Dundee paper of April 11th I copy a brief extract of a very lengthy report of this meeting :

After tea the chairman said the object of the meeting was to welcome Mother Stewart, a lady whose fame had preceded her, and who was well entitled to a hearty reception. There were many reasons why she should have such a reception. One was she was a lady. It had been said that the true sphere of a woman was home, and not the platform. That was to a certain extent true, but if the other sex were remiss in their duty, if they were unable to cope with the evils that afflict humanity, it was not wonderful that the ladies should occasionally come to the rescue and leave the privacy of home for the platform.

Instead of frowning upon such glorious women as Miss Robison, Miss Daniels and Mother Stewart, they ought to encourage and strengthen them in their work. But they would give her a hearty welcome because she was an American. She was not only an American, but she was a Stewart, and who ever heard of a Stewart who did not come out of Scotland? She claimed to be descended from the royal Stewarts, although she had not come over the water from the Pretender clan for the purpose of exciting rebellion, but to fight along with them the greatest rebel that ever cursed a country—strong drink. Mrs. Stewart was a true patriot and Christian philanthropist, and consequently a temperance reformer. The chairman concluded by calling upon Mr. Rough to present Mrs. Stewart with the address which had been prepared.

Mr. George Rough then proceeded to read the ad-

dress. Presented to Mrs. E. D. (Mother) Stewart, of America, in the Kinaird Hall, Dundee, at a grand reception soiree held there on Monday, April 10th, 1876, ex-Bailie Moncour in the chair.

This address was signed by the several officers of the various temperance organizations of the city—the Dundee Women's Prayer Union, the Dundee Temperance Society, the Independent Order of Good Templars, the Independent Order of Rechabites, the Independent Templars, the Juvenile Templars.

It is a noteworthy fact that in April, 1874, while we in our country were in the midst of our crusade work, the ladies of Dundee, led by Mrs. Parker and others, were doing what they could to arrest the abomination in their city. They circulated petitions and obtained the names of 9,000 ladies thereto; then, with a committee of seventy ladies, waited on the Provost and magistrates of the town and presented the petition, praying those honorable guardians of the city to reduce the number of houses licensed for the sale of intoxicating drinks. This was the first city in Scotland where such a move was inaugurated. To the credit of those worthies the petition was granted, much to the advantage of the city. And so would it be everywhere if women's prayers were heard and heeded, and they most assuredly would be if they could be backed up by their votes.

At this very elegant and enjoyable tea, I came very near a most embarrassing catastrophe. Possibly I have already mentioned the fact that I am a very indifferent tea drinker, and as yet, though I had gained upon it a little, it was all I could do to dispose of one

cup of their universal black tea. (I freely admit that they have the best of us between the black and the green. But the use makes to each a luxury what to the other is hardly tolerable). I had bravely disposed of one dainty cup, when a young gentleman hastened to replenish my cup, and before I could speak he was pouring the tea into my lap, on my new ashes-of-roses silk dress just made for the occasion. It was within a very few minutes of my taking the platform before that large audience. A sad predicament; but a lady came to my rescue. Handing me a large pocket handkerchief, I dipped it in water and thoroughly sponged the apron off; then with a dry handkerchief I carefully rubbed it till it was dry, and by the time I had to speak there was no trace of the mishap visible, and only the ladies in my immediate vicinity seemed to have observed it.

On Tuesday afternoon I met and addressed the Ladies' Prayer Union. Mrs. Ingles, the president, presided. And at night I addressed a large public meeting in Good Templars' Hall, Broughty Ferry. Mr. Peter Matthews occupied the chair. At the close of the meeting a number of ladies and gentlemen signed the pledge.

Wednesday, the 12th, I returned to Glasgow. Mrs. Parker accompanied me. Before I left, Sir William and Lady Collins invited me, upon my return, to spend some time with them, and upon my arrival I found Lady Collins awaiting me. In this elegant, Christian home I received such hospitality as to make me for the time forget to be homesick—forget that I was a stranger. They had also invited a number of

the influential ladies and gentlemen interested in the temperance work to meet me that evening in a conversation, not only that I might make their acquaintance, but that in a social way they could learn more of our work in my country, and of our methods of prosecuting it, and that I might get a better understanding of the situation and needs in theirs. I recall Mr. Alexander Allen, Sir William Collins, Mrs. Parker, Miss White and Rev. Guthrie as participating.

Thursday, April 13th, at 11 o'clock, I addressed a mothers' meeting in Ewing Place church. Mrs. Stewart presided. There was a good audience of ladies, and much interest manifested. Indeed, it was a very solemn occasion, and I felt, as I tried to press home the great responsibility of the mother in the early care of her child, and especially in regard to the almost universal practice of administering alcoholic medicines, that they were awaking to the importance of the subject. Eight ladies signed the pledge.

On this evening the Good Templars tendered me a grand reception in the City Hall. But by an earnest invitation from the Juvenile Templars I was first taken by Sir William Collins to their tea meeting, where I witnessed six hundred of the lads and lassies of bonnie old Scotland all seated at tables and taking their tea in the height of good humor. A hopeful sight was it, especially when you knew that bright, happy set of boys and girls were pledged for life against everything stronger. I gave them a short address, which they seemed to "catch onto" and cheered in lively fashion. My happiest meetings always have been with the dear boys and girls. Oh, that our children may be guarded,

educated and trained so that as we shall lay down the implements of our warfare they may take them up and fight this great battle to a glorious victory!

For a report of that wonderful reception tendered by my Good Templar brothers and sisters, I turn to the *Scottish League Journal*, dated Glasgow, April 22d :

MOTHER STEWART IN CITY HALL.

Presentation of an address from Good Templars on Thursday evening, 13th inst.

A great demonstration, or what the promoters called a "Good Templars' Rally," was held in the City Hall on the occasion of welcoming Mother Stewart, of Ohio Grand Lodge. The hall was crowded to excess, and it was found requisite to open a second meeting in the saloon, which the speakers at the large gathering also attended. The hall was gorgeously decorated with banners of various lodges, among others being "Scotland's Pride," "Burning Light," "Rescue," "Golden Rule," "Star of Peace" and "Pride of Clyde." (The whole gallery, indeed, was draped with banners and flags.)

The platform was occupied by a large number of ladies and gentlemen, the most of whom were richly adorned in the regalia of the distinguished offices they held in the order of Good Templary. Brother Rev. George Gladstone, G. W. C. Templar, presided, and on the platform were also Mother Stewart, Mrs. Parker, of Dundee, Mrs. Kirk, of Edinburgh, Bailie Collins, Rev. John Kay, Coatbridge, and many other ladies and gentlemen.

It was an immense gathering, estimated to be between four and five thousand. It was quite apparent that the publicans, in person or by some of their patrons sent for the purpose, desired to create a disturbance—a solitary instance of the kind in my ex-

perience. A very plausible explanation, however, in part, might be the densely packed condition of the hall. When the chairman had in a measure commanded quiet, he opened the meeting in a brief but live speech, and called on grand worthy secretary, brother Wm. Turnbull, who read an "Address of Welcome," a beautifully illuminated and lettered instrument that I prize as among my dearest treasures, and have it hung where my eyes often rest upon it as memory turns back to those days of labor, but also of intense happiness because of the blessed work and the cordial indorsement and co-operation of the live workers and advocates of total abstinence.

It would hardly be admissible to quote the report of this meeting in full, much as I would like to give the kind words of welcome and cheer to the stranger, and the eloquent appeals in behalf of our cause. I cannot forbear, however, to quote a few sentences from the speech of Rev. Fergus Ferguson, D. D., who is well known as a divine of much ability, as well as a devoted temperance advocate, on our side of the ocean.

Saith he, Mother Stewart was their queen of hearts and the empress of liquordom. The old song said, "King of the Highland hearts, bonnie Prince Charlie." If Mother Stewart had still been in the hall he would have turned to her and said, "Queen of the templar hearts, brave Mother Stewart."

He saw the other day a bill issued by the publicans making fool of last week's meeting and of Bailies Collins and Torrens. They called Bailie Collins a "knight of the brush." He wished the publicans' trade was as respectable; in fact, the painter never was disreputable except when painting a public house.

He said to himself as he looked at that bill that he wished they would allow him to help them to make up one for their soiree. He would put Councillor Martin in the chair, and as they said that Bailie Collins should sing "Jamie Martin, oh," he would say that Mr. Martin should sing "Docherty's awa," the lament of the poor lad at the last execution in Glasgow. And then he would bring in Miss Ida Robertson to sing the "Drunkard's Raggit Wean." He would also ask Councillor Steel to give a pathetic address on the two men who died after their overdose of drink last Saturday night. And then he would bring in Mr. MacWilliam, the chairman of the publican association, to read a paper upon the "Dangers of Dumbarton; or a full account of the last execution." And he would close it with a dark seance of ardent spirits, or hell's wonders worse than Heller's.

Other speakers were Rev. John Kay, Robt. Simpson, Sr., Ex. R. W. G. C.; Rev. Jas. Maclean, Jas. Downie, Mrs. Helen Kirk, G. Vice Templar; Mrs. M. E. Parker, formerly G. Vice Templar; Thos. F. Mann.

After I had responded to the various addresses of welcome and delivered an address to the audience, I was taken to the overflow meeting, where I again spoke, making four meetings addressed on this memorable day.

Friday, 14th, I addressed a most interesting ladies' meeting in Rev. Joseph Brown's church, Dr. Brown presiding. I am fain to believe from the deep interest manifested that the results of that seed sowing have been seen in not a few homes. Some of the ladies signed the pledge.

After this meeting, in company with Mrs. Parker, I set out for Dumbarton, around which, with its castle on

the rock island in the Clyde, history and romance had woven a peculiar charm for me. But I was obliged to content myself with a view of the ruins of the castle, as it sits perched on the rocky summit, from a distance. I had not the time to visit it. We were entertained by Miss McColm. In turning to the *Scottish League Journal*, to refresh my memory, I find the following report :

On Friday night, 14th inst., Mother Stewart visited this town and was accorded a most enthusiastic reception. A public meeting was held in the Free North church (Rev. Mr. Gunn's), which was filled by an enthusiastic audience. Bailie Buchanan occupied the chair, and was accompanied to the platform by Mrs. Parker, of Dundee, and Miss Cook, of Dumbarton; Bailie Kennedy, Councillor Douglass, Rev. Mr. McBain, parish minister, Dalreoch, Rev. Mr. Bacon, Wesleyan minister, Messrs. A. Brown, J. McNidder, etc. The Rev. Mr. McBain, in a very appropriate speech, gave Mother Stewart a formal welcome to Dumbarton, and Mrs. Parker also delivered a short address.

Mother Stewart, upon arising to address the meeting, received a most cordial greeting, the audience standing on their feet and cheering loudly.

CHAPTER XIII.

A DAY ON LOCH LOMOND—VISIT TO A DRINKING PALACE—VISIT
THE POLICE STATION—SUNDAY BREAKFAST IN THE DRILL HALL
—AN OVERWHELMING SCENE—AT THE POLICE COURT—LADIES'
CONFERENCE—FAREWELL AT COWCADDENS FREE CHURCH—
INCIDENT.

SATURDAY, April 15th—a day of sweet memories. Not having any work for the day, a party of friends from Glasgow joined us, and we spent the day in a sail up Loch Lomond. The day was beautiful, the sun shone its brightest and the sky put on its bluest. The winds ruffled the wavelets on the lake's bosom and swayed the branches of the trees and shrubbery on the shores of the little islands. And I noticed bright daffodils—descendants of those planted by hands in the long ago when these islets were occupied by stately mansions—bending over and gaily nodding their merry salutations as we passed. To our right, as we ascended, old Ben Lomond rose high above, it took but little imagination to believe, in conscious grandeur. Beautiful country seats adorned the shores of the lake, and the leaping, laughing cascade of Inversnaid came rollicking down the mountain side and leaped into the lake, all for our amusement. Then that happy company of dear friends on the little cosy steamer that puffed and paddled along as if it, too, was trying to add its share to the general enjoyment, and only made all that puffing and sputtering for fun! Each and all contributed to make this a day of sweet

memories, set apart in life's calendar, and to turn to when weary and the skies are overcast with clouds of sorrow or care.

We were duly informed that the Empress Eugenie once sailed up the lake on this identical steamer, and a magnificent Sevres vase, occupying a place of honor, was pointed out as being a present from the empress, in memory of the occasion. From the banks I brought away a little primrose and nursed it with tenderest care, but, like all beautiful things of earth upon which I have placed my heart, it faded away all too soon, spite of my loving watchfulness. My friends bought from the table of souvenirs a book of photographs of the Trosachs, Loch Lomond, etc., and inscribed it :

To dear Mother Stewart, in memory of her visit to Loch Lomond, April 15th, 1876.

ADELAIDE STEWART,	AGNES A. BRYSON,
MARY WHITE,	MAGGIE SCOTT NAIRN,
MAGGIE URE MCAUSLAN,	ROBT. SIMPSON, SEN.
JOHN MCKIDDER,	W. L. MOODBUN.

"Robbie"—the name it came so natural for me to give Robert Simpson, Jr., because of his wit and pranks, and withal, kindly tender care of me, as if he had been my very own son.

Now, again, I pause in deepest sadness to record that, as the intervening years have rolled away, of that happy company death has claimed that grand, brave soldier, Robert Simpson, Sr., my co-laborer whom I had learned to esteem as an own brother—deepest sadness, because I feel that I have suffered loss, because the world has suffered loss, a loss it can ill afford, because the need is so great for such

devoted, incessant toilers in the Master's vineyard, and because there are so few, so few to fill his place. No, not sadness for him, but a pean of gladness, for he hath been called to an abundant and glorious entrance into his heavenly mansion, only laying off the armor as he heard the call to come up higher. He is the richer, though the world is the poorer.

Returning, we stopped to tea with Mrs. Nairn, at her beautiful home at the foot of the lake. How full is this old land of places of historic interest and legends of heroic deeds, and how did I wish I could gratify my long cherished desire to visit them! How they had furnished the warp and woof of my childhood's dreaming, and how had hope whispered, "Some day, some day!" Here I was, in sight of, in reach of. But no, I had not come on my own pleasure seeking, but on the King's business. I could not turn aside or delay my message, for on it depended the weal or woe of immortal souls. I was very thankful, however, for the few rare treats, such as was afforded on this beautiful April day. And that sweet, illusive promise, "some day, some day," has gone on whispering in my ear through all the years since. But lo! the gloaming of the eventide is settling down upon me. Three score and ten come Easter day (and at this copying I find I must write *plus four*). The infirmities of age tantalize me, and now begin to whisper, "Never more, never more!"

On this evening I addressed another meeting at Glasgow, but cannot recall anything connected with it except that after meeting, by previous arrangement with the proprietor, Mr. Simpson drove me to visit

one of the magnificent palaces. It was eleven o'clock when we entered, and the house was still ablaze with light, and the counters thronged by drinkers. A very large proportion, I noticed, were well dressed, rather intelligent looking young men, who, seeing a lady enter (I do not know whether they recognized who it was or not), very respectfully raised their hats. What a grand place for a crusade meeting, I thought, and wished I could have had a band of my crusade sisters with me, for I knew that if the sweet voices that I had heard in the saloons in my own State could there have sung, "All hail the power of Jesus' name," every hat would have been removed. And if prayer, such as I had heard in many a saloon, could there have been offered, many a cheek would have been wet with unbidden tears. Only men were drinking. They are very particular, these high-toned publicans, and do not permit *women* to remain after eleven. Men may linger till twelve. The line of respectability must be drawn somewhere, and so these very clever publicans draw it at women and eleven o'clock. Very commendable, certainly.

I had some conversation with the proprietor, and ventured to ask him how much he realized per day from his business. "Oh, no," said he, laughing, "I don't answer that question." A waiter was sent to show us through the house, and as we passed along Mr. Simpson told him the lady he was escorting was Mother Stewart. He turned to me at once saying, "Ah, yes; I am here, but *not here*," laying his hand on his heart. I took it that he meant to convey to me that, although he was there for what the service

brought him, his heart and judgment did not indorse the business.

Leaving this place where drunkards were manufactured in such genteel fashion, and all according to law, we drove away to the police station, reaching that place about midnight, and when the police were gathering up and bringing home the results of the day's work of those man and *woman* traps, for a fair proportion of those brought in were women, some young, others old and brutalized with their debauchery. One, I noticed, it took two or three policemen to handle and get into her place, she, in her maudlin drunkenness, making merry over the affair, and the men, apparently little more than mere boys, making a ghastly, sickening joke of it.

We were taken along the corridors, the turnkey throwing open the cell doors as we passed. Here lay an old **man**, there one or more middle aged ; next a young fellow lay stretched out, snoring off his spree. Now we came to a young woman, sitting on the floor crying and wringing her hands and begging piteously to be allowed to go. She is evidently not yet so low in the scale of abandonment as the others. I suppose, like many of her class and calling, after the day's service was ended she had gone to the public house to meet her associates and while away the evening with gossip and drink ; but overreaching her limit of amount, was taken relentlessly in hand by the police. Here she was, with what little self-respect and shame she had left, and the terror of probably losing her place added, a subject of pity, but all according to law.

But here in our gruesome march we come to another

door which the civil turnkey throws open, and there on a raised platform, some six or eight inches above the floor, lay three women, one with a little, emaciated, apparently dying baby, with its little, pale face turned towards heaven, as if there were no help or deliverance this side for such pitiful sufferers. There it lay on the bare boards; there was no bed clothing, no pillow, no physician near to minister to the needs of that poor, little, innocent sufferer. I did not see even a drop of water with which to moisten its little, blue lips. Where was the mother? Still in our dolorous march, the turnkey opening one door after another, at length threw open a door, and there on the bare floor lay a woman, face downward, dead drunk, the mother of that apparently dying baby, all womanhood, all motherhood obliterated, crushed out by the legalized instrument and agency of the bottomless pit.

Oh, my God, give me, give me the power to write some word that may perchance be found here, after I am gone, that shall so enter the hearts and consciences of Christians that they will, in the power Thou hast given them, arise out of their sinful indifference, join the army and help to wipe the liquor curse off the face of the earth.

Sabbath morning, a beautiful spring morning of bright blue sky and sunshine, with the "Sabbath stillness" brooding over nature and the inhabitants of the city, too (for in this old orthodox town the public houses are closed on the holy day), by request of the Evangelic Association, my friends took me to the Sunday morning breakfast in the Drill Hall.

This charity, I think, originating in Mr. Moody's

work, is conducted by an association of Christian men and women, the object being to gather in the wretched poor of the city, give them a breakfast of tea or coffee and a sandwich, and making use of this opportunity to read a portion of God's word, sing some of our sweet Gospel songs, pray for and talk to them about Jesus.

At this time the breakfasts were served in the Drill Hall, a large, long building seating twenty-two hundred people, and every Sabbath morning every seat was filled. This, because of the greater number and apparent wretchedness of the poor creatures, was much more overwhelming than the one I visited in Liverpool. I was taken to the platform, and looking down the long hall on that immense throng of peeled and scathed and woe-begone humanity, I broke down and wept aloud. There were old men, bloated and blear-eyed, with great cuts and bruises about the head and face. There were men, hundreds of them, in the prime of life, young men and boys. There were old, frowsy, bedraggled women, young women, little, pinched, thinly-clad, barefooted children, all blasted and ruined by the drink, the drink, the drink! It seemed to me my Christ was looking over the battlements of heaven with pitying eyes and saying, "These are mine; I paid the ransom for them on the accursed tree. An enemy hath done this."

Oh, what a sight on a holy Sabbath morning, in a Christian land, in the midst of all holy Christian influences! The church-going bells were pealing out their sweetest tones on the ambient air, calling the people to "come up and worship, come up and worship," and throngs of well-clad, comfortable people

were hurrying to their respective sanctuaries. But oh, what of this two thousand and more before me? Who had cared for their souls? Pealed the bells never so sweetly, the call was not to them. And though the minister prayed never so fervently and preached never so eloquently, they heard not, they were not there. The drink, the accursed drink had lured them to destruction. What cared they for aught but a few pennies with which to buy a little more oblivion? And yet they were just as much the subject of atoning grace as the most exalted dignitary in the city. The call of "whosoever will" was to them, as much as to the most devout worshiper in the sanctuary that day.

The curse, the legalized curse of drink had been their undoing. And Christian people had looked on with indifference; had sanctioned the laws that protected the worse than murderers in their work of destroying the souls and bodies of these and thousands more; nay, more, had by their example led these weak ones on to their eternal destruction. For a time I felt that I could not bear the sight, that I would have to be taken out. But by a strong effort I was at length able to control myself.

When I came to talk to them, the tears sprang from many a bloodshot eye and rained down many a begrimed and bloated cheek. Very probably the sight of my tears and emotion may have helped to excite theirs.

How shall I be able to convey to my American readers the fact that this most commendable association of Christians could not think of permitting any such plank as the temperance pledge being thrown to these

souls that were being engulfed in the maelstrom of liquor? They honestly believed it would be wicked to offer the pledge on God's holy day. Thus does the curse, wherever it acquires control in any land or community, deaden the sense of its enormity and blind the eyes of even the best of Christian people.

I must pause here to say that those good friends have long since come up onto a higher plain, and have become total abstainers and earnest workers in the temperance cause.

But as we had not the liberty to offer the pledge, we nevertheless talked as well as we could. And as I proceeded, I asked how many would like to sign the pledge and henceforth lead sober lives, and a great forest of hands went up, and I knew for the time, at least, they were in earnest. Their better natures, so long deadened and steeped in liquor, were momentarily, we will say, aroused and stirred into a sense of what they had lost and what they had become. I knew they felt the longing and hunger for a better existence, and would gladly (if they only had the power to break the shackles that bound and enslaved them) make the effort to get back their lost manhood, their lost womanhood, and make another start in the race of life.

Still talking on, I again asked how many would like to meet me in heaven, and another great forest of hands went up—old, bloated, dirty, trembling hands, poor, little, thin, baby hands. And I knew again they were in earnest, they meant it. I knew if they could only have the hope of heaven to console them for the loss of all that makes this life a blessing, they would be willing to suffer on to the end.

At the conclusion of the meeting the poor creatures thronged about me and kissed my hand and wept over me and blessed me in the name of the Lord, till the friends were obliged to take me away from them and place me in the carriage, when the children gathered about it and sang "Sweet bye and bye." Oh, yēs, I thought, you poor, forlorn little ones, if you could only have the hope of the "sweet bye and bye," what a compensation it would be for the sweet childhood of which the world has robbed you. But here they were in poverty, ignorance and disgrace, with all the barriers of their surroundings and the inheritance of depraved appetites and passions to fight and overcome, and added to all these the deadly, legalized enemy, the drink, to confront, which is ever ready to drag them down at every step of their way.

Here intrudes my friend Mullet's ugly question again: "What have they to do with *free will*?" Oh, ye divines and theologians of profound study and years of research into the great plan of salvation, come help me solve this troublesome problem.

As we drove away a number of them ran some squares by the carriage. Were they devoid of feeling or insensible to sympathy? I was told that many of these poor creatures would not have another bite that day, and that many had not where to lay their heads, but would walk the streets through the weary hours of the night, or curl down under some stairway or dry-goods box.

While I write comes a letter from my beloved sisters, Miss White and Miss Bryson, full of sweet, tender words of remembrance and of good cheer be-

cause of the progress of our Gospel temperance work in Glasgow and other towns. Miss Bryson says: "I am growing less timid in addressing meetings. I have addressed several this winter." The Prison Gate Mission, the child of her prayers and labors, is prospering, sheltering many a poor, friendless one who else would turn from the prison when released, only to find the public house again.

The Mizpah Band, started by Mr. Moody when last in Glasgow, now numbers 1,000 men who have been redeemed from drink and now profess faith in Jesus. Mr. Simpson suggests the forming of such an organization for women, as many of these men have wives who drink. Mrs. Woika, my dear Jewess co-laborer, continues one of our best and most willing workers. Oh, what words of praise shall I offer my Father for the privilege He gave me of working with those earnest and faithful toilers!

At night I addressed an evangelical meeting at Prince of Wales Theater, over which Mr. Scott presided, and Rev. Dr. Zieman also spoke. I see the audience is reported at 3,500, but I do not recall anything special in regard to the meeting.

Monday morning Sir William Collins took me to the police court, and being honored with a seat among the judges of the court I had a fair opportunity to see the subjects of legal discipline and hear the proceedings. I think the drunken mother with the baby must have been disposed of before I arrived, as I did not see her; but there was the usual variety of poor, broken humanity arraigned and condemned, according to testimony, almost entirely for "drunk," "drunk and

disorderly," while the men that robbed them of their few pennies and made them offenders against the law, a tax and burden upon the city, had already opened up their legal murder mills in high spirits for another week's destruction of souls and additional taxes upon the city, and no one seemed to think of them as in any way responsible. If they did, I suppose it was wisdom on their part to keep silent, lest their own complicity as citizens and law-makers might become a troublesome reflection.

I am really thankful this minute that I am a woman. I do know that no set of women could be found who would make such a jumble of laws as we find everywhere on the male statutes in regard to liquor. I suppose if I were a man I would be controlled by the same influences, and have no more sense than the rest of them.

From the *Scottish League Journal*, dated April 17th, I copy a report of a meeting called to confer as to the best methods of utilizing the results of our series of meetings :

A meeting of prayer and conference of ladies from Glasgow and the neighboring towns interested in the temperance cause was held in the Large Hall, 79 Sauchiehall street, April 17th. Mrs. George Stewart, president of the Glasgow Women's Temperance Prayer Union, presided, and after the hymn "Till Jesus Comes" opened the meeting with prayer. The meeting was then left open, and several ladies offered earnest prayers for wisdom, guidance and strength for the work God has called us to do. The secretary then read notes from several of our temperance friends at Greenock, Paisley, etc., expressing regret at not being

able to be present. Mrs. Stewart, the president, explained the object of the conference; that many hearts had been stirred during dear Mother Stewart's visit, and now we desired to know what more we could do in the temperance cause. She gave a short sketch of the origin and operations, so far, of the Women's Prayer Union, also of the gospel temperance work in the city.

Mother Stewart then addressed the meeting, at the outset stating that we should beware of leaning on an arm of flesh; that the temperance work is the Lord's work, and the Lord is our leader in it, and our strength. After referring to the international temperance convention of women at Philadelphia, in June, and the conference which is to be held at Newcastle this week to appoint delegates to it, Mother Stewart made many valuable suggestions, some of which are as follows:

1st—To establish a woman's journal as a medium of communication and information among women engaged in temperance work. (This has since been done, the paper being published in London, though the dear sisters at that time looked upon the idea as almost Utopian).

2d—To hold public mass meetings of women in Glasgow and other places, appointing deputations of ladies to be present and take part in them.

3d—To establish women's district prayer meetings in Glasgow and other towns.

4th—At those meetings to bring in requests for prayer for special cases of drunkenness, also for those who make and those who sell intoxicants.

5th—To encourage and hold Bands of Hope and children's meetings, both on a large and small scale.

6th—To appoint deputations of two ladies to be present at the police court every Monday morning when the cases of drunkenness are disposed of. The effect, she thought, would be good in the police court,

and would also stir us up more to strive to "rescue the perishing."

7th—To petition against licenses for grocers selling drink.

8th—To petition against women or children being allowed to buy drink.

Only the last suggestion but one was formally put to the meeting, Mrs. Stewart and Mrs. Woika speaking to the point; also Mrs. Macpherson, who stated that the committee of the Prayer Union had some time since passed a resolution only to patronize grocers who have no license. It was unanimously decided to petition against grocers having license. Mrs. George Stewart stated that 130 new licenses for the city of Glasgow are applied for, and to be disposed of at the court to-morrow, and brought forward a memorial to the magistrates praying them to grant no new licenses. The meeting unanimously adopted the memorial, and authorized Mrs. Stewart to sign it and forward it to the magistrates.

Miss White stated that several hundred had signed the pledge at Mother Stewart's series of meetings in Glasgow, and that there is a prospect of more than one district prayer meeting resulting from them.

Mrs. Stewart referred to the case of a poor victim of intemperance to whom Mother Stewart gave the pledge at the Bridgeton meeting. At a subsequent meeting a week later he came so improved in outward appearance that she hardly recognized him; and the offer of salvation through our Lord Jesus Christ being lovingly pressed upon him, he there and then accepted Christ—only one of many instances in which the stumbling block of drink having been rolled away, the dead soul has found life in Christ.

Mrs. Mair, a missionary returned from Africa, spoke on the duty of each one beginning at her own door, in personal work. Miss Cook, of Dumbarton, spoke on woman's place in the Lord's harvest-field, in speak-

ing to others of Jesus and rescuing the perishing.

Mrs. Gilchrist said she had been stirred up to more earnest interest in the temperance cause, and related the case of a publican who, being converted, was lovingly dealt with and could not continue in his business, but gave it up, showing that the very same work that had been so blessed in America is possible here.

The meeting, which all felt to be a deeply interesting and profitable one, lasted above two hours, and at the close several ladies from a distance enrolled their names as members of the Prayer Union.

As I write, the report of the British Women's Temperance Association, Scottish Christian Union, for 1885, Eighth Annual Report, comes to hand. And turning to the report from Glasgow, I see, in regard to special efforts for the advancement of the cause, such methods as suggested in this meeting are being used, and much active and efficient work is being done.

I am in possession of a sort of open secret that I have a mind to tell right here. Of course it is known to all the world that the ladies of the old country were much more conservative than those of America. But few ladies had the nerve to brave the public prejudice by appearing on the platform. And I understood that when it was known that I was coming to Glasgow some of the very conservative ladies thought it advisable to caution the sisters that they were not to follow Mother Stewart's example by taking the platform or participating in public meetings. But before I left, not less than half a dozen of those devoted women felt their souls so fired with zeal for the blessed cause, and their hearts so full of thoughts, that it was

“like fire shut up in their bones.” And I, in very innocent fashion, of course, made opportunities for them.

To-day, in looking over this report, and, indeed, in these intervening years, I have with so much gladness noticed reports of the blessed work done by these and other pious women who have through our Gospel temperance work found their birthright—the right to trade upon the talents the Master hath intrusted to them. And the blessed results have proven that they had gained other two or five or ten, as the case might be. Some, as Miss White and Miss Bryson, have been heard with rapt attention, not only in other parts of the kingdom, but in my own country. The years have been full of work, organizing unions, addressing public assemblies, ladies’ conferences, bands of hope, young women’s and mothers’ meetings, visiting jails, gathering the liberated prisoners into the Prison Gate Mission. This sheltering haven, as I have already said, was the outgrowth of M^{rs} Bryson’s prayers and labors, and many a poor outcast has been sheltered here and cared for and taught a better way, and eventually redeemed.

But oh, the talents that have been lost to the world in the Christian churches everywhere because of that false notion that women must not use the gifts with which God has endowed them, lest they shall do some dreadful thing, make themselves unwomanly, etc. All those false teachings about “women’s sphere,” “women unsexing themselves,” and the rest, originated with the adversary of all good, and Christians have accepted the teaching, even to the “wresting of the Scriptures.”

If the Lord really meant that women should never speak in public, why did Jesus commission a woman to publish the gladdest tidings that ever sounded on mortal ear? Jesus chose a woman from among all His followers to proclaim to the world that happy morning that He had risen. It was Rhoda that hastened with such joy that she could hardly utter the good news, that Peter was out of prison and stood at the gate.

I wonder if it ever occurs to the good brethren that there are many and many a time women sitting demurely listening to an expounder of the truth, trying to elucidate something that is not very clear in his own mind, making confusion more confounded the further he goes, that could state the proposition with half the volubility and half the "fuss and feathers," and yet clearer and more to the edification of the hearers? It is often the fact, my dear brethren, whether you know it or not. But Satan knew what a power woman would be in the pulling down of his strongholds if allowed the liberty of an intelligent human being; and so the thing to be done was to put bolts and bars across the door of her lips. Blessed be the name of the Lord, He is breaking those bars and undoing the bolts, and the result is, Satan's kingdom is suffering violence, and the violent will, ere long, take it by storm.

On this day, April 17th, I attended a dinner tendered by Miss Cahoon, where I met a number of ladies, and a tea given by Mrs. Thompson, where I met other ladies. At night in Cowcadden's Free church, where I had been advertised for my farewell meeting (to

close my series of engagements in the city) I addressed a crowded house.

This meeting was under the auspices of the Scottish Permissive Bill and Temperance Association and the Glasgow Abstinence Union Councillor Hamilton occupied the chair, being supported by Bailies Collins and Torrens, Provost Dick, of Kinning Park, and others. Bailie Collins, Mrs. A. Stewart and others also spoke. I see a memorandum of also addressing or visiting a Sunday-school meeting the same evening, but cannot now recall anything connected with it. It will be admitted, I presume, that this was a pretty fair day's work.

An incident, connected with this meeting at Cowcadden's church, was given me by Mrs. S. J. Milne, of Toronto, Ohio, eleven years after its occurrence, which, with its sequel, is of so affecting a nature to me that I can but believe that my readers will be glad to share it with me. Mrs. Milne says :

I was in Glasgow in April, 1876, on my wedding tour, and with everybody else went to hear Mother Stewart, the crusader, from my own State, at Cowcadden's Free church, on Monday evening, April 17th. The occasion was, as announced, Mother Stewart's farewell, before going over to the Irish Annual League meeting at Belfast. As a matter of course, there was an immense audience, and though eleven years have passed since then the memory of that grand occasion is still fresh in my mind.

In the audience that night were eight young men, engineers in the employ of the Peninsular and Oriental Steamline Company, who were waiting for the train that was to take them to Southampton, where they, after their vacation, would again resume their duties



MRS. HELEN KIRK,
First Pres. W. T. A., Edinburgh.

on their respective steamers. Taking advantage of the time of waiting to attend Mother Stewart's meeting, they were all converted to total abstinence by her persuasive eloquence, and with others signed the pledge. The company these young engineers serve claim to be the most wealthy and powerful in the world, boasting that the sun always shines on their steamers, for they are sailing all seas.

It was a time-honored custom of the company to furnish their engineers each one bottle of wine per week day and a bottle of brandy on Sunday. But from that memorable night those gallant young teetotalers declined their rations, taking the price in money, with which they bought temperance literature for distribution. And so, as they sailed the seas over, at every port and to every ship's crew whose path they crossed, to the extent of their ability, they scattered the seeds of temperance and total abstinence. And by such blessed means was the pathetic appeal of Mother Stewart made to reverberate around the world.

To my cousin, Miss Guthrie, missionary to Hong Kong, China, I am indebted for the above facts. In relating them, she added that to-day six of those young men sleep in Happy Valley (the cemetery), in Hong Kong. Having lived sober and useful lives, they now fill honored graves.

Who can ever know how much the company owes to the strictly temperate habits of those young teetotalers, or how many sad disasters, with their attendant loss of life, were averted by their taking the noble stand they did that night in Glasgow?

Miss G. closes her intensely interesting story of the young engineers with generous words of eulogy upon the humble instrument that it would not be seemly for her to repeat here. But oh, she may, as she has so often, and shall again on the glory shore, repeat, I am

so glad, I am so glad that my blessed Jesus hath bestowed upon me the honor—yes, greater than any earthly prince can bestow—of being a gleaner, though so humble, in the great harvest-field ; and though many of the sheaves, as those whose dust lies in Happy Valley, are already garnered, I shall meet them on that shore not many days hence.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE IRISH ANNUAL LEAGUE MEETING—REPORT OF THE CONFERENCE
BY REV. J. KAY—REPORT FROM THE "NORTHERN WHIG," OF BEL-
FAST—TOAST TO THE QUEEN AND ROYAL FAMILY—CONTINUED
REPORT OF REV. MR. KAY—LADIES' TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION—
LETTER FROM MRS. S. C. HALL—AN OLD STORY BY S. C. HALL.

ON Tuesday, April 18th, I parted with Mrs. Parker, she setting out for Newcastle-upon-Tyne, to superintend the meeting we had called there, and I (having made the engagement before leaving England) to attend the Irish Annual League meeting. The Ladies' Prayer Union had deputed Miss Bryson, and the Scottish League Association had appointed ex-Provost Dick and lady to accompany me. Rev. J. Kay, of the League, was also of our party. Taking passage in the Llama on Tuesday evening, upon awaking on Wednesday morning we found ourselves at the pier at Belfast, and a committee, Mr. David Fortune, the wonderfully live and efficient secretary of the association, at the head, waiting to receive us and escort us to our respective places of entertainment.

It was my happy fortune to find my home at Wheatfield, the beautiful country seat of Mr. Lindsey, one of the manufacturing and merchant princes of Ireland, where we were entertained in right royal fashion. It may be an item of interest to my American Methodist friends to know that, as my hostess told me, I occupied the same rooms occupied

by our lamented Bishop Kingsley when on his way to the East, where he found his last resting place.

What a perfect specimen of a high-bred Irish lady was our hostess, and what a genial, whole-souled gentleman was our host!

I find in the *Scottish League Journal* of April 29th a report of the conference from the pen of Rev. J. Kay, which I copy, as it gives a fuller account than I could otherwise recall :

Leaving Scotland on Tuesday evening, I arrived in Belfast on Wednesday morning, the Llama bearing very precious cargo in the shape of our worthy Scotch Provost, and the respected leader of the women's crusade, Mother Stewart, both bound for the anniversary meetings. The secretary of the League (which is *Fortunate* in the possession of a model secretary) was waiting at the quay to receive the deputies and to see that hospitable invitations of his Executive and others were duly honored. * * *

On Wednesday evening a public soiree, known in Scotland as a table soiree, was held in the Ulster Hall. I have not witnessed for many a year a more inspiring sight. Each lady at the head of her own table, surrounded by about a dozen of her friends; the lady of the mayor entertaining the deputies (the guests from Glasgow) and doing the honors of the position with all the grace for which the ladies of Ireland are famed; the pleasant greetings, the spontaneous heartiness of the meeting, have all left upon my mind an impression of the most pleasant kind.

The tables are at length removed, the seats re-set and the platform occupied by the speakers. It was evidently the wish of the Irish brethren that Mrs. Stewart should have, as she was entitled to have, the chief place as speaker at this interesting meeting. It was charming to mark the good taste of all the speak-

ers who preceded that lady, in so curtailing their remarks that ample time was afforded for the friend who had crossed the Atlantic to stir up her sex for more earnest temperance work.

Having formed one of Mrs. Stewart's audience in the City Hall of Glasgow on the previous Tuesday, I was entitled to compare the address delivered there with that delivered in the Ulster Hall, Belfast. It will not, I hope, be deemed treasonable if I should say that Mrs. Stewart's peculiar power was displayed to much greater advantage in the latter place than in the former. The tremendous earnestness of the woman's voice, the pleading accents of the woman's loving heart, the scathing scorn of a righteous indignation, all produced their full effect, and the *furor* over the successful *debut* of some great operatic singer could not exceed the enthusiastic cheers with which her address of sixty minutes was received. The triumph of the Wednesday night's meeting was a woman's triumph, and it was, besides, well deserved.

The enthusiasm that my very generous friend mentions was so continuous that I was obliged to ask the audience to desist and allow me to finish, as it was growing so late. This meeting was presided over by Mr. Means, M. P.

Says the *Northern Whig*, of Belfast, April 21st :

At half past three o'clock the annual dinner took place in Robinson's hotel, Donegall street, at which there was a numerous and representative company. Mr. Finlay McCance, M. P., occupied the chair, and to his right sat Mr. M. R. Dalway, M. P., president of the League, and to his left Mrs. E. D. Stewart and the Right Hon. Wm. Fox, ex-Premier of New Zealand. After an excellent dinner, which was supplied in a highly satisfactory manner by Mrs. Robinson, a num-

ber of speeches bearing on the various phases of the temperance movement were delivered.

It may be interesting to Americans, in view of the exciting state of public affairs in Ireland in these days, to know that the queen and royal family House of Lords and House of Commons were duly toasted and cheered.

After we had taken our seats at the table, Mr. Fortune, the secretary, came to me and informed me that I was on the program for the first toast, "The Queen and the Royal Family."

I was not a little startled, and told him I could not respond to that toast. I felt sure I should make a miserable failure, which I did not want to do just then. He insisted that I could, but I positively declined to attempt it. "Very well," he said, "we will put you further down on the list, but we would prefer that you take the first place," and left me. I began to think right fast. This was a special compliment—a compliment to my beloved America, a compliment to my crusade sisters. I sent to him to come to me again, and told him I would try it. If I could not talk *sense*, I *could talk nonsense*, which seemed quite satisfactory.

When the tables were cleared, the toasts and speeches being next in order, the toast to the queen and royal family was read, and Mother Stewart was called out. I can recall but very little that I said, but as near as I can get at it the nonsense predominated. I told them that my family, the Stewarts, claimed to be an off-shoot from the royal family, but we had shot so far off that there was no danger to be

apprehended from us. In the way of a little sense, I told them that we of my country loved and honored their noble queen only second to themselves. We honored her because of her noble character as a woman, as a loving and faithful wife and model mother, as well as for her grand qualities as a sovereign of a great and mighty people. We could only regret that she did not more fully give the support of her influence and endorsement to our cause. It would be of incalculable benefit to her majesty's subjects, and, indeed, to the world. After I sat down, brother Fortune so kindly relieved me by coming and congratulating me, and said he would send my speech to the queen; but I reckon he forgot it. It was certainly hardly worth the pains.

Rev. Mr. Kay, continuing his report, says of the Thursday night meeting :

Up to this point, however, there has not been what the Irish people so dearly love—a *demonstration*. But now the curtain is raised, and behold the demonstration! I can only say that if all demonstrations in Ireland and elsewhere were of the same cheering and invigorating nature, I could stand one every week. The Ulster Hall, about the same size as the City Hall in Glasgow, was so crowded that the enumerators of the *North British Daily Mail* would have been overwhelmed by the effort to count the vast multitude.

The chair was occupied by the Lord Mayor, decorated in his heavy gold chains and paraphernalia of office, and was supported right and left by members of parliament, who, although occupying opposite benches in the House of Commons, are as one upon the question which has called forth this grand assemblage, and who both spoke earnestly and well on

behalf of the object of the meeting ; this object being to secure for Ireland the blessing of a Sabbath undecorated and undisturbed by the oncarrying of the liquor traffic on the day of rest. Clergymen, magistrates, merchants fill the platform to overflowing, and resolution after resolution is formally put and carried without one dissenting voice. The speaking was on all hands admitted to be of a high order.

The Scottish Permissive Bill Association was excellently represented by Provost Dick ; the United Kingdom Alliance, by the Right Hon. Sir William Fox ; the British Temperance League, by Rev. James Balmer, of Manchester, whose thrilling eloquence aroused the vast audience to the highest pitch of enthusiasm ; America, by Mrs. Stewart, and the Irish Closing Bill Association, by its secretary, Mr. Russell, in a speech full of nerve and vigor. What was it all about ? Why, simply to secure for Ireland the benefit of a measure which Scotland has enjoyed for twenty-two years. Judging from the enthusiastic nature of the meeting, and the class of men who were present, I should say that the boon will soon be given.

It has since been gained, with a clause excepting the five largest cities, I believe ; and though prohibiting the sale only one day in seven, it has resulted in the greatly increased order and morals of the people, a greatly reduced number of arrests and the saving of millions of money to the people. I wonder how many ages yet it will take the men of this country and my own to see the wisdom of multiplying these benefits by seven ?

This was the meeting at which I charged them to beware of the loopholes of the Sunday closing law of Scotland, especially in regard to the *bona fide traveler* clause, out of which some reporter made a muddle,

and the very honorable M. P.'s in parliament took the liberty therefrom to assert that Mother Stewart was opposed to the Irish Sunday Closing Bill—a most astonishing stretch of imagination for a law-maker of the kingdom of Great Britain. Perhaps I should feel myself highly honored by being quoted as authority on the Irish Sunday Closing Bill by those honorable solons. I'll think of it.

Mr. Kay, in closing his very full and interesting report, says :

It was in my power to attend but one other meeting in this interesting series. It was a meeting of the Ladies' Temperance Association, held mainly on Mrs. Stewart's account, and of all that lady's appearance in Ireland it was the one which enabled me to judge most accurately of the instrumentality which God had been pleased to employ in the great crusade against the whisky traffic in America. In her powerful address on this occasion there was a marked and total abstinence of the "glorious women of the West" business, so much affected by some of the hangers-on at the skirts of this really noble woman, and an entire giving to Almighty God of the glory and the praise.

The chair was occupied by a veteran in the cause of temperance, J. G. Richardson, of Bessbrook.

Ladies moved and seconded the various resolutions. I have listened to nothing for years on the question of temperance to be compared to the appeal made by the highly-esteemed wife of the chairman, a member of the Society of Friends. I suppose many of the readers of the *League Journal* have perused Adam Bede, by George Eliot. Let them call up to their thoughts the woman preacher Dinah, as she stands on the village green and pleads with men for God, and they will understand my meaning when I say that the calm, forcible, altogether ladylike address of the mover of

the resolution at the noon-day meeting on Friday was something never to be forgotten. Every word was with power—I had almost said with “demonstration of the spirit and power.”

As I stood speaking at this noon-day meeting, a telegram of greetings was brought me from Mrs. Parker, at the ladies’ conference in Newcastle, giving the cheering news that they were organized and moving on in great harmony and enthusiasm; and we returned our congratulations and expression of thanksgiving that the Lord was also with us.

A letter was also handed me from that gifted lady Mrs. S. C. Hall, which I am sure the reader will thank me for giving a place here. This noble and talented lady, as also her equally grand and gifted husband, have both passed to the eternal shore since. But they have left the world the richer in many valuable literary contributions for their having lived in it. Mrs. Hall’s writings were of so elevating and helpful a character to the people as to call forth from the queen a most flattering letter of commendation.

April 18th, 1876.

AVENUE VILLA, 50 HOLLAND ST., KENSINGTON.

DEAR LADY AND SISTER STEWART:—I wish to be one of the many Irish women who greet you with warmth of heart and grateful affection. You are doing God’s work in doing theirs; may your labor be blessed in its results.

Your work is essentially woman’s work; not only because the curse of drink falls heaviest upon women—as mothers, daughters, sisters, wives—but because it is the expected duty of our sex to lead men into paths that lead to God.

I know your teachings are especially needed now,

for I know that of late years the pestilence has been destroying thousands of my countrymen and countrywomen, blighting and withering, defeating all the good influences of religion, progress and material prosperity.

And I heartily rejoice that in this woman's mission I foresee a change that will be "mighty to save" from the poverty, misery, degradation and crime that invariably and inevitably come from drink. You are, I repeat, doing that which is essentially woman's work, and my heart is with you. Although I can aid you only with my prayers and the weak efforts of my pen, I pray you to enlist me among the recruits who fight this fight under the banner of Christ, and name me among the delegates to the Women's Temperance Convention to be held at Philadelphia on the 10th of June, of the memorable year 1876. I wish I could be with you there in body as I shall be in spirit, mind and soul; there to echo the sentiment expressed by my husband in the poem you quote :

" They only with the woman's weapons fight,
In armor given by the King of kings—
Love, patience, hope, endurance."

Yes, it is woman's work, and woman will do it. You will not ask in vain the aid you can receive from sympathizing sisters here. The "All hail" and the "God speed" are not the only help they will give you.

Dear lady and sister, may Heaven help you, for the sake of God and man, to bring Ireland back to the state in which I knew it in 1843, when the apostle of temperance, the Franciscan friar, Theobald Mathew, for a time, alas, only for a time, regenerated my country. I love and honor the memory of that good priest; it is a high privilege to have known him and to have borne testimony, as happily we did, to the purity of his motives and the holiness of his mission, soon after that mission was commenced. Ah, if his work had been continued up to this day, and the devil,

drink, abandoned altogether his sway over my countrymen and countrywomen, Ireland would have been in deed and in truth, ere this,

"Great, glorious and free;
The first flower of the earth, and first gem of the sea."

My affectionate love to you and the many who work with you and act with you.

Ever dear friend and sister, yours in faith, hope and trust,
ANNA MARIA (MRS. S. C.) HALL.

MRS. STEWART.

I cannot more appropriately follow this kind and loving letter, in closing this chapter, nor pay a more fitting tribute to the memory of these grand and noble toilers in the Master's vineyard, so beautiful and loving in their lives, so briefly separated by death, than by quoting the greeting to the crusaders referred to by Mrs. Hall in the poem "An Old Story," by her husband, Mr. S. C. Hall:

He had his warnings! Yes, he heard and read
Of that pure, gentle, yet heroic band
Of women-workers in a distant land,
Who stand between the living and the dead;
Like Israel's prophet-priest, like him who prayed—
Prayed for the stricken—and the plague was stayed.

What are these women doing? Who are they?
God's temperance teachers, who *Persuade and Pray!*
Why are they kneeling in the public way?
What is their mission?—to *Persuade and Pray!*
No angry words of bitter thoughts they say;
Christ's simple sisters who *Persuade and Pray!*
Theirs is no stately tread, no proud array;
In humble meekness they *Persuade and Pray!*
Wide is the gate and very broad the way
That leads to ruin—they *Persuade and Pray!*
And children yet unborn will bless the day
That saw their mothers thus *Persuade and Pray!*

They fight—these women fight—for more than lives;
For they are mothers, daughters, sisters, wives;
And know the moral and social blight
To every hearth and home the drunkard brings.
They only with the women's weapons fight,
In the armor given them by the King of kings!
Love, Patience, Hope, Endurance; these prevail
When earthly weapons, that seem better, fail;
Strong in His strength, and mighty in His might!

To send them a "God speed," a woman's "All hail!"
Have they no sympathizing sisters here
In the old home, the honored mother-land?
Millions! who dearly love the woman band!
With countless hosts of angels very near.

God bless ye, sisters—each a dear loved friend;
Take the "all hail" and the "God speed" we send.
Go on—your woman's sword you will not sheath;
Go on—and gain the Amaranthine wreath.
You may not win the victory to-day,
But it *must* come, for you *Persuade and Pray*.

CHAPTER XV.

RETURN TO GLASGOW—DRILL HALL—MEETING IN DR. WALLACE'S CHURCH—REPORT OF THE FORMATION OF THE B. W. T. A.—PAISLEY—LADIES' CONFERENCE—MEETING IN REV. MR. BANATINE'S CHURCH—A LADIES' TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION—CAMPBELLTON—ROTHESAY—TEA MEETING—LARGE EVENING MEETING—KELSO—SELKIRK—ADDRESS OF WELCOME.

HOW like a half waking dream of the morning, woven of the song of birds and the rays of the rosy sunshine streaming through the portals of the east, is the memory of that all too brief visit to Ireland, beautiful Ireland, and its refined, cultured and earnest Christian workers! Ireland, beautiful emerald, set in the sea! But alas, alas, "the trail of the serpent is over all." Not the landlord, but the publican, is the bane of Ireland. How gladly would I, at the earnest invitation of our host and hostess, backed up by the promise of excursions to Fingal's Cave and elsewhere, have tarried longer! But other engagements were crowding upon me.

Returning to Glasgow on the night steamer of the 21st, I attended, as a visitor, an immense meeting of children at noon on the 22d; at night again at the Drill Hall, where we met a large audience of our Sunday morning hearers; and as it was not the Sabbath it was not deemed irreligious to present the pledge and urge these poor victims of the drink curse to break the chains of custom, habit and appetite, and make a fight for life, present and eternal.

Our appeal was responded to by 184, who came forward and signed the pledge. This was the inauguration of a long series of Saturday night meetings, though it was my last meeting with them. On the next Saturday night over forty signed the pledge, and on the following Saturday fifty-four signed.

The ladies of the Union appointed committees, who took oversight of this new accession to the temperance ranks, visiting such as had homes, and encouraging them to stand firm and look to the Lord for strength to resist temptation and overcome their appetites.

In all the years since, these Saturday night meetings have been sustained, and thousands have signed the pledge and started on a new, sober life. A fund was raised, with which a large and commodious tabernacle was built. -

To the ladies of the Temperance Prayer Union and to Rev. Robt. Simpson, Sr., who was always instant in season and out, in every effort to assist poor, fallen humanity up into a better life, and a few others of like faith and works, is due the honor of this blessed work for the Master.

From time to time, as the years have gone on, my heart has been cheered by good news from the Saturday night meetings. Through my dear sisters Bryson and White has come the message, "Tell Mother Stewart I signed the pledge for her, and I am standing fast." Oh, what riches of grace, what a compensation for the toil, the weariness, the persecution of enemies, the wounds of friends, will it be if my Father shall permit me to meet even one of those lowly ones, from the Drill Hall in Glasgow, on the hills of glory!

Sabbath evening, April 23d, by invitation of Rev. Alexander Wallace, D. D., I addressed his people. The large church was filled to its utmost capacity, the number being estimated at from 3,000 to 3,500. Before introducing me, the doctor remarked in undertone that there were several publicans in the audience, adding, "Smite them; smite in the name of the Lord." I am glad to record that these publicans were not members of Dr. Wallace's church, though in many churches publicans held respectable membership, and not unfrequently they occupied honorable places as office bearers. When I came to speak, I did smite as best I could; with what result, He in whose name I made the effort to send the truth home to their hearts, knoweth. The doctor introduced me to his people in such words of warm indorsement and commendation as gave me their respectful and sympathetic hearing, and I found them a grand audience to talk to.

I learned that at the noonday prayer meeting the next day Dr. Wallace gave a very kind report of the meeting, and expressed his gratification at the result. Among my dearly prized treasures is a volume, "Life's Gloaming," one of his many valuable productions, with his compliments, in memory of that meeting. I have also been made very happy since by receiving, through Miss White, messages of Christian love and remembrance publicly expressed by Dr. Wallace and his congregation.

Monday, 24th, in company with sisters White and Bryson, I visited Paisley, where by appointment Mrs. Parker, returning from Newcastle, joined us. Mrs. Parker was overflowing with satisfaction at the grand

result of our appeal to the Christian women in the formation of the British Women's Temperance Association, under most encouraging circumstances. I cannot now recall the glowing words with which her heart overflowed, as she related the proceedings of the meeting, the organization, and the encouragement they received from the delegation sent by the English Grand Lodge of Good Templars in session at the time to congratulate the women, bid them God speed, and to pledge their hearty co-operation. But among my papers I find the first report of the British Women's Association, also the Newcastle *Northern Express* of April 22d, from which I copy as follows :

First British Women's Temperance Conference, held at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, April 21st, 1876.

A conference composed of about 150 ladies, including influential delegates from various parts of the kingdom, assembled in Central Hall on Friday morning at ten o'clock.

On the motion of Mrs. Lucas, of London, Mrs. Parker, of Dundee, was called to the chair.

After singing, reading of the Scriptures, and prayer, Mrs. Parker, in opening the proceedings, said :

"In accordance with the earnestly-expressed wish of the Women's Christian Temperance Union of America, and the firm conviction of our own minds that God has already prepared the hearts of Christian women throughout the land to do a great work for Him in the cause of temperance, this convention has been called.

"We trust that it will be the means of gathering and utilizing the now scattered forces which already exist ; and that by prayer and union of effort and purpose such a fire may be kindled in our own hearts as will never die out until God shall wipe away from our

land the evil of intemperance, which makes us a reproach among the nations.

"We believe there is such a power and might in the influence of women, that if it were exercised aright would shake the kingdom to its center on this important question; and the country is in perishing need of it.

"The glorious temperance work accomplished by the Christian women of America has been told to the world, and its beneficent results have spread from the shores of the Atlantic to the Pacific ocean, and extended throughout the civilized world, a vast tidal wave, finding its echoes on our shores, also, and arousing Christian women everywhere to a sense of their responsibility. We hail with joy the accomplishment of so much, and we earnestly pray that God would awaken in the heart of every Christian woman a desire to do her part in putting away this evil from our midst.

"In response to the kind invitation sent by our American sisters to attend the international temperance convention to be held in Philadelphia, in June, and with a view of further strengthening their hands and our own, we propose, with the sanction of this convention, to appoint delegates to represent the temperance women of Great Britain and Ireland in the first International Woman's Temperance Convention the world has ever known. Let us lift up united prayers that the Divine Leader of our hosts may be with us in the demonstration of the spirit, and with power.

" 'Though woman's hand is weak to fight,
Her heart is strong to pray;
And with fingers of faith she will open the gates
To a brighter and better day.' "

The circular, already copied, was read, and various interesting addresses were delivered by Mrs. Lucas, of London; Miss Richardson, of Bristol; Mrs. Postle-

thwaite, of Stroud; Mrs. Bevington, of Clay Cross, Derbyshire, and Mrs. Durant, of London.

The meeting adjourned for a prayer meeting, and resumed its sitting at two o'clock.

The minutes of the morning meeting were read and adopted, and it was resolved that the meeting form itself into the British Woman's Temperance Association, and at once elect office bearers, consisting of president, vice-presidents, secretary and treasurer. The following ladies were appointed to hold office, and conjointly to form the executive committee, with power to add to their number :

President,	Mrs. Parker, The Cliff, Dundee.
Vice-presidents,	Mrs. Lucas, London.
	Mrs. S. C. Hall, London.
	Mrs. Scholfield, Newcastle-upon-Tyne
	Mrs. John Benson, " " "
	Mrs. Mawson, Gateshead.
	Mrs. Clapham, "
	Mrs. Goudie, Tynemouth.
	Mrs. Wm. Robb, Hexham.
	Mrs. Temperley, "
	Mrs. Shorter, Middlesbrough.
	Mrs. M. Crisp, "
	Mrs. Tanner, Sidcot, Somerset.
	Miss N. Whiteman, Rye.
	Mrs. Postlethwaite, Stroud.
	Mrs. D. Sturge, Oldbury.
	Mrs. Jones, Wrexham.
	Miss Eliza Wigham, Edinburgh.
	Mrs. George Stewart, Glasgow.
	Mrs. Henderson, Dundee.
	Mrs. H. Wigham, Dublin.
	Mrs. M. Edmondson, Dublin.
Secretary,	Mrs. Mawson, Gateshead.
Treasurer,	Unnamed.

The following ladies were appointed delegates to

the International Temperance Conference, to be held in Philadelphia on the 10th of June: Mrs. Lucas, London; Mrs. Margaret E. Parker, Dundee; Mrs. Woika, Mrs. Adelaide Stewart, Miss Wilson, of Glasgow; Mother Stewart, for England; Mrs. Wellstood, Edinburgh; the Misses Mawson, of Gateshead, with power to the president to add to the number.

Reference was made to the valuable labors of Mrs. E. D. (Mother) Stewart in the cause of temperance in this country, and the meeting requested the president to convey to her a testimonial of their high appreciation of her efforts, and their desire that an interchange of ideas and co-operative measures may be maintained with this association after her return to America.

A deputation from the Grand Lodge of England, I. O. G. T., in session in Newcastle at the same time, consisting of the following sisters in their official regalia, was introduced by Mrs. Lucas, G. Vice Templar; Miss Jane Neild, P. A. G. secretary; Mrs. Elizabeth Bevington, A. G. Marshal; Miss Hannah E. Young, D. G. J. T.; Mrs. Nellie S. Whiteman, D. V. T.; Mrs. Margaret A. Tanner, A. G. secretary; and Miss Wilson, A. G. M.

Several of these ladies addressed the meeting, expressing their interest and sympathy in the movement, and they presented the following congratulatory address:

“Resolved, That the Grand Lodge, I. O. G. T., in session assembled, rejoices to learn that an attempt is being made to-day in the Central Hall to inaugurate a British Women’s Temperance Association, and while expressing its perfect sympathy with the movement prays that the divine blessing may rest upon it, regretting at the same time that the important business to be transacted in the Grand Lodge to-day has prevented the attendance of many sisters who would otherwise have taken part in the proceedings.

“(Signed) J. W. KIRTON, G. W. S.

“Town Hall, Newcastle-on-Tyne, April 21, 1876.”

To which the following reply was returned by the conference :

“ *Resolved*, That this first British convention of temperance women, now in session assembled, heartily welcome the delegates from the Grand Lodge of England, bearing words of cheer. We thank you. God is with us, and we believe a fire is being kindled that will never die out. You will rejoice with us to know that this conference has resolved itself into a British Woman's Temperance Association, electing officers from the three kingdoms. We have also elected a number of delegates to represent us at the International Temperance Convention at Philadelphia. ‘The Lord has done great things for us, whereof we are glad.’ We also regret with you that the sittings of the Grand Lodge prevent, to a great extent, our having the presence of our Good Templar sisters and brethren.”

Letters of greeting were received and read from Mrs. S. C. Hall, London ; Mrs. Josephine E. Butler, Liverpool ; Mrs. Helen Taylor, London ; Miss Eliza Sturge, Birmingham ; Mrs. Dawson Burns, London ; Mrs. Hinde Smith, Manchester ; Mrs. Spence, York ; Mrs. W. S. Clark, Street, Somersetshire ; Professor Edward Wiebe, Hamburg ; Mrs. Dorothy Sturge, Oldbury ; the Women's Christian Temperance Union, of Leeds : the Executive of the United Kingdom Alliance, per Mr. T. H. Barker, secretary ; the Executive of the Scottish Permissive Bill Association, per Robert Mackay, secretary ; the National Temperance League, per Mr. Robert Rae, secretary.

A telegram was sent to Mother Stewart, reaching her as she stood addressing a large ladies' assembly at Belfast, to which she responded on behalf of herself and the assembly. A telegram was also received from the sisters of the Hand and Heart Lodge, I. O. G. T., of Hetton-le-hole.

The meeting closed by passing a resolution request-

ing that any ladies present who could attend the forthcoming Women's Temperance Conference, to be held in London, on the 22d of May, would feel themselves commissioned as delegates.

This first convention of the British Women's Temperance Association was brought to a successful close by a public meeting at night, with a very large attendance. The president, Mrs. Parker, Mrs. Scholfield, of Newcastle, Mrs. Auty, of South Yorkshire, Mrs. Woika, of Glasgow, Mrs. Mawson, of Gateshead, Mrs. Bevington, of Clay Cross, Mrs. Pumphrey, of Newcastle, and Mrs. Goudie, of Tynemouth, made stirring speeches, evincing a surprising ability to handle the various features of the many-sided temperance question, and creating great interest among the hearers. Especially was the address of my gentle, lady-like, Jewess friend, Mrs. Woika, received with demonstrations of delight and admiration, proving, as the president had said, that there was indeed a mighty latent force hitherto locked silently away in the breasts of the Christian women of the kingdom, only awaiting the opportunity to be called forth and utilized for the blessing of the world.

And thus, under the most encouraging circumstances, was realized the hope that impelled me to cross the seas, and had buoyed and sustained me in making my appeal to my sisters—the organization of the Christian women of the British Isles into an association like to our own, and with identical purpose—the ultimate overthrow of the liquor curse and the emancipation of our homes forever from its blighting influence.

A very pleasing coincident and reminder of this

important meeting comes to me as I sit here writing on this 18th day of May, 1886, of those blessed days and incidents, ten years ago. The *British Women's Temperance Journal* comes in, and among the many other good things with which it is filled I see the announcement of the annual meeting of the B. W. T. A. in London, at Memorial Hall, to-day. Know ye, beloveds, that Mother Stewart is to-day in heart with you.

A word of explanation in regard to the name adopted by our sisters will be in place here, as it has been a subject of wonder that they did not adopt the same as ours—Women's Christian Temperance Union. Several of the ladies composing that convention were Friends, and consistent with their known objection to the use of unnecessary titles or names beyond the simple name denoting the object of their work, they objected to the prefix "Christian." Mrs. Lucas, especially, maintained that the word Christian was superfluous; it was, as a matter of course, understood that the association was composed of Christian women, actuated by Christian principles and motives, and therefore it would be as absurd, or at least as superfluous, as to call her society Christian Friends, or to designate other denominations as Christian Methodists, Christian Baptists, etc. Sister Lucas commanding the highest respect, and having unbounded influence among her co-workers, the name was settled upon as she suggested.

At Paisley we were entertained in princely fashion by Mrs. Stewart Clark, the accomplished wife of the world-renowned thread manufacturer, and by her

courtesy we also had the pleasure of meeting a number of distinguished guests at tea.

In the afternoon I addressed a large ladies' conference in the High Free church, Rev. Hutton, D. D., pastor, presiding, rendering valuable assistance and giving unqualified indorsement to our work.

To an American it was not a little amusing to see the consternation of the beadle when the pastor led the way through the pulpit by a door at the back, inviting Mrs. Parker and myself into his study. The beadle declared he would not have dared to do that; that is, *desecrate the pulpit by permitting women to pass through it.*

In the evening I addressed a very large audience in Rev. Mr. Banatine's church, the pastor presiding, Mrs. Parker following in a brief address. Mr. Thomas Coates, the thread manufacturer, was present at this meeting, and expressed much interest in our women's work. It is a subject of much thankfulness that both Mr. Coates and Mr. Clark are staunch friends of the temperance cause.

Out of our visit to Paisley grew a Ladies' Temperance Association that very soon enrolled a thousand members, composed of the elite of old Paisley, the largest ladies' union in the world, Mrs. Clark being elected honorary president. A young women's association was also organized in the Anchor Thread Mills (Mr. Clark's), Mrs. Clark very graciously taking the presidency and oversight of this association also.

From time to time come cheering reports of the prosperity of the ladies' association—for instance, a soiree of great brilliance, attended by one thousand

guests, including many notable persons from Glasgow and other cities. One of the most active members of the association, Mrs. Robinson, has since found a home in Florida. But wherever her lot may be cast, she will find work for the Master, and do it with her might.

As we were being driven home from the evening meeting, I remarked to Mrs. Clark that this would be a memorable occasion to me, as to-morrow would be my sixtieth birthday. "Indeed?" said she. "Why, it is also our wedding anniversary, the seventeenth."

Upon descending to breakfast the next morning, I found at my plate an exquisite wreath of hawthorn and English blush roses, in porcelain. It was the season that porcelain jewelry was introduced and became so popular. There were also offerings of fresh flowers and other tokens of kindly remembrance from the three lovely daughters—a sweet and touching surprise in recognition of my sixtieth birthday. Here on the wall near me hangs my beautiful wreath. As I write, my eyes wander to it, and memory recalls that happy occasion as if it were yesterday. Sweet friends, you cannot know how much brighter has been my life in all these years of toil and trial that have come and gone because of your warm love and sympathy expressed in so many delicate and touching ways. May the richest of heaven's blessings abide with ye alway.

Yes, sixty years had now been counted off the warp of my life, taking with them my childhood, with its bright, happy, rollicking days, and its tears; my youth, with its hopes and aspirations; my maturer years, with their labors, their cares, sorrows, losses, crosses,

afflictions and many dear friends, but not the hope of heaven. They have left me age, infirmity, silvered locks, yet as the sun approaches the horizon, the West glows with the purple and gold—hope of the sweet by and by.

This morning, with Mrs. Parker as *compagnon de voyage*, I took passage in the steamer Gæl, for Campbellton, in Cantyre. A beautiful day and a delightful sail. The captain very gallantly placed his private cabin at our service, where I snatched the favorable opportunity to write to my paper and the weary waiters at home. We pass many places of historic interest—old Greenock on the Clyde, the Grampian hills, Ben Lomond in the distance. Now we are in sight of the Dead Warrior, a singular mountain formation off to the south-west, in Ayrshire, having a striking resemblance, as its outline meets the sky, of a giant warrior lying in state. And this is the nearest glimpse that I get of the home of Burns. Now I hear the strains of a violin floating down from the deck; a Highlander is playing “Yankee Doodle,” “Star Spangled Banner,” and now comes “Home, Sweet Home,” all in compliment to the American stranger. Oh, dear, won’t he stop? Why will he go on? Didn’t he know I was homesick enough for my own, my native land and the dear ones there, without that reminder? But I must “tip” him all the same, as if he had contributed greatly to my pleasure.

We were met and cordially welcomed by Rev. Mr. Russell, and found a comfortable and restful home at the Manse. I noticed with a grateful heart that at different points along the streets as we passed the

stars and stripes of my country were waving the stranger a cheery welcome. As usual, we had a large audience at night, and brother Russell on his own behalf and also that of the good people gave me the Gaelic welcome—*cend mile failte*—a hundred thousand welcomes.

Campbellton is quite in the south-eastern part of Cantyre, a peculiar sort of promontory running down between the Firth of Clyde and the ocean, and I believe has the reputation of being the greatest liquor manufacturing town in Scotland. Certainly the influence of "the trade" was very discernable in the weak condition of the temperance sentiment and the timidity of its advocates, our grand brother Russell, with a handful of his staunch supporters, always to be excepted.

But we could tarry only for a night, and early on the morrow took passage in the mail coach up to Tarbut thirty-seven miles. The road, part of the way, lay along the beach, and the obliging driver was so kind as to tarry a very few moments, upon the tip of a shilling, to allow me to run down and gather a few shells at the water's edge, as a souvenir of the pleasant journey. At each post-station we found that by some means our coming was anticipated, and quite a little company of the community was waiting to get a look at the woman from America, who had crossed the sea to preach *teetotalism* to the people of their country.

At Tarbut we were met by Rev. Wm. Ross, who has since held the honorable office of Right Worthy Grand Chief Templar of the world, and brother

Clapperten, committee on reception, under whose escort we took steamer and sailed across to Rothesay, on the Isle of Bute. We found a warm welcome, and were hospitably entertained by Miss Bucannan. Her home was on the side of one of the hills lying back of the bay, affording one of the most lovely views I ever looked upon. In the afternoon brother Ross gave us a charming drive, visiting and pointing out many places of interest in and around this old historic place.

We were met here by sisters White and Bryson, who had come down from Glasgow to join us. Then we met a company of eighty ladies at a tea meeting and organized a large and promising association of ladies. I remember with pleasure the profusion of daisies and primroses with which the table was adorned, the offerings of the dear children to Mother Stewart. I have since received very cheering reports from this association.

At night I addressed a public meeting, the place of meeting having to be changed because the first hall would not hold the people, and then the crowd reached quite out onto the sidewalk, and the people manifested their gratification in oft-repeated cheers. Miss White and brother Ross also addressed the meeting.

As we, upon our return from the meeting, wound up the steep ascent to Miss Bucannan's residence, brother Ross halted and called my attention to the beautiful, picturesque sight that lay below, wrapped in the quietness of night. All sounds of hurrying feet or human voice had ceased. The romantic old town was lying at our feet in peaceful slumber. Circling around the curve of the bay was a long line of lamps,

and overhead the all-time lamps of God were shining down so brightly, so peacefully. Beautiful, oh, beautiful is this earth of ours, and how happy the inhabitants of it, were it not for sin! Mr. Moody, when in Scotland, visited Rothesay and addressed an immense audience down at the quay on just such a lovely night as this.

At eleven o'clock at night we met a party of gentlemen and ladies at supper. Some of the gentlemen, members of church in respectable standing, manifested a strong desire to combat my position as to the wrong, the sin of Christians using intoxicants as a beverage, thus by their example encouraging the fearful drunkenness everywhere so prevalent.

It will be seen by the foregoing recital of travel and work that "tired nature" was coming into a condition to rebel against any further levy upon her resources. It will not be surprising, I am sure, if I confess to a good degree of nervousness and not a little impatience with the kind of flimsy arguments forever reiterated by this class of most excellent, but mistaken people. Why could they not consider my thirty-seven miles stage-coach travel; by steamer how far; drive about the city, social chat at dinner in regard to our prospects in Rothesay; tea meeting, with nearly a hundred ladies; an address, and helping them to organize; a grand, good, social time at tea, and a lingering after for a word with everybody; the immense meeting at night, with no previously-prepared speech, speaking, as always, upon the inspiration of the occasion. It was now nearly midnight, and I must be up and away by times in the morning. I told you a few pages back

that yesterday I was sixty years old. But I hope my good breeding prevented me from betraying the weariness and, yes, impatience, I felt. I have hope that those dear friends have long since taken higher ground on the drink question.

At an early hour the next morning we took leave of our kind hostess and other friends and sped across the country to the east. As we ran into Edinburgh, I espied the blessed stars and stripes floating over a hotel. On arriving at the depot, upon inquiry I found I had twenty-five minutes' time, so I hurried into a cab and drove over to the Cockburn hotel, where the flag was flying, and inquired for the proprietor, Mr. Philps. He came forward, and I explained that I had seen the flag of my country floating over his house, and had called, thinking possibly there might be some American guests there. "Well, yes," he said, "there was an Astor, from New York. But," said he, "we unfurl it often. We kept it flying to the breeze up there when it cost something to do it." I extended my hand, saying I was the woman they called Mother Stewart, and I wished to express my gratitude for such sympathy with my country in her peril. He grasped my hand with much warmth. "Why, Mother Stewart," said he, "I was at your farewell meeting in London, and I confess when the preliminary speeches and farewell addresses were being made I felt no little solicitude lest you might not be able to sustain yourself in presence of that audience. Now, Mother Stewart," he went on "where are you when you come to Edinburgh?" I answered that I had not yet heard from my committee. "Well," he responded, "come

to the Cockburn house. No favor to you; it is my favor. I tender you the hospitalities of my house." I felt his kindness, and tried in much awkwardness to say so, and told him if, when I heard from my committee, they had not already arranged for my entertainment I should be most happy to accept his generous invitation.

Returning to the depot we took the train down to Galashiels, expecting to address a ladies' meeting there in the afternoon. But upon arriving we found no committee to meet us, nor could we see any one to give us any information. What was to be done? Mrs. Parker said transfer at once to the train which was lying alongside, and which would take us to Kelso, where it was evident our next meeting was to be. We accordingly transferred, and the train we left moved out. Sister Parker, feeling weary and in perfect security that we were all right, laid down to rest. But I did not feel quite at ease, and stood looking out. At length a gentleman passed, and I accosted him, telling him we were uncertain as to our train. He hastened away and brought the ticket agent, who reached us just in time to comprehend our situation and signal our train, which was now getting into motion. He told us we were eighteen miles from our destination (our meeting that evening was at Kelso), and we should have remained on the train on which we came in.

It was now six o'clock, our meeting was at eight, and Kelso was eighteen miles away. What was to be done? It was our good fortune that the gentleman was a Good Templar, and without further words set

out to order a coach, and in a short time we were rolling over the road at a brisk gait.

At the end of the first nine miles we changed horses and set out again with fresh spirits. But there was no hope of reaching Kelso in time for tea, not to mention a change of toilet. The tea was not an absolute necessity, but after the day's journey the toilet was. Fortunately the coach was a close one. 'I requested the driver to hand in my valise, and we sped on. At a few minutes past eight we reined up at the door of the hall, and I walked in and at once to the platform. The meeting had just been opened, and there was a fine, enthusiastic audience, their enthusiasm being much augmented by the report of our exciting ride to reach them.

The dear friends had sent to Dunse and invited that devoted Christian minister, temperance advocate and author, Rev. W. Ritchie, D. D., to honor the American by presiding at the meeting, for which I did feel deeply grateful, but could not find the adequate words in which to express my sense of obligation. What is the reason that in the greatest need one forever finds the greatest poverty of language?

Dr. Ritchie favored me with a copy of his "Scripture Testimony Against Intoxicating Wine," a very valuable work. I also received another highly prized memorial of my visit to this place, through the great kindness of Mr. Jas. Stewart Hogarth—a valuable relic of Sir Walter Scott's, being a pocket memorandum book with couplets and entries in his own hand.

We were entertained by Mrs. Wilson for the night, but left early in the morning, taking the train to Gala-

shields, where a car was waiting to carry us to Selkirk, where the Good Templars, finding themselves unable to secure my services for a night meeting, had, at much pains and expense, arranged to give us a magnificent reception in the afternoon.

At Selkirk we were entertained by Mr. David Dobie, a prominent manufacturer. He also drove us over to Abbotsford, a few miles distant, where we spent only too short a time visiting the home and examining the rare collections of rich treasures, once the property and pride of the great poet and romancer of the border.

Upon our return we were greeted by a large company of Good Templars in the Town Hall, and were escorted to the platform where Sir Walter Scott had, in times past, sat as justice of the county.

In the *Southern Reporter*, of Selkirk, of May 4th, is a very full report of this interesting occasion, from which I copy the following :

MOTHER STEWART'S VISIT TO THE BORDER.

Mrs. E. D. Stewart (known as Mother Stewart), of Ohio, whose name is familiar to many in this country, from her devotion in the work of ministering to the sick and wounded in the great civil war in America, and more recently on account of the prominent part she has borne in the woman's crusade against the liquor trade in Ohio and other parts of the United States, has visited Kelso, Selkirk, Galashiels and Hawick during the past eight days, and has addressed large meetings in all these towns.

Mrs. Stewart is accompanied on her tour by Mrs. Parker, of the Cliff, Dundee, a lady who has taken a very active interest in temperance work in this country for some years.

SELKIRK.

A meeting was arranged here on Friday afternoon, not so much for hearing an address from Mother Stewart as that the admirers of her self-sacrificing labors here might have an opportunity of showing their grateful appreciation of those labors, and express their good wishes to her. Mrs. Stewart and Mrs. Parker were to address a public meeting in Galashiels in the evening, and the meeting at Selkirk was on this account limited as to time and object.

The meeting was held in the Town Hall, at five o'clock, and although the weather was most unfavorable the hall was crowded, and a very warm reception was given the ladies as they entered and took their seats on the platform. Mr. Dobie, manufacturer, occupied the chair, and the proceedings were opened with prayer by the Rev. Mr. Lawson.

An address of welcome to Mrs. Stewart was then read by Mr. James McVittie, District Deputy, Selkirkshire, and she was wrapped in a plaid of home manufacture of the "Royal Stewart tartan" by a committee composed of the following young ladies: Miss Rachel McVittie, Ettrick Forest Lodge; Miss Jane Miller, Flower of Yarrow Lodge; Miss Georgiana Watson, Ebenezer Lodge, I. O. G. T. The following is the

ADDRESS TO MRS. STEWART OF OHIO, UNITED STATES
OF AMERICA.

In this border land we meet thee,
Gentle lady, we would greet thee,
With that frankness which is telling
Of the admiration dwelling
In our hearts and thence outflowing,
Paying only what is owing
To our Cousin, Sister, Mother.

To this land of song and story,
To this land where martyred glory
For the right, the truth and God,
With the red blood dyed the sod,

To this land where sire and son
Freely fought and bravely won,
Welcome Cousin, Sister, Mother.

To this land of classic waters,
To this land that boasts of daughters,
Who for conscience firmly stood
At the stake, by fire and flood,
From their spirits round us flying,
Hear we voices sweetly crying,
Welcome Cousin, Sister, Mother.

All the pleasanter our meeting,
More fraternal is our greeting,
When we know by blood and name
This grand old land you claim ;
Linked in lineage to the kings
Of which Scottish minstrel sings,
Doubly welcome, Sister, Mother.

Heard we of thee from afar,
'Mid the clang and clash of war,
When freedom to the slave was given,
By the avenging rod from heaven ;
By your efforts, rose your claim
To that dearest, sweetest name,
Helping, Loving, Mother.

Heard we of thee form the West,
When with kindred spirits blest,
Raised your voices in the air
To the God of might in prayer ;
And the answer from above,
Filled your souls with holy love,
Then you rose to do or dare.

Filled with a strength divine,
You formed that noble line,
Whose weapons, though unseen,
Were powerful, sharp and keen ;
Making havoc near and far
In the famous Whisky War,
The order of the battle was the Lord's.

Quick before your army fell
Those dens of sin and hell ;

Vile prejudice you slew,
While your courage bolder grew,
Bloodless victories achieving,
Manhood's wasted lives retrieving,
'Twas your mission thus to save.

Gentle Lady, we do hail thee,
With our words of cheer regale thee,
In thy mission to reclaim
Men and women steeped in shame;
On the land or on the sea,
Count upon our sympathy,
Loving Cousin, Sister, Mother.

In the van of progress moving,
Mysterious problems thou art proving;
How dark custom's power is broken
By the loving word when spoken;
Spoken in each thought and deed,
Wonder not if hard hearts bleed,
And call thee Sister, Mother.

In the age when titled name
Is ambition's highest aim;
Queen or Empress, Duke or Lord,
After all is but a word
Meant to designate dominion,
O'er illiterate serf or minion
Perishing at Freedom's call.

But the endearing name of Brother,
Or the hallowed name of Mother,
Touches all our mortal life,
Soothes the deepest, darkest strife;
Kissing all our faults away,
Knowing nothing of decay,
Does this royal title—Mother.

When your feet again shall roam
In your lovely Western home,
Thinking of your friends in order,
Struggling 'gainst the mighty foe,
Investigating human woe,
Call us your children on the border,
And we'll respond, Dear Mother.

The reporter continues with the following pen portrait and sketch of addresses :

Mrs. Stewart is apparently about sixty years of age and of medium stature. Her silvery hair is arranged in soft glossy rolls, or puffs, in the manner known by American ladies as the Martha Washington style. Her manners betoken a lady of culture and refinement, and the impression she gives an attentive observer and auditor is that she is a woman of most sympathetic nature and tender feelings, and one, moreover, who has a strong consciousness of the righteousness of the work she has devoted herself to, and thoroughly in earnest in its prosecution.

In rising to acknowledge the tokens of kindness that had been presented to her, she said : "My dear friends, this day is to me one of the days of my life. I find myse'f on classic grounds. I have just visited the home of Sir Walter Scott, a name very dear to all of us ; and now I stand among those who live under the shadow of that Abbotsford, and have listened to such words of affection and welcome, and have been the recipient of such marks of your kindness as I can never forget. In my own country, when I may feel sad and disheartened in carrying on this warfare ; when the clouds may seem to thicken and friends become fewer ; and when I may be disposed to say, as I have sometimes been ready to say, 'I may as well give it all up,' I shall feel greatly strengthened when I think of dear old Scotland and the kind words and prayers of my friends."

Mrs. Stewart then spoke shortly of the work in which she had been engaged in America, and the results. It had often been remarked, she said, that the women who had carried on the warfare against the drink trade must have had great courage, but courage was scarcely the right word. Those who had engaged in it were just as delicate and refined and as far

from being moved by a spirit of aggression as any could be. It was the power of God, the influence of the Spirit on their hearts which had caused them to go into the work. They had seen and wept over the woe and misery produced by strong drink; they had felt bound to consecrate themselves to what they believed to be the work of God, and they had been enabled to go into the liquor saloons and to speak words of kindness which had melted many to tears, and had caused the keepers of those places to abandon the trade. In hundreds of cases these men had looked at the business they were carrying on in the light of eternity, and had not only given it up, but many had given themselves to Christ and were now engaged in other business.

Mrs. Parker, in a short address, mentioned that in the State of Ohio above 2,500 drinking places had been closed. As an example of what women might do, and were doing in this country, she said that 9,000 women in Dundee had petitioned the magistrates at the late licensing court against any increase of licenses, and their petition had been granted. In Glasgow, also, a great amount of work was being done. The conference recently held at Newcastle-on-Tyne was attended by 150 women, many from distant parts of the country, who had formed themselves into a British Woman's Temperance Association. She believed there was a power in the hands of the women of this country which God might use to sweep away the drink evil from the land, and she hoped the women of Selkirk, whom she was addressing, would be disposed to unite themselves in an association that would do good work in their midst and give strength and encouragement to those who were laboring for the same blessed end in other parts of the country.

The chairman tendered the thanks of the meeting to Mrs. Stewart and Mrs. Parker for their excellent addresses, and after formal votes of thanks to them

and to Mr. Dobiš for presiding the proceedings came to a close.

In her speech sister Parker said: "When Mother Stewart leaves us we will sing, 'Will ye no come back again?'" quoting from the very popular Scotch ballad, "Charlie, will ye no come back again?"

When she took her seat, brother Wm. Clerk Baptie arose and said he thought he could parody that, and sang in a very fine voice:

Mother Stewart, ye 're welcome here,
Tae our hearts ye'll aye be dear,
Tae meet wi' ye we've lang been fain,
Tae part wi' ye will gie us pain.

Will ye no come back again,
Will ye no come back again,
Better lo'ed ye canna be,
Will ye no come back again?

Kind providence designs, we see,
That we just now must parted be,
Then listen tae our prayerful strain,
And say that ye'll come back again.

Goodbye, God speed ye, Mother, dear,
We'll meet above if no more here,
This thought meanwhile let us adore,
We'll meet in heaven to part no more.

Now join we in one humble prayer,
Dear Jesus, do thou aye be near,
More grace, more strength do thou command,
Tae rest upon our noble friend.

CHAPTER XVI.

GALASHIELDS—WELCOME ADDRESS—THE GALASHIELDS UNION—
VISIT TO DRYBURGH—HAWICK—THE ORCHARD—CHILDHOOD
MEMORIES—THE BRAES OF YARROW.

AN extra train was put on the road and a large delegation went up to Galashields for the evening meeting, and here again we were received by one of the largest audiences ever held in the town, as reported by the paper quoted from in the previous chapter. The Rev. J. Pollock presided, and the Good Templar band furnished the music. An address of welcome, very elegantly mounted on a blue silk background, was read and presented by the Rev. A. Brown. The address was as follows :

DEAR MRS. STEWART—The friends of temperance and this meeting of the people of Galashields greet you with a cordial welcome to the border land of Scotland.

Although until this moment you have been unseen by us, you have not been unknown, and we have esteemed you highly because your varied gifts have long been ungrudgingly employed in comforting the sick, the wounded and the dying victims of war, and in rescuing thousands from the drunkard's degradation and doom. And now we are delighted to have you in our midst.

Every heart that loves mankind will be refreshed by looking upon one whose name is associated with such untiring efforts to succor the perishing, and we have all just reason to be proud that one of America's representative women, the truest and tenderest

“Mother” of the people, has favored us with her presence, her counsel and her smile to-night.

We trust that that noble crusade against the liquor saloons of the West, which you so courageously and successfully led, will prove a lasting blessing to your people, and teach all who love God in all nations that however few and feeble they may be, they are yet able, by a courageous faithfulness and a humble reliance upon God, to oppose and overcome the strongholds of iniquity.

We again unite in giving you the warmest welcome to Galashields. May your presence here and everywhere you go be a blessing to the cause you love so well. May your labors in our land be lightened by the love and carefulness of admiring friends. May sweet recollections of your visits linger behind you everywhere; and when by the loving guidance of our Heavenly Father you are at home once more, may you have none but sunny memories of dear old Scotland. But go not hence, we beseech you, until you have baptized us all, and especially our temperance sisters, with a double portion of your spirit, and we are thus prepared for carrying on the work of the Lord with greatly increased activity and zeal.

After I had spoken, the chairman said, before introducing Mrs. Parker, he wished to say a word or two. Mother Stewart’s address was truly what had been styled “sweet reasonableness.” He hoped it would have its proper effect. It was of the utmost importance that influential members of the community should give their help in this good work. It was for the common good. He was sure the strongest point in the address was that when Mother Stewart asked them to abstain for Christ’s sake. He earnestly wished that every Christian minister in the land was a tee-

totaler. If intoxicating drink was banished entirely from every home in Galashiels, what a glorious place it would be!

The usual vote of thanks closed the exercises. A woman's meeting was held on Saturday afternoon in the lower room of the Public Hall, when over two hundred were present. Mrs. Parker presided. After devotional exercises, short addresses were given and a resolution adopted to form the Galashiels Women's Christian Temperance Union. A lady president, vice-presidents, secretary and treasurer were elected, and members of committees appointed with power to add to their number by the admission of additional members. The next meeting was announced for the following Monday evening.

Here again, by the courtesy of Mrs. Combat, my kind hostess, and a gentleman, I had the pleasure of a break in the incessant work by a visit to old Dryburg. We drove over a part of the road over which Sir Walter Scott frequently rode, and at one point, from which was a very grand landscape view, we were told he was in the habit of stopping to feast his eyes on the beautiful prospect. Over this same road, being drawn for the last time, and by his own gentle steeds, when they came to the accustomed halting place they stopped, as they had learned to do for their master. We visited the old abbey and the tomb of the great minstrel of the border, then drove to Melrose, another of the many places of deepest interest in this wonderful land of song and story. But always hurried for time, there is little more to be said than that we visited these historic scenes. Returning, the old Roman road

was pointed out to us, still in most excellent traveling condition, its history reaching back to Rome's days of glory and conquest. On this evening we were complimented with a serenade from the Good Templar band.

Sabbath I was very thankful for a day of rest. Monday, May 1st, we left for our next place, Hawick, where we were met by Mr. Walter Wilson and other friends. The meeting was reported by the Hawick papers as one of the most successful temperance meetings ever held in Hawick, the Exchange Hall being quite filled and numbers could not obtain seats, not fewer than 1,500 or 1,600 being present. The meeting was most orderly; a hushed silence and deep interest seemed to pervade the audience. Provost Ewen occupied the chair, while the prominent ministers of the place, as also many ladies and gentlemen, occupied seats on the platform.

I think I have already said that the chairmen of the temperance meetings were not necessarily abstainers, but were invited to preside because of the prestige their name or influence might give. This was probably the case in this instance. I thought I detected a sort of condescension in his manner, and if I read him correctly a disposition to treat the matter in the spirit of a joke. Toward the close of the meeting, when the hope was expressed by one of the ministers that the Provost might become president of all the temperance societies in the town, he responded, "If the whole company will join the society to-night I will." He, however, in his introductory speech, paid a warm and just tribute to the temperance societies of the town. They had rendered great assistance to the

magistrate in keeping order. He did not know what Hawick or any other town would be but for the temperance societies.

Among the various gentlemen who spoke in moving a vote of thanks, seconding, etc., Mr. Walter Wilson said, addressing the assembly, he had gone in and out among them during the whole of their lives, and he might tell them he had made up his mind that, unless for medicine, he would never again touch wine, beer, spirits or any other such liquor. Intemperance must be put down by the individual action of every member of society, beginning with the clergy and the churches and going through every class in the country. He had been on the licensing bench for thirty-eight years, and had done everything in his power to lessen the number of public houses. He was sorry there were still forty-six licensed houses in Hawick.

Rev. J. Thompson, in speaking to the vote of thanks he had proposed to the speakers, also in very felicitous words on behalf of the Good Templars presented me with a beautiful tweed dress pattern made in Hawick, remarking that he believed there was no "shoddy" in it. I was most happy to assure him, in response, that I had not found any "shoddy" in Scotland.

The meeting closed at a quarter past ten, after announcement having been made for a ladies' meeting for the next day to organize a Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

We were taken by Mr. and Mrs. Walter Wilson to their beautiful country seat, The Orchard, and entertained in most hospitable fashion. We were in Teviot Dale on the border, and in sight of the Cheviot hills.

The occasion, the place and surroundings sent memory chasing back over the fifty intervening years to the days of childhood's romantic dreaming.

Will my patient reader indulge me while I for a few moments withdraw the curtain and give a glimpse of my child life? Have I anywhere (no, I think not) referred to the very meagre opportunities we had in those early days of a new country for acquiring an education or indulging our taste for reading? Books and papers were a luxury that the most wealthy could indulge only to a limited extent. Being early left an orphan, I was taken by my father's sister into her home and companionship with her little son, a few years my senior. We went together to the *very* common school, and we read together, with the voracity begotten of innate hunger for intellectual food, everything that came in our way. So well do I remember the few weekly papers that were then published, and how rich we counted ourselves when we came into possession of one of these, and how eagerly we read their contents, often committing to memory the bits of poetry they contained. Our own poets were as yet few and unknown to fame. These selections were chiefly from the English poets, now classic. One I remember with peculiar interest, as it wove itself into the castles I in those days was building in the air out of fragments from the Scottish Chiefs, the bold Rob Roy, Sir Robert Bruce and the sad fated Mary Queen of Scots. This poem was entitled "The Braes of Yarrow," and written by Dr. Logan, a Scotch minister. How we read and re-read and "learned by heart" this little poem, I with my vivid imagination making it

all real and wishing that I might some day visit that old land so rich in song and story!

The frame-work in which these days so bright, so fleeting, were set was a country home—a red frame house set on a gently-sloping hillside, facing the south and looking off toward the village a mile away. The well, with its rustic curb, picturesque sweep and “old oaken bucket,” was in the north yard. Just beyond was a long line of cherry trees that in the springtime were white, and in the summer were laden with their wealth of dark red cherries. On the slope of the hill beyond these, and reaching to the top, lay the orchard perfuming all the spring air with the fragrance of its pale pink and white blossoms, and later yielding its rich harvest of apples. Along the lane and reaching up over the hill ran a row of rosy-decked peach trees that by nature’s mysterious transforming hand, as the year grew older, delighted the eye with their contribution of russet and golden fruitage.

Ah, me, such juicy, ripe cherries, such mellow apples, and such luscious peaches have never grown for me since! The bees hummed and flew in and out of their row of hives under the cherry trees, all the long, summer days hastening to the fields of clover and buckwheat, and returning laden with the rich stores of sweets with which they filled their cells for the winter’s need.

The wild birds sang and chose their mates and built and kept house and raised their families among the trees, no one daring to molest or make them afraid. The cat-birds cried and quarreled with and mocked their neighbors down in the old prim bushes at the foot

of the garden. The doves cooed their plaintive notes up in the orchard, the robin and wren, more sociable and less shy in their ways, built in the shrubbery near the house, while the quail piped and called "Bob White" down in the meadow. The whip-poor-will would come, as the twilight thickened into night, and sit on the fence quite too near the house for our youthful superstitious notions of his boding evil, and through the long hours repeat his monotonous refrain, "Whip-poor-will, Whip-poor-will," while the lonesome owl hooted over in the dark, solitary woods, "To who! to who!"

On the bright spring mornings I was awakened by the song and twitter of birds, the lowing of kine, the bleating of the sheep and lambs, the crowing and cackling of fowls and the noisy clamor of geese. And among this demonstrative family of farm life were two guinea fowls I remember so well that were forever going on with their ever-repeated, harsh, unmusical notes, "Go backward, go backward, go backward."

On this second day of May I was awakened by the song of birds, the lowing of kine, the bleating of sheep and lambs and the cackling of fowls and gabble of geese; even the "go backward, go backward" of the guinea fowl was mingled in the familiar farm concert. The air was laden with the perfume of the orchard blossoms, and *I was on the banks of the Yar-row*. And so before I drop the curtain over this homely picture, to me so sacred—for all, all that composed that family of simple, country life, save the writer hereof, are gone—shall I give you the little song that by the wonderful leadings of Providence

was made to live again for me, my childish longings being realized :

THE BRAES OF YARROW.

Thy braes were bonny, Yarrow stream,
When first on them I met my lover.
Thy braes, how dreary, Yarrow stream,
When now thy waves his body cover!
Forever now, oh, Yarrow stream,
Thou art to me a stream of sorrow.
For never on thy banks shall I
Behold my lover, the flower of Yarrow.

He promised me a milk-white steed
To bear me to his father's bowers ;
He promised me a little page,
To 'squire me to his father's towers ;
He promised me a wedding ring,
The wedding day was fixed to-morrow ;
Now he is wedded to the grave—
Alas ! his watery grave in Yarrow.

Sweet were his words when last we met,
My passion I as freely told him ;
Clasped in his arms, I little thought
That I should ne'er again behold him ;
Scarce was he gone, I saw his ghost—
It vanished with a shriek of sorrow
Thrice did the water wraith ascend,
And give a doleful groan through Yarrow.

His mother from the window looked
With all the longings of a mother ;
His little sister, weeping, walked
The greenwood path to meet her brother ;
They sought him east, they sought him west,
They sought him all the forest thorough ;
They only saw the cloud of night,
They only heard the roar of Yarrow.

No longer from the window look,
Thou hast no son, thou tender mother ;
No longer walk, thou lovely maid,
Alas ! thou hast no more a brother.
No longer seek him east or west,
And search no more the forest thorough ;
For, wandering in the night so dark,
He sunk, a lifeless corse, in Yarrow.

CHAPTER XVII.

EDINBURGH—SIGHT-SEEING—LADIES' UNION FORMED—MEETING IN THE LITERARY INSTITUTE—VISIT A PUBLIC HOUSE—STIRLING CASTLE—ALLOA—ADDRESS THE FACTORY GIRLS—DUNDEE—OLD ST. ANDREWS—ABERDEEN—INVERNESS—FAREWELL TO SCOTLAND—BELFAST—LETTER TO THE PITTSBURGH "AGITATOR."

MAY 2d, leaving Mrs. Parker to meet the ladies of Hawick and assist them in forming a union, I took the train for Edinburgh, where I was met by a number of the temperance friends, headed by J. H. Waterson, chairman of my committee, Mrs. Prof. Kirk, Mr. and Mrs. Darling and others, and taken to the Regents hotel. Here I was welcomed most cordially, and made to feel myself at home by the proprietor, Mr. Darling, and his accomplished lady. A very highly appreciated compliment was the unfurling of the dear old stars and stripes on the tower of the Regents, where it was kept floating while I remained.

At a banquet, same day, tendered me at the Regents, I met a number of representative temperance workers and others; at night a reception at Odd Fellows' Hall, where I met all the prominent ladies and gentlemen connected with the various temperance organizations, and where I received a handsomely illuminated address of welcome and many kind words of endorsement and cheer.

Next morning, by special invitation, I took breakfast

with Mr. John Hope*, a gentleman known throughout Scotland, not only for his great wealth, but for his liberal use of it in helping to better the condition of the needy. He has especially taken very great interest in the children, organizing and superintending the Band of Hope movement in Scotland, which has resulted in untold good to thousands of the youth of that country. I regret that my limited time compelled a brief visit.

How could I find myself in this beautiful city of culture, art and history, without indulging my long-cherished desire to visit the noted places of historical interest! By compelling one day to do duty for at least two, I was able to take a tantalizing glimpse of some of the most renowned places in the history of that renowned city.

By the courtesy of Mr. J. H. Waterson and Mr. George Tait I was driven to Calton Hill, Sir Walter Scott's monument, the quaint old house where John Knox lived, not forgetting a passing glance at the famous "Bore Stane" by the wayside, a rough, gray stone where James IV planted his standard in 1513; then to the cemetery, where lie many of Scotland's illustrious dead; thence passing the cottage once occupied by Jennie Deans, made memorable by Sir Walter Scott; up the beautiful drive to the castle on the summit of Castle Hill, overlooking the city and surrounding country, presenting a view on which the eye might rest forever and not weary. All too brief

*As I sit proof-reading this chapter, the *League Journal* comes in bringing the news of the death of this remarkable man. And so another of the staunchest supporters of our cause has passed away.

was the time for exploring this wonderful old castle, made renowned by the deeds of valor and cruelty, too, in the dim, historic past. The next point visited was Holyrood. Of course I visited Queen Mary's rooms, looked into the little private breakfast room where that fearful tragedy was enacted—the murder of Rizzio, the Queen's secretary, in her presence. With only a few moments left, I looked into the picture gallery upon the faces of the long line of Scottish sovereigns and notables.

At noon I visited Mrs. Prof. Kirk's prayer meeting, an institution inaugurated by herself and Mrs. Finney, wife of Rev. Charles Finney, president of Oberlin College, in my own State, who was at that time, August, 1859, visiting Scotland and doing valiant service for his Master, always with the co-operation of his devoted and wonderfully efficient wife. This ladies' union prayer meeting has kept the holy fire burning on the altar from week to week ever since, and through the earnest prayers, faith and work of its high priestess, Mrs. Kirk, and her associate vestal virgins, the streams of healing have flowed out from the altar here set up in humble fashion, and great good has been accomplished, bringing consolation and rejoicing to many a weary and heavy laden soul, as the little history before me, prepared by Mrs. Kirk, relates. I cannot pass on without here recording my grief at the news that has recently gone all over Christendom of the death of that noble Christian minister and philanthropist Prof. John Kirk, husband of the above-mentioned elect lady.

At 5:30 a ladies' meeting convened at Regents

Hotel, at which a woman's union was formed. Among the ladies participating I recall Mrs. Kirk, who was made president of the organization; Mrs. Steel, Miss Eliza Wigham, Mrs. Darling, Mrs. Councillor Wellstood, Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Parker, who had rejoined me.

At night we had a densely-crowded meeting in the Literary institute, south Clerk street, Councillor Turnbull presiding. On the platform were the Rev. Mr. Wemyss, Rev. Mr. Adamson, Rev. Mr. Turner, Rev. Mr. Dodds, Rev. Wm. Gillespie, Rev. Samuel McNaughton, of Nova Scotia; Councillor Durham, Councillor Wellstood, Mr. David Anderson, Dr. Cuthbert, Dr. Bowie, Mr. James Darling, Mr. George Tait, Mr. J. H. Waterson, Mrs. Parker, of Dundee, and several other ladies and gentlemen. A deep interest was kept up to the close, the audience manifesting their appreciation by frequent rounds of applause. So many were turned away for lack of even standing room that a morning meeting was announced to accommodate these.

At the close of the meeting I was taken by Mr. Waterson, Mrs. Prof. Kirk and a few others to visit one of the more prominent public houses, which was still in full operation, and had rather an animated conversation with the proprietor; but of course nothing resulted from the visit, and nothing was expected except the information I was able to pick up in regard to the trade, intrenched as it was, not only behind the law, but the social customs of the people and the sanction of the church, the latter the most potent influence of all.

In the course of a brief, but most eloquent speech at this evening meeting, Rev. Mr. Adamson had said, "Let Mother Stewart not tell it in America that out of a hundred office bearers in the various churches of the city *eighty* are publicans." In this regard I found that we of America were far in advance of the friends of that country, but much valuable work has been done in the years since, and great progress made.

The next morning, May 4th, we held a meeting as per announcement the evening before, then visited a "Ragged school," founded by the noted divine, Rev. Thomas Guthrie, in 1847, and I understood was still under the patronage of his daughter. Undoubtedly this was a most beneficent institution in that land, a means by which the very poor might receive some germs of an education. But I could at once see that however great the poverty and ignorance of any portion of our population, such an institution could not find a place with us. Our free school system, and more, the ideas of independence, begotten of our form of government, however crude, so permeate all classes that the very lowest would rebel at being designated as "ragged school" children, though the rags might hardly hang together on their backs. Then again, there was a dull sort of stolid indifference, lack of animation or interest depicted on their countenances that to me was quite pathetic. In this I am not criticising either persons or institutions, but in talking to the poor little fellows I was painfully struck with their apparent indifference or inability to comprehend, or, to use one of the slang expressions of our own, to "catch on." The veriest street Arab in our country would have been

alert and seen the points, or fancied he did, and would have given expression, whether in the right or wrong place would have been of little consequence.

So with all the grand institutions of the country across the seas that I admire, and the grander people that I love, and with so much in our land that I wish were better, I have to say that my own is the land for the poor man. But with the all-powerful influence of liquor in the business and political world, with the influx of the debased and ignorant population of the European countries and their false conceptions of our institutions, personal liberty, communism, who can prophesy how long it shall remain the land where either poor or rich shall find protection from anarchy and misrule?

At noon we left for Alloa, having been escorted to the train by a large company of friends, from whom I parted with tears, "sorrowing most of all" that in all human probability I should not, on the shores of time, clasp their friendly hands or look into their faces again. Passing through Stirling we took advantage of a brief waiting for train to visit the old Castle; saw the room where the fated Douglass was assassinated by King James and thrown from the window to the court below. I stood where Mary Queen of Scots had stood and looked off upon the beautiful landscape upon which her eyes had once rested; then turning to the north and east I looked off over the historical Bannockburn. It was a little interesting to a foreigner or "outside barbarian" to notice the sectional feeling still existing after the long lapse of centuries. My friend Mrs. Parker, though at this time a resident of

Scotland and married to one of the bravest of Scots, is by birth, and evidently by attachment, English. Her criticism of the Scots for digging the pitfalls in the boggy ground and covering carefully with sod, which played such sad mischief with the English mounted soldiery, showed very plainly which side claimed her sympathies.

But the train is here and we are off to our work. Reaching Alloa we are welcomed and most kindly entertained by the Rev. Peter McDowel and his daughter, an earnest and active worker in all channels, and whose object is the lifting up of humanity. I am sorry to add this devoted and venerable minister to the list of my dear friends who have since passed over.

After tea we met a goodly company of the representative Christian ladies of the town. Here Miss White, coming down from Glasgow, joined us. An incident, one among the happy of my life, and that always associates itself with my visit to Alloa, was the reception of a letter from my well beloved Mrs. F., at home, telling the sweet, old, old story, how after long searching everywhere after the *truth*, struggling, praying, she had found sweet rest and peace in believing on the Crucified One. Oh, what rapture filled my soul, for I had been one of a secret band that was praying for her, and had always known that only this one thing she lacked. Always beautiful in character, always known for her alms deeds and large sympathy for all worthy objects, how has her life shone out in all Christian graces in these following years!

At night a very large meeting; twenty-one signed the pledge. By permission of the manufacturers, on

Friday morning at 9:30 we met a large company of factory girls and addressed them for half an hour. At 10 we organized a ladies' union. At 1:40 we set off for Dundee, were entertained at tea by Mrs. Henderson, and in the evening I addressed an interesting meeting of Juvenile Templars in Rev. Mr. Ewin's church.

Saturday I was very glad to find a day off, and taking advantage of the near vicinity of old St. Andrews, with Mrs. Parker and members of her family visited the old historical and college town. We looked at the monument, cathedral and castle, and peered over into the vault, or underground dungeon, where for a time John Knox was imprisoned in the days of intolerance.

Sabbath evening I addressed a large audience in Rev. Milligan's church, this being my last in Dundee; Monday evening at Broughty Ferry again; Tuesday, May 9th, at Brechin; was here joined by Mrs. Woika, whom the Glasgow ladies had commissioned to accompany me to Aberdeen and Inverness. Of the meeting at Brechin I have but an indistinct recollection. I find a brief memorandum saying audience large, but hard to move. I do, however, remember that I was entertained by a good artist who it seemed had been told that for such hospitality to the lecturer he should have the opportunity of a sitting with whatever might accrue from sale of the photographs. I suppose it was an entirely reasonable and fair arrangement, but the chief personage in the case had not been consulted, and not liking the notion of sitting for photographs, and feeling very weary and really prostrat-

ed, the result—well, I am just as sorry for that good man as I can be, but am very sure he found little sale for his pictures.

Wednesday, May 10th, we set off for Aberdeen, the granite city, my impression of it being that of almost shining brightness from the light, glistening granite of which it is built and which gives one the idea of a very clean city, but imparts also a sort of cold impression. We were entertained at the Forsyth Hotel, a temperance house, and, it need not be added, a model house, so orderly and homelike. By courtesy of the friends we were driven over the city, and in the evening met a large company at a tea reception, Mr. Cook, an active and prominent temperance advocate, presiding, and again at night at a very large public meeting composed of a respectable class of citizens of that very respectable old town.

Among other of the gentlemen who took prominent part in the exercises was Rev. Alexander Stewart, author of "A Practical Bible Temperance Commentary," a work of intrinsic value, evincing much study and research, but written in such plain, perspicuous style as to be within the comprehension of all. I count myself highly favored in possessing a copy through the generosity of the author. And I felt very much inclined to claim relationship with the reverend gentleman, as I fancied there was quite a resemblance—it might be accidental—to my husband's family, whose ancestors were from some of the Stewarts of Scotland, as my mother's were originally from the Gutheries.

Thursday morning, at 7 o'clock, we started for our

last engagement at Inverness and arrived at 1 o'clock. Were entertained at the Waverly Hotel, another temperance house. Inverness is situated in the midst of one of the most beautiful and picturesque portions of northern Scotland, as, by the courtesy of Mr. McDonald, we were enabled to see in a charming drive. Our coming had been very extensively advertised, and parties came from long distances to attend our meeting.

Dr. Munroe, a genial and kindly gentleman, superintendent of the Hygienic Institute of Forres, came up. I am sorry to have learned since of his death. Among others a large party of Dingwall, some twenty miles distant, chartered a boat and came over.

Towards meeting time I was called to the window to see the Juvenile Templars in their regalia and with banners marching to the hall. They made a very fine display. The Rev. J. J. Black presided. Mr. Black was a remarkably genial and witty gentleman—I would like to say *jolly*, if it were admissible in speaking of a minister. Upon entering the hall I found my little Juvenile Templars occupying the front seats, a wide-awake, intelligent class of boys and girls, and it pleased me to give my attention largely to them in the course of my lecture. Here a poor fellow found his way into the hall, having recently visited the public house to his own disadvantage. Whether the publicans had sent him in or not, I do not know, but he advertised himself by asking some not very relevant questions. When some of the gentlemen started to take him out I requested them to let him remain, as it seemed quite evident that the publicans had sent him

in as a specimen of the work the trade was turning out in their town. This is the only case of the kind in all my meetings in Great Britain.

At the close of my address I introduced Mrs. Woika as a daughter of Abraham who had accepted our Christ as hers. Her appearance was that of a gentlewoman, rather tall and slender, of softest, gentlest manners. Her voice was low and musical and with a foreign accent just sufficient to attract attention and increase the interest. The audience listened with the profoundest attention, and of course the impression was delightful.

As soon as the meeting was closed a young man sprang onto the platform and asked to be presented to the speakers; said he was a Jew, was the only one in the city, and was greatly delighted to meet one of his own people. He was a Good Templar and apparently a very worthy young man. He accompanied us to the hotel and Mrs. Woika at once opened up the great and important question, "What think ye of Christ?" and they continued the discussion until one o'clock, or rather she continued to present Jesus as the "Hope of Israel," and to plead with him to accept Him as his Savior. The next morning early, with other gentlemen, he was on hand, as we had to leave on the early train for Glasgow, and at once Mrs. W. again took up the theme of the previous evening. At length she arose and, as she went to the organ where Mr. Brown was playing, said, "I am praying for you," and with Mr. B.'s assistance sang the sweet song of which the above words are the refrain. As the song ended she knelt and offered a very touching prayer for our young

friend, I and Mr. Brown following, Mr. Smith the while standing with bowed head and solemn mien. As we passed out I took his arm—he had asked me to adopt him as my son—and asked him if he could not accept Jesus of Nazareth as Him for whom Israel was looking. He answered, “I am thinking seriously of it.” Whether the answer was given only because he thought it would give me pleasure or in sober earnestness I do not know, but I hope wherever he is to-day he may have found “What a friend we have in Jesus.”

Reaching the depot, among others we found three plethoric, portly men standing together and looking with a great deal of curiosity at the stranger, evidently trying to make out to what species of the genus homo she belonged, that she dared to invade all their hitherto undisputed domains and in such free manner of speech hold up “the trade” to Christian people as the “sum of all villainies.” The friends pointed them out to me and in whispers told me who they were. I felt quite inclined to have a little conversation with the gentlemen, but my friends were very much startled at the bare idea. This little, apparently insignificant incident impressed me more than ever with the power of the traffic over the minds of the people. The universal sway they had gained through the centuries, the drinking habits of nearly all the people, the power they had through the protection of the law, and through the disposition that the class distinction cultivates, to look up to people who have acquired or inherited high position, have tended to overawe the people and to more firmly enthrone the liquor power in its fastnesses.

Thank the Lord, in this land one important result of the temperance agitation has been to brand the making and selling of liquors as disreputable, and whoever engages in it has reason to expect that he and his family will lose caste in society.

Down by rail through the Highlands to Glasgow again, a journey to think of as the years come and go. A very pleasant farewell tea at Mrs. Stewart's, president of the union, meeting for the last time a select few of the dear ladies who had called me to Scotland and had with so much earnestness and love co-operated with me and made my visit a delight and a sweet memory for life, as well as a success for the cause of temperance, I am glad to believe. Oh, bonnie Scotland, farewell! How sweet has been my association with these sisters beloved! How bright have been the days, made so by their ever watchful care and love. The tears ran down a flood as I bade them farewell—farewell, as I thought, forever.

Again, by the kindness of the ladies, Miss Bryson was my companion. We took the evening train down the Clyde and the night steamer across to Belfast, where we were entertained by Mrs. Boyle, principal of a young ladies' seminary.

We addressed a ladies' conference meeting at noon in Dr. Knox's school rooms. Then having been met by Mrs. Richardson we took train for Moyallen House, Mr. John Grub Richardson's country seat. Here at this elegant Christian home I got another delightful glimpse of the home life of the Irish gentry. But as I find a letter that I wrote to the *Pittsburgh Agitator* of my visit to this beautiful country seat and

to Mr. Richardson's manufacturing town of Bessbrook, from the latter place, I think the reader will prefer that I give that, rather than my memory of the visit at this distant date.

BESSBROOK, IRELAND, May 16th, 1876.

Dear Agitator—Did you ever think what were the feelings of that historical dove as she wandered up and down over the waste of waters, not finding a spot of ground on which to rest the sole of her foot? And again, what must have been her feelings of rest, security and satisfaction when she returned to the ark in safety?

I have had a realization of something of that nature. I, too, have been wandering up and down this old kingdom by the seas endeavoring to preach righteousness, temperance and judgment to come, everywhere finding this enemy of souls, strong drink, enthroned, intrenched behind his fastnesses, except, indeed, one district in London, the Shaftsbury estate, and a similar district in Liverpool. Everywhere liquors sold and drank, and the result, all according to law. What an abandonment of feeling! What a restfulness came over my spirits on Saturday last as I was driven into the estate of Moyallen, the home of a Christian gentleman, the well known philanthropist, Mr. J. G. Richardson! No discontent, no wretched poverty manifest among his tenants, because they are governed in righteousness *and there is no liquor there*. As you near the place the difference is apparent in the well-clad and happy children, who rush out with eager, smiling faces for the expected tract or picture paper Mrs. Richardson is accustomed to distribute in passing. This home, in this quiet, retired spot, is indeed a paradise. Comfort, refinement and luxury, without the ostentation which gives a sense of oppressiveness. True hospitality, so kindly dispensed by this noble man and not less noble lady and their beautiful family.

I have left dear old Scotland with aching heart and tear-stained eyes. But my ever-thoughtful sisters in Glasgow, still mindful of my comfort, have again sent my dear Miss Bryson with me, who is here one of our party; and it was, too, a source of great happiness to meet here that renowned country-woman of mine, Caroline Talbot. Mr. Porter, also of our party, is a young gentleman, a J. P. of Lettenkenny, county Donegal, a staunch friend of temperance and devoted Christian. Sabbath evening we held a service in the neat little chapel near the mansion.

Yesterday we took private conveyance across the country, some twenty miles—having a fine opportunity to see the country and the peasantry—to this estate, where are the flax mills and the model community; the model, certainly, for the world. A population of between four and five thousand inhabitants. Health, morality, prosperity, order, happiness prevail. “In Ireland?” you exclaim. Even so, in Ireland, such a community, and carrying on one of the most extensive linen manufactories in the world.

This place is owned by Mr. Richardson. An estate of six thousand acres, belonging to an Irish nobleman, came into market, and Mr. Richardson bought it, both as a money investment and to put into practice his temperance and philanthropic principles. It is now twenty-five years since this community and these mills were established. There are over four thousand hands employed in the mills, a large proportion being women and girls; and though I have seen many operatives, I never saw a better dressed, more tidy and contented set of people than these. Well may they be happy and grateful, for if they were not here, thus employed and cared for, they probably would be on the streets in idleness and rags, if not in sin and shame. There are twenty-two thousand spindles, five hundred power looms and sixty hand, whirling and roaring here, day in and out throughout the years. No strikes, no dis-

content or complaining, no policemen needed here, no station house. Panics, even in the financial world, do not cause a ripple on the surface of this establishment, because the foundations are laid in temperance and equal justice to all. Many of these operatives have handsome deposits in the bank. The children are well educated and trained in the schools. I could not help telling my friend that I thought the children a good advertisement, so well clad, well fed and well mannered do they appear compared with the peasants in other localities. While the owner is a Friend, there is nothing of the sectarian about him. His great object is to be a faithful steward of the Lord in promoting the happiness and prosperity of those under his charge, and hence, here in close proximity, are the Friend's meeting house, the Presbyterian, the Roman Catholic and Methodist churches. The children attend the Sabbath-schools and the elder portion public service on the Sabbath.

But how wonderful are these great powerful engines, working with such tremendous force, yet with the softest, smoothest action. One could easily imagine that they had intelligence, and the illusion is heightened as you pass among the busy looms and see the various patterns in perforated paper hung up, and the looms, apparently without other aid, duplicating these in the finest damasks and diapers.

Ah, but here is a beauty that arrests the American and rivets her attention. A marvel of fine linen and fine silk, accurately growing before your eyes into the historic group of William Penn and the Indians in the memorable treaty. The sentence woven at the margin, "The only treaty not ratified by an oath and never broken." Wonderfully familiar looks the benignant face and broad brimmed hat of the founder of "Penn's Woods." And you may smile if you will, when I tell you that the stars and stripes so accurately brought out in the delicate material, held in the eagle's talons,



MRS. WOIKA,
Lecturer B. W. T. A.



and sweeping down on either side of the group, caused the tears to spring to my eyes.

This thing of beauty—and I warrant the royal table of the Queen is not spread with a more exquisite specimen of the weaver's art—is being woven with all possible dispatch to be sent to the Ladies' Department at the Centennial Exposition, now opening in Philadelphia. There are several more in all linen to be sent also, as a present to the Ladies' Bazar, and one is by the generosity of Mr. R. presented to your humble correspondent, which she hopes to get in time to put upon exhibition at our International Temperance convention to be held in Philadelphia next month. I also have the honor of conveying to the convention and presenting in Mr. Richardson's name fifty table-cloths to the Good Templars, woven in a pattern expressly for that order.

The linens, sheetings, table-cloths, pocket handkerchiefs, etc.; manufactured here have a world-wide reputation for their superior excellence, and are eagerly sought for in all the markets. Say the merchants of York, Leeds, Manchester, you may buy these goods in the dark, for they are made upon honor.

Bessbrook, called "Happy Valley," is a neat village of stone cottages and villas, with broad, even and orderly streets, surrounded by gently sloping hills divided into small green fields, the fences of which are the well-trimmed hawthorne hedge, now bursting into bloom. The mills are also of stone, four stories high, the main building being five hundred feet in length. There is also a fine quarry of granite on the grounds, which employs two hundred or more men. This manufactory is sending out to America—Chicago and other cities—tombstones, pillars, etc., of very superior quality.

You may say, dear reader, "Mother Stewart has gone into one of her enthusiastic strains over this 'Happy Valley' she has discovered in old Ireland." I can only say, Come you and see it, and you, too, will

sing its praises, and that of its founder, in more eloquent strains than I am able to command. And who would not sing such praises after a long weary labor of months among the drink and its consequences?

Here, wrought out, is the problem of prohibition and its results. No crime, no pauperism, no jail or police station, no sound of the policeman's tread ever heard on the streets. But lest I may weary you, my patient reader, I will close this account, over which I could linger and write almost a volume of facts and incidents of deepest interest, with a few statements given me by W. H. Porter, J. P. of Lettenkenny, County Donegal. He says: Population, 2,500; public houses, 29; police barracks, 2; policemen, 26; workhouse, 120 inmates; lunatic asylum, 200 inmates. Bessbrook, 4,000; no public house, no policemen. A temperance sermon in two brief, eloquent sentences needing no comment.

I have passed over a space of travel, work and deeply interesting experiences for the time, to give vent to my overflowing feelings of restful happiness that I have experienced since coming into this little sheltered harbor from the storms of intemperance that rage all over this, as well as our own land; and all the result of the working out, by one God-fearing man, of the great principle inculcated by our Divine Teacher, "Love thy neighbor as thy self."

We had a very good meeting at night.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MEETING AT NEWRY—DUBLIN—IN THE SLUMS—FOXROCK—BRAY
—CRIPPLES' HOME—BACK TO DUBLIN—LIVERPOOL—LAST PUB-
LIC MEETING—FAREWELL BREAKFAST—HOMEWARD BOUND—
MEETING AT SWANTON, VT.—PHILADELPHIA—A CENTENNIAL
TEA BELL—HOME AGAIN—WELCOME RECEPTION.

THE next day (15th) we drove to Newry and were entertained in very elegant style by Mr. Henry Barclay and lady at the Glen, their beautiful suburban residence. At night we had a large, enthusiastic meeting in the Assembly Hall, Exchange Bank.

Wednesday, 17th, we took the train for Dublin, were met by the Misses Edmondson, and were entertained at a tea meeting by the Good Templars. A public meeting was held at night in the Town Hall, Rathmines. The chair was occupied by the Rev. Mr. Eagle; Mr. Cummins opened the meeting. Two or three reporters took their places just in front of the platform, and as they were adjusting themselves preparatory to "taking me" or impaling me on the point of their steel—pens, I noticed one nudge his neighbor with his elbow and point to a paper he had spread out on his knee. I knew by the movement that it was a report of a speech I had delivered somewhere else, and he had provided himself with it expecting to have good fun simply keeping tally with the paper before him. As we proceeded, however, I noticed that he lost sight of, or gave up, his attention to the paper on his knee.

It had not occurred to me, till I saw the little telegraphing of this reporter to his neighbor, that any one supposed I was simply repeating one speech all over the kingdom. I am aware that I am rather singular in this regard, but I have never been able to see how I could make one set, or written, speech fit into all places, and meet the needs of all communities alike. My presumption was that each town or community had its own peculiar characteristics and needs, and to do them the greatest amount of good I must, if possible, find out those characteristics and try to aid them in the direction of their special needs. And so, up to that time, I had no written lecture or "piece" committed to repeat. While the main great principles of total abstinence and prohibition and many facts pertaining to the subject apply everywhere, yet there are conditions, influences, customs in each community that especially affect and influence that particular place, and must be handled fearlessly by the speaker if he proposes to leave a beneficial result on his hearers. I have, in later years, written lectures, occasionally, on special subjects or for special purposes, but in my general work I have trusted, as above indicated, to the needs of my hearers and the inspiration of the hour. And many has been the time it has been said to me, "Mother Stewart, you must have been inspired; you just hit our case here exactly."

I found the Irish, as on my first visit, enthusiastic and demonstrative, and was on this occasion received with such hearty applause that the first expression that sprung from my lips was, "Ireland forever!" a sentiment they accepted with renewed expressions of favor;

and so at once speaker and hearers were on the best of terms, and even though the truth I essayed to give them may have been more forcible than elegant, for I dealt the hardest blows I could at the church that threw the cloak of respectability around the manufacturer and dealer in liquors by allowing them to belong to the church, vehemently declaring that the church of God could not prosper while such men were tolerated in it, I was, nevertheless, vehemently cheered.

At night we were entertained by Mr. Thomas Webb, and in the morning Mr. W. very kindly drove me out, intending to show me some of the beautiful sights and grand old buildings of the city. He was evidently very much disgusted when I resolutely declined to visit the best, and begged to be driven into the hardest, most wretched and poverty-stricken quarters. Very little did he know of the self-denial it required on my part to forego an opportunity that was being presented by his thoughtful kindness, for the first and last time in my life, to drive through the magnificent streets and visit the buildings and places of historic interest in that old Irish city.

But in accord with my theory and method of work above explained, I preferred to seek the abodes of wretchedness and misery and come face to face with the footings up of the liquor curse in the heart of old liquor-cursed Ireland. I was billed to address an audience of ladies that afternoon and a public assembly at night, at which would be gathered the representative men and women of the city, and I proposed to bring them a message from the lowest depths of misery, if I could find it. I proposed to stand face to

face with Irish poverty and misery and look into its eyes, and I did. Woe is me! What rags, and dirt and ignorance and wretchedness and misery! What gaunt want and besotted degradation! I alighted and went among them and into their poverty-stricken homes, bare walls and dirt floors, and how they thronged about us to hear what we had to say, one great, stalwart, young fellow running by the carriage repeating, "We'll dhrink yer health, mum; we'll dhrink yer health, mum," with the expectation that we would of course give him a shilling with which to do the same. When I told him to give up his drink, save his shillings and come to America and make of himself a worthy and respectable man, he responded very eagerly, "Indade, mum, and I'd loike to go to America."

Among the throngs of women that gathered was a tall, lank specimen that continued to repeat, "We're nothing but wild Irish; we're nothing but wild Irish, jist." She certainly, in her own person, exemplified the fact. Many, many of them, with Irish characteristics, pronounced blessings upon me and wishes for my safe return to my own country, which reminded brother Webb that one, under such circumstance in his own case, ejaculated, "May ivery hair of yer head be a tallow dip to light yer sowl to glory!"

In the midst of our strange interview the priest came hastening along. It was a curious spectacle to see the awe and reverence at once manifested by the motley group as they solemnly dropped the courtesy as he passed. As my early education had been sadly neglected in this direction, I was not able to share with

these specimens of degraded humanity in their reverence for a mortal man ; but I was very eager to get a word with him in regard to the drink curse that had brought them to this degradation in which I had found them. So I hurried along by his side and questioned him as to what was being done for them in the direction of temperance. I may safely presume that the good man had never before in his life met with so startling a little episode. I have no doubt that it quickened his pulse ; it certainly did his footsteps, as he apologized for his haste and bade me good-by. The dear, good father did not know that some, at least, of his brethren in my own country had indorsed and commended "Mother Stewart," and that in London, as I have already said, one gave me a warm invitation to address his people.

After the evening meeting, which was a large one, we were driven out seven miles to Foxrock, Mrs. Mary Edmondson's beautiful country seat, where again I had a sweet taste of Irish country life. Upon awaking the next morning, I found the bright May sun shedding its revivifying influence upon all nature, and tree and shrub and flower were basking in its life-giving beams, and all animated life seemed to be holding a grand symphony of praise for the very blessing of existence. How bright was the sky, how green and soft the sward ! Beautiful, beautiful Ireland !

Being booked for the watering place of Bray, eight miles distant, for three o'clock, the 19th, we made up a party of four, including Miss Edmondson, Miss Bryson, a lady whose name I cannot recall, and myself, making the complement, besides the driver perched on

the seat in front, for an Irish jaunting cart—to an American a very novel means of transportation in which, or rather *on*, which the traveler sits with face toward the side, right or left, of the road as he may happen to be on the vehicle, feeling all the time as if he must inevitably fall face forward to the ground, yet bravely holding his place while he is transported over the ground at an incredible rate of speed. Brother Collings, of Liverpool, told me, if I remember correctly, that he had done eighty miles in a day in, or on, one of these curious little machines.

How I love to linger in sweet memory over that bright May day's journey and experiences! The air was ambient and bracing, the skies deep blue and far away. Every tree and shrub was hung with dew drops, aglow and shimmering in the sunlight like myriads of sparkling diamonds. The well-trimmed hawthorne hedges were just bursting into bloom, lading the air with rich perfume. The birds were vying with each other on their highest keys and sweetest notes. We rolled over roads smooth and level as your parlor floor, through grounds of wondrous beauty, and passed country seats indicating wealth, ease and refinement in the highest degree. Ireland, beautiful emerald of the seas!

I remember I was talking with a man one day, in my yard, of the beautiful scenery and the cultured, refined people I had met in Ireland. An Irish laborer, being at work near, heard me, and soon after came around to the kitchen door under the pretext of a "dhrink of wather," but really to get me to say something more about his country.

"An' you were in ould Ireland thin, mum?" "Oh, yes." "An' is it a noice counthry, mum?" "Oh, yes, beautiful; the green isle of the ocean." "An' sure, an' did ye see any shmart people there, mum?" "Yes, indeed, as cultured and refined as I ever met in my life." "Now, indade, mum, an' they ain't all loike these that come over to this counthry?" "Oh, no, certainly not." "Well, now, mum, ye are a leddy of good jedgment, so ye are; I see it by the shape of yer head, mum. You have a good head, mum." And he went away greatly comforted over the thought that he had found at least one who had discovered that Ireland was not entirely peopled by such as the ignorant, hard toilers and hard drinkers that everywhere in this country represent it, unfortunately much to its discredit.

As we drove into the town we passed a most remarkable little procession which seemed to be wending its way to the church. It was a company of little people, led by two ladies, laboriously getting over the ground, some on crutches, others with the help of canes, and others limping along as best they could. When we reached the church I was both surprised and pleased to see them occupying the front pews. They greatly enlisted my attention, and I addressed myself chiefly to them, and they cried and I cried; am not sure but everybody else did. They sang, by my request, at the close, "Sweet by and by."

They were the inmates of a cripples' home in the town. The patroness and superintendent, Mrs. Sullivan, was invited by our hostess, Mrs. Henry Webb, to meet us, with other friends, at dinner. And after dinner we visited her interesting charge. The poor

little things were standing as we entered, leaning on their crutches and canes, and gave us a warm greeting. What an exemplification of the power of Christian love and devotion was here! This little company of something like a hundred of the poor, neglected, friendless little sufferers—many of them made so by the drunken cruelty of their parents—here found shelter, motherly care and training, and many, by the careful nursing they received, were greatly improved in their condition. The little girls had their knitting, tatting or crocheting, and the boys some little employment suited to them, such as fret-work, in which they seemed to take great pride. I selected and wanted to pay for a piece of work done by a little fellow that, when he came into the home, was not able to stand on his feet, but now was able, by assistance of his crutch, to stand at his bench and do really beautiful work, but Mrs. S. said, "Oh, no, Willie will only be too happy to present it to you."

When the holiday season came I remembered my little friend Willie at the Cripples' Home. When the present reached him, the first, probably, the little fellow had ever received, he exclaimed, in the exuberance of his joy, "Oh, ma'am, mayn't I write to the lady?" and soon came a nice little letter that I have filed among my most highly prized, in which he said our visit had resulted in Mrs. Sullivan's forming a Band of Hope in the home, and they each had their cards hung by their cots. Mrs. Sullivan also added that it had resulted in herself becoming a teetotaler, and also in her organizing a Ladies' Praying Union in the city.

I was told, while there, that this devoted lady was the wife of a sea captain who was lost at sea, and that she only escaped with her life, and had thereafter devoted herself to the service of the Master, and had conceived this commendable work to which she was giving her time and means.

We drove back to Dublin, and with our friend Caroline Talbot addressed a meeting in Friends' meeting house. As a result, I learned that at least one good Friend declared that henceforth he was a total abstainer. This may seem rather a surprising statement, as we in our country understand the Friends, as a matter of course, to be total abstainers; but I found that here many good Friends, as well as professors of the various other churches, were not.

We took steamer at night and crossed over to North Wales and ran up to Liverpool, passing in sight of old Snowden and castles and places of interest that to have visited would have been a rich treat.

Again I found a warm welcome at brother and sister Collings'. On Monday my faithful fellow traveler, Miss Bryson, left me to attend Friends' yearly meeting in London. I spent a few days in last visits with the Friends, and in preparation for leaving.

Liverpool having given me my first reception, upon my arrival in the kingdom asked to give me the last farewell, and I took great pleasure in going back from Ireland for my final leave-taking. On Wednesday evening, May 24th, my last public meeting was held in Liverpool, brother Collings presiding. Brother Kempster, of the Good Templar's *Watchword*, London, who had come down to be present and to give me

his last farewell, spoke. Sister Parker, having joined me here to visit America as one of the delegates of the British Woman's Temperance Association, also spoke, as did several others. The audience was very large and apparently much interested.

At eight o'clock Thursday morning, May 25th, the farewell breakfast was given at Y. M. Temperance rooms, presided over most appropriately by brother Collings, who had presided at my reception. A large select company was present. The farewell address was read and presented by Mr. J. Patterson, J. P. Mr. Patterson also proposed the following resolution, which was seconded by Mr. W. H. Newett, and supported by Messrs. T. Ollis, M. Bebbington, J. Pritchard, Rev. S. Todd (Liverpool), R. P. J. Simpson (West Chester), and J. Kempster (London), which was unanimously adopted :

Resolved—That the temperance friends assembled at this farewell breakfast to Mother Stewart, representing the Good Templar Order, Ladies' Association and similar organizations of Liverpool, heartily thank her for her unwearied and self-denying labors throughout her visit to promote the spread of temperance. We rejoice because the very many meetings she has so ably addressed have been so well attended, and pray the seed she has sown may, by Divine blessing, bear much fruit. We wish her a safe and pleasant voyage home, and trust England and America, always united, may spread the blessings of truth and soberness.

My committee, ever thoughtful of my comfort and pleasure from first to last, retained the farewell address, which is in beautifully illuminated type, encircled with the photographs of the nine gentlemen of

my committee, had it elegantly framed and forwarded to me. Here it rests over my mantel, always a sweet reminder of my visit and of the hearty co-operation and support of these noble men and the thousands of the true men and women all over the kingdom.

I take pleasure in recording the names of my committee, and wish I could thus record the names of all the friends with whom I labored and whom I learned to love so dearly; but their names and their record are on high.

MY LIVERPOOL COMMITTEE.

J. B. Collings, Dist. C. T.

Nathaniel Smythe, Dist. Councillor.

Richard Lambert, Dist. V. T.

M. Bebbington, Dist. Sec'y.

T. H. Williams, Dist. Supt. Juvenile Templars.

W. H. Newett, Dist. Treas.

Rev. Stephen Todd, Dist. Chap.

John Pritchard, Dist. Marshal.

Geo. Whitehead, Past Dist. Deputy.

At 3 p. m. a committee of gentlemen and ladies, including brother Kempster, who remained to see me off, accompanied me to the steamer, and I do not forget, among the number, my little pet Carrie Collings, who declared she was "going part way to America with Mother Stewart." Here is her photograph on the mantel. Ah, me, how the time flies! My little Carrie is now a young lady.

As brother Newett stepped back to the tender, he waved to me and said: "A cablegram has gone out to Mr. Stewart that you sail on the Persia at 3 o'clock."

Farewell, dearly-loved friends. How tender and

true you have been! God bless you alway. And dear old England, I am receding from your shores, but I cannot see them; the blinding tears well up and obstruct my vision. Oh, the greetings on that ever-green shore that I am anticipating with the dear co-workers whom I have learned to know and love so dearly, all over this and my own country! And I am nearly there.

We are once more on the tossing billows, sick, miserably sick, but buoyed by the thought that I am "homeward bound." A gale catches and buffets us for some two days. A gale is a successful institution for breaking the monotony of a sea voyage.

On Sabbath we held a gospel temperance meeting in the steerage, when nineteen signed the pledge.

Reaching the shores of my native land in safety, we were running down from Montreal towards New York, when J. Bennet Anderson, an English temperance evangelist, came aboard and insisted upon our stopping off and helping him at Swanton, Vermont, in a Good Templar county meeting. There was a large mass meeting at night, where 125 signed the pledge. Thursday, June 8th, we went over to St. Albans, and there brother Anderson, sister Parker and self addressed another large mass meeting.

On June 10th we reached Philadelphia, being met and welcomed by Mrs. Wittenmyer, Mrs. Dr. Elizabeth French, of Philadelphia, and Mrs. Rev. Albright, of Ohio.

Of the successive deeply interesting meetings of the various temperance organizations of all lands, it is not necessary for me to write here, as a very full history

of this International Temperance Conference was published by the National Temperance Society and Publication House, of New York.

But as an outgrowth of the crusade and of my message to our sisters of Great Britain, it is in place to mention the formation, on this occasion, of the Woman's International Christian Temperance Union, Mrs. M. E. Parker, of Dundee, Scotland, being made president, with a very full list of vice-presidents in all parts of the world. For some reason this organization was not made very effective. It has, however, in more recent years, been superseded by the World's Woman's Christian Temperance Union, of which Mrs. Lucas, of London, England (who has since joined the blood-washed throng beyond the river), was the first honored president, and Miss Willard first vice-president, Mrs. Clement Leavitt being our first messenger to prepare the way for this round-the-world combination of women, from whom we are expecting great results in the spread of our gospel of purity, sobriety and peace over all this green earth, and the ultimate overthrow of the kingdom of this great beast of intemperance that has hitherto slain and devoured almost without let or hindrance.

As the finale of this very interesting gathering, we give the following report of the International Temperance Breakfast :

A committee of friends of temperance, of Philadelphia, consisting of Rev. D. C. Babcock, secretary of the Pennsylvania Temperance Union, as chairman, Mrs. Wittenmyer, president national W. C. T. U., and others, gave a breakfast in honor of the delegates from

abroad, in Horticultural Hall, on Thursday morning, June 15th. About four hundred guests sat down at the tables. After the singing of the doxology, blessing was invoked by the Rev. A. A. Miner, D. D., of Boston, president of the Massachusetts Temperance Alliance. At the conclusion of the breakfast, James Black, Esq., president of the Pennsylvania Temperance Union, was called to the chair, and welcomed, in a brief address, the guests from abroad.

The following poem, written for the occasion by Mrs. A. C. Swanson, of Brooklyn, N. Y., was recited by Miss Minnie Mosher :

A CENTENNIAL TEA-BELL.

1876.

Come over, Mother England,
And take a cup of tea ;
"Come one and all," the "port" is open,
Our flags meet o'er the sea.
No more the tea-pot boils in wrath,
It bubbles now good cheer ;
Come on, to arms and hearts wide open,
In loving welcome here.
Come over, Mother England,
And take a cup of tea ;
Come, let us give you filial greeting,
Plenty of room have we.
There's "North room," Maine, "South," Florida ;
For naps, a prairie lea ;
You'll lunch beyond, in "West room" Golden,
Then hurry back to tea.
Come over, Mother England,
And sit with us at tea ;
So much we have now to "talk over,"
So much of what *should* be.
Your boys and ours need mothers' prayers,
And sisters' earnest hands ;
There's heavenly work to do together
To save our Christian lands.

Come over, Mother England,
Our festal hour to share.
Then pray with us at twilight holy,
God, His right arm to bare;
So fathers, sons, in might shall thrust
Man slaying from the door;
So weak ones, dying, law betrayed,
Swift witness bear no more.

Come over, Christian women
Of all lands, to our home;
And let us pray the Master "quickly"
His kingdom sweet may come;
Let hearts commune, faith clasp with love,
Sisters of Jesus, we
Will sit in heavenlie's, and the Lord
Christ at our supper be.

J. H. Raper, Esq., of England, Rev. Robert Simpson, of Scotland, and Mr. Ripley, of England, responded to the "Tea-Bell."

Mrs. Margaret E. Parker, of Scotland, was introduced and expressed her cordial greetings to her sisters in America, and her deep interest in the work in which they were engaged.

The Rev. Dr. Miner, of Boston, responded to "The Old Bay State and Temperance"; Thomas Cook, Esq., the English tourist, to "Temperance in Travel"; Rev. J. B. Dunn, D. D., of Boston, to "The Church and Temperance"; Mr. Justice Broomhall, of London, to "Queen Victoria"; Mrs. Reese, of Ohio, and Mrs. Foster, of Iowa, to "Our Lady Visitors from Abroad"; and Mother Stewart, of Ohio, to the sentiment, "United we Stand, Divided we Fall."

The following telegraphic message was proposed and adopted by a rising vote, to be forwarded to Queen Victoria:

To Queen Victoria, London:

Long live Victoria, queen, mother and patron of the church temperance society.

From the International Temperance Convention,
Philadelphia.

Other brief addresses were made by Rev. Dr. Burns, of Halifax, Mr. Raper, of England, Mr. A. M. Powell, of New York, Rev. D. C. Babcock, of Philadelphia, and others.

The Buell family, of Maryland, contributed some good temperance music.

The proceedings closed with a vote of thanks to the ladies' in charge of the entertainment, and the benediction by Rev. G. K. Morris, of New Jersey.

HOME AGAIN.

From the Springfield *Republic* I copy the following:

Return of Mother Stewart from England—Public Reception at High Street M. E. Church—Address of Welcome by Judge E. G. Dial—Account of her Work by Mother Stewart—Remarks by C. M. Nichols, Editor Springfield *Republic*.

Friday evening, June 23d, was selected as the time for giving to Mrs. E. D. Stewart—widely known at home and across the sea as "Mother" Stewart—a public welcome on her return from Great Britain, and the exercises occurred at the High Street M. E. church.

A heavy rain fell early in the evening, and many were, no doubt, prevented from attendance by it, but nevertheless there was a goodly number of good people present.

The pulpit of the beautiful audience room was most tastefully and profusely decorated with June roses and other flowers.

That excellent and active Christian lady—Mrs. Bishop Morris—presided. Scripture was read and prayer offered by S. B. Smith, pastor of High street church.

Judge E. G. Dial then read extracts from Liverpool, London, Dublin and Glasgow papers, to show how warm and general had been Mother Stewart's welcome abroad, and then in the following address gave her greeting and warm welcome back to America :

"Mrs. Stewart :—Your friends, neighbors and fellow-citizens are here this evening to greet you and to congratulate you on your safe return, and to express to you by our presence our sympathy with you in the grand work in which you are engaged, and to assure you again, if further assurance is necessary, that you have and ever shall have our co-operation and our prayers.

"You have stood within the shadow of royalty, and doubtless the queenly heart bade you God-speed. Honorable men and honorable women gathered about you glad to take your hand, and with glowing words to welcome you to their shores ; and the crowding thousands cheered you on with their unbidden applause, as a worker for them—for humanity.

"Nor were the multitudes abroad your only auditors. Many, very many in this land followed you in spirit beyond the great waters, and when your reception and influence and success seemed complete their joy was alike complete. The good, the benevolent of the British Isles called to you, 'Come over and help us.' They desired counsel, instruction and direction upon the treatment of a great question—a question involving the well-being of millions for time, for eternity.

"England has her great minds whose highest study and work are to develop and strengthen all good, and to seek out means and methods for the world's amelioration. But the 'inhabitants of the isles' on this oc-

casion passed by their own great, and their own House of Stewart, having passed away, they called to us, saying, 'Send us the *Mother* of the Stewarts that we may hold counsel with her.' And how many heavy hearts have been lightened, how many high resolves have been formed, how many lives have been reformed and started toward the better land as the result of your visit abroad, will be known when the book is unsealed.

"And now that you are here with us, shall it again and forever be said that a prophet is not without honor save in his own country? Should there be no words of cheer to greet you, no hearts of appreciation to meet you among those who know you best? Yes, they are here, who stood at your side in your and their great work, and their presence is more expressive of their regard and love than any words of mine can be.

"When a youth I used to read admiringly the words of that old Latin poet addressed to his imperial patron as the highest compliment that the poetic mind could invent. Literally rendered they are, 'May you return late into heaven.' There is a tinge of selfishness about this, but we will adopt the sentiment, including the selfishness, and may you long remain with us in labors of love, and, though *late*, be surely in heaven when 'life's fitful fever is past.' And now in the name of all present, and of your unnumbered friends not here, I bid you welcome home again."

Mother Stewart, who had been sitting on the platform, was then introduced. Very little change in her appearance since she left.

The word sympathy, as uttered by Judge Dial, had touched her heart and affected her to tears.

When she went onto the vessel for Liverpool, she felt lonely, but God raised her up friends. A party of gentlemen coming on board and calling for wine very politely tendered her a glass; she declined it, but upon the gentleman urging it upon her she at length told

them that she was "Mother Stewart." The leader of the party, ex-government architect Mullett, begged her pardon and became a fast and serviceable friend. As the steamer lay outside the bar at Liverpool a deputation came aboard inquiring for her, and she became a willing prisoner.

At Liverpool, London, Glasgow, Belfast, Dublin and elsewhere she was kindly cared for, relieved of routine business, correspondence, etc., and left entirely to the platform duties.

Everywhere she was greeted by very large audiences, addressing, on some occasions, three and four in a day.

The great mass of English people drink, and only a small portion of even Christian people are total abstainers. It was Mother Stewart's mission to try to enlist the Christian women in the great temperance reform.

Mrs. Stewart spoke of the first British Women's Temperance Conference held at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, April 21st, of a Temperance Conference at Belfast which she attended by invitation of the Irish Temperance League, and of the International Women's Temperance Convention recently held in Philadelphia. Mrs. Stewart made a very interesting address, and it was listened to with the closest attention.

Mrs. Morris then called upon C. M. Nichols, who said that we should try to get a proper appreciation of the field abroad and of Mother Stewart's work in England.

Our cousins across the water sometimes accused us of self-conceit, and as our veins are full of British blood we can safely own up and then return the compliment.

John Bull thought he was about right, and he was very firm in his notions. He drank beer and stronger liquors. Even pious and devoted men and women did so, and drinking habits were much more prevalent

there than in America. So extensive was the evil that it affected most seriously and disastrously the commercial interests of the country. It could not be otherwise, when in a time of remarkable financial pressure the men who lacked food and fuel expended in the aggregate many millions a year for drink.

God sent Mother Stewart across the sea to stir up these good Christian people to do their duty in putting down this evil. Her mission abroad and at home was that of an agitator. She was a Wendell Phillips in crinoline, and here in Springfield she would doubtless have something to say sometimes that we might not relish. Yet we must confess that the most active might do more in the good work, and if Mother Stewart should still continue to treat us, as in the past, to her heroic doses of stimulant, we trusted we should have Christian grace enough to take our medicine and profit by it.

There was good music at this meeting by a choir, led by Mr. Jason W. Phillips. Mrs. Joseph Cathcart and Mrs. John Foos occupied seats on the platform.

CHAPTER XIX.

DELEGATE TO THE WORLD'S GRAND LODGE—BON VOYAGE RECEPTION
—SAIL ON THE BOTHNIA—GLASGOW—PRISON GATE MISSION—
EDINBURGH—MEETING FRIENDS—CONVERSAZIONE—CARRUBBER'S
CLOSE MISSION—A DAY OF DAYS.

FOR many years I had cherished the hope that the way might again open for me to visit Great Britain, and again meet those grand co-workers from whom I had received such warm welcome and co-operation in my work. But the busy years went on until age and failing strength began to hint me, "Your hope is vain ; it is now too late."

I find myself, however, through the favor of my Heavenly Father and the kindness of my beloved sisters, able to add another chapter.

At our national convention, held at Atlanta, Georgia, November, 1890, I was honored by being elected fraternal delegate to bear the greetings of the National W. C. T. U. to the R. W. Grand Lodge of Good Templars, which met in Edinburgh, Scotland, in May, 1891.

And though slowly coming up from a serious illness, the result of a hard campaign in mid-winter, and with the frosts of seventy-five fierce winters upon my head, the opportunity was gratefully embraced.

When the time of leaving neared, I was happily surprised to learn that my ever thoughtful friends, irrespective of church or party lines, had arranged to tender me a farewell and bon voyage, a condensed

report of which I select from the various city papers of the next day.

By Waters Still, O'er Troubled Sea, it is God's Own
Hand That Leadeth Thee, Mother Stewart—May
His Counsel Guide, Uphold You, May Love's Ban-
ner Float Above You—God be With You 'Till We
Meet Again.

Never, possibly, in the history of an eventful and historic life was the proud respect and warm and fond love of the citizens of her chosen home more heartily and universally exhibited than at the "bon voyage" reception tendered Mother Stewart last evening at Temperance Hall. The capacious and handsome hall was crowded to its utmost capacity by representative citizens to testify, if only by their presence, to their respect and veneration for an exalted character, Springfield's beloved and venerated daughter, the courageous mother of a historic movement which swept the country like a whirlwind. The warm words pronounced by the speakers of the evening, the splendidly executed vocal and instrumental music, and the well-written and well-spoken original poem, all proudly and properly laudatory of Mother Stewart, found a ready and hearty echo in the hearts of the vast audience—in a word, Mother Stewart's "bon voyage" reception was a tender, respectful, heartfelt, even tearful good-by and God-speed to the white-haired, beloved, great-souled, renowned temperance worker.

The exercises were preceded by a

PUBLIC RECEPTION

at the hall, all uniting in an informal hand-shaking to Mother Stewart, who, next Tuesday, as the national representative of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, sails across the sea to represent the United States in the meeting of the World's Grand Lodge of Good Templars at Edinburg, Scotland. The regular

program of exercises followed after the reception, as given below.

Mother Stewart, mother of the crusade effort to abolish the saloons of the country, sat on the rostrum with a bouquet of flowers in her hand. Those who occupied positions on the platform beside her in whose honor the reception was given were Rev. S. P. Dunlap, of the First Congregational church, who was in charge of the exercises; Hon. A. R. Ludlow, Rev. J. B. Helwig, D. D., of the First Lutheran church, C. M. Nichols, Esq., secretary of the Board of Trade, R. S. Thompson, Esq., editor *New Era*, Rev. Mr. Barnes, of Central M. E. church, and others.

After the reception, the exercises opened with congregational singing, "He Leadeth Me," led by Mrs. W. R. Horner, with Miss Jeanette Leutz at the organ. Rev. Mr. Barnes followed in an eloquent invocation pleading to the God of battles and seas for a safe and pleasant voyage to the venerable and honored lady who is soon to cross the waves. The Fisk quartette followed in a well-rendered selection, which was heartily applauded.

After the song, Rev. Mr. Dunlap, in a few appropriate remarks, introduced the first speaker of the evening, Hon. A. R. Ludlow, who said: "I know Mother Stewart's great desire is to help her fellow-men. I have heard her on the platform and have seen her in the streets praying and pleading for the elevation of humanity. I have heard of her in England on a grand mission, where she is soon to go again. Mother Stewart, go and discharge the duty imposed upon you, and (turning and taking her by the hand) we bid you God-speed."

Mr. B. B. McIntire followed with a flute solo most artistically executed. Mr. C. M. Nichols came next with a thoroughly characteristic address. He said: "Mother Stewart seized upon a great idea seventeen years ago, and she is one of the most prominent

personages to-day who were identified with that great Christian movement. Mother Stewart's text in that great struggle was, 'We cannot reform men without reforming them from the foundation, and we cannot do it ourselves alone, but must look to a higher power,' and Mother Stewart sticks to that text to this day."

The Horner family added greatly to the interest of the occasion by a thoroughly enjoyable number, "The Tourist's Gallop," by Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Horner and little sons, George and Lawrence.

Mr. R. S. Thompson then read telegrams and extracts from letters of prominent people throughout the country, bidding Mother Stewart bon voyage, among which was Miss Willard's letter to the World's Grand Lodge of Good Templars, to which Mother Stewart is delegate from the National W. C. T. U.; also letters from Mrs. E. J. Thompson, of Hillsborough, Mrs. H. L. Monroe, president State W. C. T. U., H. A. Thompson, D. D., chairman of the Prohibition State committee.

The reading of the letters was followed by an address by Rev. J. B. Helwig, D. D., who expressed the wish that Mother Stewart would visit John Knox's house, in Edinburgh, and from the window over the street speak to the people in behalf of reform, as Knox did in his time. He closed with a few eloquent personal remarks to Mother Stewart.

Miss Henrietta Moore followed with an address most eloquent and beautiful, and in deeply touching words bade Mother Stewart good-by and bon voyage.

After another selection from the Horner family, Rev. Mr. Dunlap introduced the editor of the *New Era*, Mr. R. S. Thompson, who made a brief address, interesting and practical and always to the point. Miss Stella Duvall followed in an original poem of much power, most effectively delivered. Dr. Dunlap, in a few well-chosen words, full of love and pathos, presented Mother Stewart with a beautiful bouquet, the gift of Mrs. Lillian Houck, a member of her Bible class.

Mother Stewart arose to respond. It was several moments before she was able to speak, the demonstration overpowering her. When she did begin her voice trembled, and she was almost blinded with tears. She said: "Friends:—I thought I could keep myself composed and my feelings under control while attempting to answer to the warm words of appreciation so kindly and eloquently spoken, but I cannot. I have gone over my own country to and fro, and also across the seas, and have had more enthusiastic ovations than my friends at home have ever known of; I have had all the recognition one could ask. No demonstration ever given me, however, has touched my heart as this. I have not the words to express my appreciation of the honor you have shown me. When called into this blessed work it was with no thought of future honors that might come to me, but for the single purpose of saving my fellowmen from the curse that is ruining them by the ten thousands. I went to Europe fifteen years ago, believing that the Lord sent me, for the curse over there is infinitely worse than here, and it is bad enough here, and notwithstanding all our efforts it is growing worse very fast. I am going into the warfare again, trusting in the Lord as I did before. I go encouraged by your presence here to-night, and by your words of cheer, feeling assured that you will present me as you go before the throne. I do not know what is before me; I may be looking into your faces for the last time. If these shall be my last words, I can only reiterate, fight on, fight on! Oh, my brothers, think of the 800 young men who went into the saloons of this city in one hour, one night recently! Go and try to save them. God bless you, dear friends. While the Lord gives me life I shall stand in this great battle where you have always found me."

After the meeting Mother Stewart was besieged with friends, and many affectionate farewells were

taken. We here insert the original poem by Miss Stella Duvall :

We have crowned with laurels and jewels
Queens of music, of beauty, of art.
Those who hold in their hands magic power
To open the door of the heart.

In our midst here to-night is one royal,
Her crown—the white roses of years ;
And the homage we bring her is heart-love,
Mingled smiles, tender wishes and tears.

To her we have given the title
Most sacred, "the queen of the home ;"
By the holy name Mother we call her—
Word exalted to Heaven's high dome.

Most worthy is she of the feeling
Her name stirs in every breast,
For by her and her God-given mission
Our land—nay, the world—has been blest.

In the strength of her womanly courage,
With a mind and a heart all aflame,
With love to God and her fellows ;
Toward the great curse of rum, full of blame

With the grand motto waving above her,
"For God and our Home and our Land,"
She has led forth to battle and triumph,
Our thrice blessed white ribbon band.

We meet here to-night to bid God-speed
To her who so faithfully strove ;
On this side she leaves home and kindred,
On the other her greeting is love.

'Tis her efforts have given existence
To the mission that calls her away ;
Tho' the farewells are spoken with sorrow,
Duty's call she must ever obey.

Farewell and bon voyage, dear Mother ;
When the ocean between us rolls blue,
We will cherish as fondly as ever
Your labor and mission so true.

In company with my two nieces, Miss Campbell (my private secretary) and Mrs. Dr. Holmes, and with the loving words of my dear friends spoken at my bon voyage stored away in my heart, to be drawn upon as antidote for sea sickness, and a possible touch of home sickness, too, I left home on the 11th of May, and on the 13th we took passage on the Bothnia for Liverpool. It was a pleasure here to join Mrs. M. A. Woodbridge, our other delegate, and her party, Miss Robins and Miss Smith. The weather was very fine, and the sea never more complaisant, seeming to be especially benign to the inexperienced voyagers; not to all, though I do not know what I have ever done to old Atlantic that he shall forever hold such a grudge at me. While not so spiteful as on my former passage, he was enough so to prevent my enjoying much of the social pleasures of ship life.

We fell behind time, notwithstanding the weather was so fair, and consequently were a day overdue at Liverpool, landing on Saturday, 23d, at 3 p. m., too late for the afternoon train to Glasgow. But upon consultation it was decided to take the midnight train and spend the Sabbath in Glasgow rather than in Liverpool.

Here we parted with sister Woodbridge, she going out to Chester for the Sabbath, and thence to London to attend the British Woman's Annual Conference.

Upon arriving at Glasgow we were met by an escort sent by my friend Miss White, and were driven to her hospitable home, where a warm welcome again, after the lapse of years, awaited me.

After a few hours' rest, Miss White took us to the

Prison Gate Mission for the afternoon service, which is held every Sabbath with the inmates. This institution is the outcome of the visits of Miss White and Miss Bryson to the prisoners on the Sabbath, to read the Word, talk to and pray with the women incarcerated there, a privilege granted by the city officials to these two Christian ladies exclusively for many years, though of late it has been extended to other ladies also. At length, having seen that many, indeed nearly all, of those wretched women thus incarcerated were in for "drunk and disorderly," and that being turned out at the expiration of their sentence and having no place to go they inevitably drifted back to the public house, whose doors are forever open though all others may be shut, and perhaps in a few hours again were remanded to prison, and thus their poor blasted lives were put in oscillating between the public house and the prison, it was laid upon Miss Bryson's heart to provide a home or shelter for such as would accept the provision with the conditions involved. In due time, with earnest work and prayers and tears, it grew into a veritable home, and for years has indeed been a haven to many a poor sin-tossed, homeless soul. One such I noticed that Sabbath with the deep lines that time and sin and sorrow had left on her face, and with whitened locks, evidently nearly as old as myself, that Miss White told me was one of the most competent dressmakers she ever knew, and could make good wages all the time, but she begs them to let her stay there; she cannot trust herself with the accursed drink within her reach.

What a season was that Sabbath afternoon with

those seventy-five or eighty poor inmates. From their nice, tidy, though of course plain, apparel and their serious and reverent attention, it was very evident that the discipline was of the most perfect kind, and more, that a holy, religious atmosphere pervaded the institution. Miss White had invited Miss Wallace, organizer for the Scottish Women's Association, to be in attendance and open the services if we should not be there on time, and she was speaking when we arrived. Miss Wallace is the daughter of Rev. Alexander Wallace, D. D., and has for years been his devoted and efficient helper in his very large parish.

The ladies of the Scottish Association have been most fortunate in securing her services as organizer.

When Miss White introduced me and I came to stand before these women, ranging as I have said from women nearly as old as myself to mere young girls, it was with difficulty that I could control myself from utterly breaking down; my heart did swell and send up a flood that overflowed from my eyes. But I was not alone, for not a few mingled their tears with mine. A spectacle at which angels might weep; so many, and yet but a few, compared to the whole who are thus robbed of their womanhood, their purity and their hope of eternal life in that great city by the drink, the drink. Just on the next street Miss White pointed out a long building, two or three stories high, where she said were four hundred women incarcerated. And yet how few in that Christian city seem to know or care. When we closed our services Miss White told the women to come as they passed out and bid me farewell. And as they filed along, some with ex-

pressions of kind wishes and blessings, not a few of them looked up into my face with an expression of countenance that said, "I do not belong where you see me; the accursed drink has been the cause of my undoing."

I dare not linger on this interesting subject longer than to say that as the years have gone on the labors of these devoted sisters of charity in very deed have been blessed by the reclaiming of numbers of these stranded souls, and they have found good homes, some in homes of their own to-day, living not only sober, but humble Christian lives, proving that Jesus has power to save to the uttermost *all* who come unto Him.

On Monday morning before leaving I was made very happy by a call from Mrs. Stewart Clark, of Paisley, who entertained me so kindly upon my former visit and, as I have recorded in a previous chapter, whom we elected as Honorary President of the Ladies' Temperance Association. Having seen in the papers the announcement of my arrival, she had come up to take me to her beautiful country seat, The Cliffs, at Weymms Bay. But as I was the bearer of important dispatches from our President to the Right Worthy Grand Lodge of Good Templars, duty compelled me to forego that pleasure, at least till I had filled my commission.

Mr. Robert Mackay, secretary of the Scottish League, and Mrs. Woika, my dear Jewess friend, whom I had the pleasure of seeing take the platform with me on my former visit, called, and the result of our consultation was that I promised to return on the

following Monday for a reception that the temperance organizations proposed to tender me.

We had been unfortunate in taking a slow sailer instead of the fleet City of New York, in which all the other Western delegates had taken passage and so distanced us by two days, and were welcomed in royal style, both in Liverpool and Glasgow, before we arrived. It was a real grief to me that I could not have been with them, for I should have had the pleasure of meeting many of my friends that I failed to see. In Glasgow the pleasure would have been enhanced by the memory of that grand occasion when in the same hall my Good Templar brothers and sisters tendered me the welcome just fifteen years before, that I have already recorded. But my dear friends determined that I should not fail of my reception and so arranged for my return.

In the afternoon in company with Miss Wallace, who went up to attend the Free Church Women's Manse Annual Conference, I went to Edinburgh and met with a warm reception at the "Regents" from Mrs. Darling and her daughter, Miss Janie, though I sorely missed the warm hand clasp of the proprietor, Mr. James Darling. That brave Christian man had, with so many others whom I had learned to venerate for the great work they were doing for the Master, been called up higher. I took pleasure in going to the conference with Miss Wallace. The Free Church yearly assembly was in session in that city and consequently there was quite a good attendance of ladies at their conference. Mrs. Blaike, the president, was absent, being in attendance at the British Women's Tem-

perance Convention in London, but a daughter of the eminent and renowned Dr. Thomas Guthrie presided.

I was much interested to note the marked progress the ladies of Scotland had made since my previous visit. While then with timidity and shrinking, yet with great earnestness, they came to my side, a few, as Miss White, Miss Bryson and Mrs. Stewart, I found already in and doing grand work. Now these ladies were carrying forward their business, reporting their several associations with work accomplished, reading papers on various topics and discussing questions with much parliamentary dignity and dispatch. At the close of these exercises we enjoyed a service of tea and a pleasant social occasion. Among those whose acquaintance I felt it a peculiar pleasure to make was the venerable widow of Dr. Guthrie, who, though now eighty years old, is still a most interesting and intelligent lady. This was a specially pleasant acquaintance to me, for, on my mother's side, I am a descendant of the Guthrie family of Scotland.

In the evening the R. W. Grand Lodge held an open reception for the purpose of receiving the deputations from the various temperance organizations of the city. Here I had the happiness of meeting once more many of the sisters and brothers from all over the kingdom with whom I had labored in the years ago, and also many of the representative workers from other countries. Here, for instance, I again met sister Denholm, whom we made first vice-president of the first British Woman's Association which we formed in London, but now of South Africa. And here I was rejoiced again to clasp the hand of Mrs.

Helen Kirk, the wife of Professor John Kirk, who passed over some years since, but whom Scotland has not ceased to mourn. Mrs. Kirk has been a life-long, indefatigable worker in the Master's great harvest field. I have already referred to her establishing a prayer union and the blessed results of that work. Of course Mrs. Kirk was pre-eminently fitted to take charge of the association we formed and has been a leader in the British Women's Total Abstinence Scottish Christian branch ever since. To Mrs. Kirk is due the grafting on of the "Scottish Christian" to the name settled upon at New Castle when the British association was first formed.

Miss Eliza Wigham, who, with her mother now resting from her labors, and her sister, Mrs. Edmondson of Dublin, has done valuable work for women in the suffrage cause, and Mrs. Miller, both my supporters when here before, with Mrs. Kirk composed the deputation from the British Women's association, bringing the greetings of that body. Very grateful to my heart was it when this deputation of ladies was called that they insisted that Mother Stewart should lead them, "For," said they so lovingly, "she is *our* Mother Stewart." And not less so was the hearty greeting of that honorable body of brother and sister Good Templars. Yes, the tears would well up. Who could have helped it?

I was very glad to come up at last with my friends and fellow-delegates, Mrs. Franc E. Finch, R. W. G., Vice-Templar Major Lou J. and Mrs. Mellie Beauchamp, Gen. W. S. Payne and Mrs. Williams, our State Grand Secretary, who had on that "grey-

hound" of the seas, the City of New York, distanced me and done a good share of making way with those receptions, a part of which was duly mine.

Of the numerous friends of Great Britain that I was pleased to meet again I must not take space to name more than Brother Turnbull, R. W. G. Templar, who showed me such marked courtesy, Rev. Brother Ross, whose valuable aid on my former visit had laid me under lasting obligation, and who so kindly went down from the Lodge to preside over my meeting in his church in Glasgow; brothers Archer, Malins and Insul, and brother and sister Collings who had entertained me when in Liverpool. And there were friends from other towns that I had visited who gave me pressing invitations to visit them again, and it would have given me great pleasure to do so, if the terms made with our excursion agency had permitted. Indeed I found the excursion arrangement not a little hampering and unsatisfactory.

The following credentials and greeting from Miss Willard I copy as entered upon the minutes of the lodge proceedings:

Office of the President.

EVANSTON, ILL., U.S.A., March 16, 1891.

*To the World's Grand Lodge of Good Templars,
Greeting:*

Honored and Dear Brothers and Sisters—We are sending to you as our fraternal delegate, appointed at the National W. C. T. U. convention held in Atlanta, Ga., in November, 1890, that honored leader in the temperance cause, Mother Stewart of Ohio, whose name is known wherever the history of the Woman's Crusade has gone, and this history is known through-

out the world. It is a subject of congratulation with us that we can send as the comrade of our honored and beloved sister, Mrs. John B. Finch (who is a resident of my own town), one so distinguished and successful in the building up of our cause as Mother Stewart, and we know her trumpet will give no uncertain sound as it forms a part of your great and varied chorus of good-will and beneficent purpose in the classic old city of Edinburgh, when the clans rally and you sing the famous old Scotch song, as I hope you may, to words based on this line, "The Templars are Coming, Hurrah! Hurrah!"

We continue our warfare without haste, without rest, undeterred by opposition, undepressed by failure, unelated by success. What was that grand utterance by William the Silent? "I do not need to win to work, nor to succeed to persevere." Raw recruits require music, banners, and success to help keep them up to their work, but it is a characteristic of veterans that they move steadily on alike in storm and sunshine, knowing that the good cause will win some day, and their part is to build themselves into it as factors. Faith in God is the best ammunition with which any army was ever outfitted, and the white ribbon host, represented by Mother Stewart at your great meeting, has never lacked its full supply of rations along this line.

Hoping and praying for you a delightful reunion productive of the very best results in plan and purpose, and assuring you that we still hold the fort, I am,

Your affectionate sister and comrade,

FRANCES E. WILLARD,

On behalf of the Woman's National Christian Temperance Union.

Of the proceedings of this grand body of legislators, the enthusiasm manifested in our great work, the evident progress of the Order, as given in the various

reports, the harmony and dispatch with which the business was carried forward, I need not write, as the transactions have been already published.

A very enjoyable occasion was the *conversazione* tendered the R. W. Grand Lodge by the Lord Provost and his officials, on the evening of May 26th, in the Museum of Art and Science. The papers reported 5,000 invitations sent out, and at least half that number accepted. Here again I had the pleasure of meeting many old and forming the acquaintance of a host of new friends. To Hon. Wallace Bruce, our Consul, and his lady, I am under lasting obligation for their kind attention on this occasion. And I take special pride in recording that Mr. Bruce is a staunch temperance man, was known at home as a very popular lecturer, and is a noble representative of his government, doing honor to his country in the position she has placed him, not borrowing lustre from, but adding thereto, as the life of every true citizen should. As a special favor to Mr. Bruce, though the Lord High Commissioner was at the time occupying Holyrood, the American delegates were permitted to visit that renowned old palace.

Saturday evening, the time for leaving beautiful Edinburgh and my dearly-loved friends, had come, and upon asking Mrs. Darling, who, with each member of her family, had done everything possible to make my stay in that Christian home a season of real enjoyment, for my bill, that dear lady involved me in more hopeless indebtedness by assuring me that there was no bill against me.

By invitation of brother Barkley I attended the

Carrubber's Close Mission before leaving, and with others addressed an immense tea meeting, the occasion being the tenth anniversary of that blessed Gospel temperance work which had grown from six in attendance on that first night ten years ago to 1,500, the capacity of the hall, with hundreds on this occasion turned away. Besides the weekly meeting held in this hall, the association, under brother Barkley's untiring supervision, holds eighty meetings in city and suburbs weekly, assisted by 600 helpers.

After speaking, I left the meeting at nine o'clock, as Miss Janie Darling led the audience in a sweet, touching, farewell song, the friends, as I passed, grasping my hand for the last time. What wonder that the tears dimmed my vision! Oh, won't it be sweet, over yonder, "to meet one another again?"

In company with Rev. Mr. Robertson I ran down to Glasgow in the "gloaming," that sweet, quiet hour, the lingering of day on the encroachment of night.

Miss Bryson, who had gone down to London to attend the British Women's Temperance Annual Convention, having cut short her stay, returned on Sabbath morning to add to my happiness.

A DAY OF DAYS.

In the cycles of the years, now and again comes a day clothed in the rich robes of azure and amethyst and emerald, bedecked with fairest jewels and wreaths of sweet flowers; a day of compensation for the storm days that come into our lives—days of chill, disappointed hopes, discouragements, averted faces of friends, that send the blood surging back to the heart.

there to congeal and leave one bereft of cheer, of confidence in humanity, of hope for the good time coming for which we had toiled and prayed—a day to enfold in lavender and sweet marjoram and lay away and dream about as of rarest treasures.

In my workaday life came one such bright, restful day here in old Scotia. The hope of again clasping the hands and looking into the faces of those I had learned to love so well had stimulated me even to brave the ill nature of old ocean again. How well I have reaped my reward it would require many a page to record.

But of this one day only, now. Mrs. Clark, upon learning of my expected return, had sent up an invitation for Miss White, Miss Bryson and myself to spend Monday at the Cliffs. And so on that memorable first day of leafy June we ran down, while all nature seemed to be contributing to our enjoyment. The sun, as he climbed up the east, contended with the mist and fog that hung over the Clyde and for a time threatened to obscure the green fields and distant hills of Argyle and Blantyre. But old Sol won the day. The mists lifted and floated away in white, fleecy clouds, or lingered in a dim line of haze on the distant mountains, enabling us to catch a glimpse of old Ben Lomond, lifting himself proudly above his neighbors.

Is there any other land that presents such ideal pictures of restful, rural beauty as this classic land of Scott and Burns? Fields of softest green all starred over with the tiny, white daisy (over which I spent many a day dream in childhood, woven out of poet's songs), others made richest golden with glowing

buttercups. Here and there large patches of the pale primrose, with the little, blue-eyed perriwinkle peering out from the hedges, while hyacinths and violets nodded and laughed at us as we sped along. By the roadside everywhere, and in all vacant spaces, were great clumps of the hardy and spinous whin, or gorse, in full array of bright yellow blossoms, interspersed with the slender, swaying broom, also decked in bloom of paler and more delicate hue. The orchards and hedges wore gorgeous robes of white and delicate pink, from which the breezes flung us whiffs of sweet perfume. Herds of cattle grazed leisurely in the distant pastures, the sheep nibbled industriously the tender, sweet grass, or rested a moment to watch the gambols of their lambs. The birds sang and twittered to each other of their nests and little ones; hens in the barnyards cackled of their achievements, while chanticler crowed his defiance to his neighbors. Men were busy following the plow or at other work in the fields. Women were engaged about their domestic duties indoors, or in their bright flower beds, while the children romped on the green.

Through this lovely picture of rural life, past high, stone walls or neatly-trimmed hawthorne hedges, across white lines of far-stretching roads down by the margin of the Clyde, we sped. Now past the ruins of Dumbarton castle on the rock in the river, and now through towns with tall factory chimneys, homes, stately and humble, imposing churches with tall spires, and now the ruin of a castle or abbey, mutely telling of generations gone hundreds of years ago, that once occupied this land, but in far less peaceful fashion.

What a warm welcome was that we received from Mrs. Clark and her lovely daughters! I would that I might give to my readers a picture of the elegant and tasteful furnishing of this home of wealth and refinement. But I must not trespass the privileges of the guest more than to say that in all its furnishing and appointments it is a perfect ideal of luxury, combined with the most delicate taste—the rarest of flowers, a bewilderment of bric-a-brac, beautiful paintings, sofas, divans and soft cushions to invite repose.

The Cliffs, as this lovely summer retreat is called, sits on a high bluff surrounded by fine, old trees, shrubbery and flowers, commanding an expansive view of Weymms Bay and the distant mountains.

Mr. Clark's yacht, the *Vandalusia*, lies out in the bay, and before leaving Mrs. Clark took us out to it to tea. Here again was manifested the fine taste of the owner and his lady—carpets of finest texture, chairs, ottomans, sofas, all upholstered in bronze satin, beautiful, fluffy eider down comforts of same material on the beds. The brightest of silver plate and china adorned the table, and the sailors served a delicious cup of tea with quite as much grace as any lady.

But the sun is sinking into the distant sea, and so, for the last time—oh, sad word, the last time—I take leave of my dear friend, but depart the stronger for the battles to come, the richer in all good purposes for this day of days—one of the brightest in all my seventy-five years full.

CHAPTER XX.

TEA MEETING, RECEPTION AND FAREWELL AT GLASGOW—LONDON—
PARIS—BOULOGNE—BOSTON CONVENTION.

I N the *League Journal* of June 6th I find a very full report of the welcome and farewell tendered me by my dear sisters of Glasgow, on the evening of June 1st, from which I copy the following :

WELCOME TO "MOTHER" STEWART.

A meeting to welcome "Mother" Stewart, of Ohio, to Scotland, took place on Monday night in the Cowcaddens Free church, which was crowded. Rev. William Ross presided.

Among those present were Mr. John Wilson, M. P., Rev. Geo. Gladstone, Rev. Robt. Hood, Rev. George Milne, Rev. B. Meikleham and Mrs. Meikleham, Mrs. Campbell, Miss White, Miss Bryson, Mrs. Buchanan, Mrs. Harding, Mrs. and Miss Ratcliffe, Miss Wallace, Mrs. James and Mr. Eric Mowat, Mrs. Harper and Miss Carswell, Paisley ; Mrs. Woika, Mrs. Black, ex-Provost Campbell and Miss Campbell, Greenock ; ex-Provost Dick, Mrs. and Miss Dick, Thomas Dick, Jr., Councillor and Mrs. Chisholm, ex-Bailie Selkirk, Councillor Douglass, Dumbarton ; Bailie Duffus, Mrs. James Dunnachie, Wm. Dunnachie, T. Dunnachie, Mrs. Hamilton and Miss Dunnachie, Glenboig ; Thomas Davidson and Miss Davidson, Francis and Mrs. Spite, David and Mrs. Fortune, W. J. and Mrs. Wood, Mrs. Robert Hislop, Miss Wilson, Hawick ; J. H. and Mrs. J. H. Gray, Dr. A. M. and Mrs. Smith, Dr. M. Cameron, Mrs. Paterson, Wm. Ridley, Alexander King, Alexander McNeill, John Morrison, George McPherson, A. Rankine, David Aitken, Mrs. Macpherson, Miss Walker, John S. Bone, J. Cairns, John

Wyllie, R. L. Simpson, David Munroe, John and Mrs. Campbell, Wm. Johnston, Robert Mackay, Miss E. Dunlop, George and Miss Morrison, R. D. and Mrs. R. D. Dunnachie, Wm. Miller, W. G. Auld, John Howat, John Forrester, Mrs. D. S. Allan, Mrs. W. D. Thom, James Finlayson, R. Anderson, Wm. Shanks, Alexander and Mrs. Black, Wm. Aikman, Thomas Sproat.

The following apologies were received: Rev. Dr. Wallace, Rev. Dr. Joseph and Miss Brown, Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Fergus Ferguson, Rev. John Jenkins, Rev. John Leathley, Rev. Alexander Kirkland, Rev. Alexander Andrew; Provost John Colville, Motherwell; ex-Provost James Clark, Paisley; Bailie Brechin, Bailie Pettigrew, ex-Bailie Wm. Ure, Councillor Alexander, Councillor McKellar, Dr. R. Wilson Bruce, Mr. J. Campbell White, Overtoun; Mrs. Kidston, Helensburgh; Mrs. Beith, Miss C. J. Geils, Cardross; Mrs. Sinclair, Miss Downie, Kirkintilloch; Misses Harvie, Miss Anderson, Helensburgh; Miss Blyth, Miss Kerr; Messrs. R. Hunter Craig, Robert and Mrs. Whitson, Wm. Walker, James Mowat, William Fife, George Munro Kerr, A. P. Brown, Kilmarnock; Wm. Quarrier, Robert Ferguson, James Downie, Alexander and Mrs. Whitson, ex-Bailie John Lang, Greenock; Adam K. and Mrs. Rodger, A. J. Hunter, Robert Westlands, James R. Livingston, Charles R. Westlands, Alexander Duncan, Robert Wylie, Alexander and Mrs. and Miss Bost, Mr. Sproat, Mr. Cargill, Mr. and Misses Brown, Alexandria; John Robertson, Kirkintilloch; C. L. and Mrs. Wright, Captain John and Mrs. Smith, David Anderson, Edinburgh; Wm. Denham, William M. Oatts, William and Mrs. Gemmell, Henry Steven, W. Dixon Gray, Airdrie; Jas. Houston.

Rev. Robert Hood opened the meeting with prayer.

CHAIRMAN'S SPEECH.

The chairman rejoiced in the meeting for several

reasons. It had gathered together many engaged in the temperance crusade. The meeting would have been larger but for the season of the year; but still there were present many temperance workers who wished to welcome "Mother" Stewart, who had in the past fought successfully against the drink in America. Yet her eye was not dim nor had her natural strength abated. The Scottish Temperance League, the Scottish Permissive Bill and Temperance Association, the Independent Order of Good Templars, the Women's Christian Union, the Glasgow Abstainers' Union, the Free Church Temperance Society, and all the other temperance organizations united in welcoming their dear and venerable sister. They blessed God they saw one who had fought the temperance battle so nobly still spared by a covenant God, and still owned and used in this work. The Women's Union, to which she had given such loyal help, was to-day, perhaps, the most powerful organization in the world for furthering the temperance cause. On behalf, also, of the Scottish Band of Hope Union, and the Bands of Hope in all their churches, he welcomed their friend once more in this holy warfare.

MOTHER STEWART'S SPEECH.

Mother Stewart, who was received with prolonged applause, said her heart was so touched she feared if they did not desist she would not be able to control her emotions. She was reminded of an anecdote of Mr. Spurgeon. Upon going out one day, he asked his invalid wife what he should bring her, and she mentioned two articles that she said she would like to have, but immediately added, "Don't mind anything about them; it is of no consequence." When he returned he handed her the articles. "Why, husband," she exclaimed, "I told you not to trouble about getting them." "Well," he answered, "I called upon such a lady and she handed me this, asking me to bring it to

you, and calling upon Mrs. —, she handed me *this*, with the request that I bring it to you." She said, "Why, what do you think of it?" He answered, "I think you are one of God's spoiled children, and he lets you have what you want." Mother Stewart said she had a mind to take that to herself; she thought *she* was one of God's spoiled children, in that He had granted the desire she had cherished for the fifteen years since she had parted with her Scotch friends, that some day she might again cross the Atlantic and look into the faces of those she had learned to love so well. As the years increased and her strength diminished, she feared it was not possible that she should again see Scotland; but the Lord had made a way, and she was thankful to join once more in their grand and glorious warfare against the drink.

This was the most solemn period of her life, for to-night, in her seventy-sixth year, she felt nearer the grave and eternity than ever before. Our Heavenly Father only knows how much more time she has to go forth to put into practice the sweet hymn they had sung, "Rescue the perishing, care for the dying." That hymn was often sung in her own land, yet the singers, in many instances, went their ways without a thought of putting it into practice, forgetting that multitudes were being swept away by drink. It was a humiliating fact that in all countries whither Christian commerce went it carried the drink curse. The Lord pity them as a Christian people, both in this country and in America. They had sinned against the Master, and He had a controversy with them over this curse. She was thankful for the privilege of once more standing before them and sounding the note of alarm and of helping in this the greatest battle of all the ages—a battle which she believed would be the last. She brought the greetings of their Women's National Temperance Union, 250,000 strong, marshalled against the great foe, and standing before the world pleading

for their husbands and their children, and asking all women to come to their help in the great battle. They were educating their children to be good abstainers, and preaching the Gospel to the perishing. They now have forty departments of work. When they began their crusade they thought the only thing to do was to pray before the public houses, and peradventure the Lord would give the enemy into their hands. But while this was the Lord's call to many of the men for the first time, some yielded to that call, while others did not.

The reason the crusaders did not have entire success was this: After they had closed many of the public houses, and the liquor sellers had rolled out the barrels and told the women to drive in the heads, as they would give up the business (they had told her they thought the whole world had risen up against them, and it would be of no use to withstand), they very soon saw that the Christian men did not fully sustain the crusaders, and seeing that it was only the women that opposed them they—many of them—went back to their traffic again. But the liquor sellers did wonder, both in America and here, that Christians everywhere did not stand out against them.

She could remember a publican saying, while the tears ran down his cheeks, "I know better than you do the enormity of this traffic." Since the Word hath said, "No drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of heaven," how can Christians touch the unholy thing? Even the publicans themselves do not have the respect for Christians they would have if they, as a body, arrayed themselves against the traffic.

In America there were two political parties nearly evenly divided, and the liquor power controlled them both, as money would buy the votes of the sweepings of the streets of Europe that went over to America and flooded the native electors. They came from Great Britain and Ireland, Germany, France and Italy

If one party broke with the liquor men, the other got the offices. If that party claiming to be the reform party had stood firm more than one half of the States of the Union would to-day have a prohibitory law.

But political intrigue won the day and the Lord had turned America into a wilderness of sin, and she was not sure that they would not yet have to wander in it forty years. She brought the greeting of American sisters, who asked the women of this land to give up the little they took. They might say the little did no harm. Sisters, don't touch it any more than you would a poisonous serpent, for if you do it may lead you to the condition of the poor women on the streets. They should sign the pledge and join this grand army. She came as the Lord's recruiting officer to enlist soldiers. She appealed especially to the young ladies to join, and so give their influence. Wherever she went gentlemen said she should enlist the young ladies, who could change the state of society. They should do so for the sake of the young men of Scotland. She brought the greetings of the Loyal Temperance Legion, the children's band, whose colors she wore. Perhaps the Lord would not permit them to enter the Promised Land and that it was reserved for the children. She also carried the greetings of her own Good Templar lodge, and of the Prohibitionists, who are working for the legal protection of their homes against the public houses. If the news came that the King of Dahomey had brought to the slaughter sixty or seventy thousand of his subjects there would be a great outcry in our Christian lands, and we would be sending commissioners to see about it, though every year King Alcohol was slaughtering more than a hundred thousand, and yet we boast of our Christianity and send our missionaries to teach the heathen. If the temperance women had the power they would close every public house by to-morrow. Standing with one foot in the grave, she called back to her Christian

brothers and sisters to help in this great battle. In the slavery conflict our congress gave a sop now and then to the agitators to keep them quiet, but at last the Lord's patience was exhausted and the tocsin of war was sounded. They saw their beautiful boys shoulder their muskets and march away. Rivers of blood flowed to wash out the stain of slavery. God saw there was no other way. But here was a greater curse. The black man was not enslaved by drink. She had heard him, as he walked from one plantation to another during the night, sing the plaintive songs of Zion. He had hope of a better world, but the drunkard had not. Let them, then, in God's name try to save the perishing. She thought it a great honor in this work to be one of God's little messengers. It was not enough to pray in the church and at home; they must go out and compel others to come in. She stood in the church where was held her farewell meeting fifteen years ago.*

Eleven years after, at a State convention, a lady told her she and her husband were present at that meeting, being in Glasgow on their wedding tour, and that among the signers of the pledge that night were eight young engineers of the P. & O. Steam Line. (This incident is related in a previous chapter.) She would take back the greetings of the Scotch women to her sisters, who would work on till the victory was won. It would not be long till they heard that "Mother" Stewart had gone, but the great battle will proceed all the same. The Lord would raise up recruits to take their places, and may the Lord give them all grace to do more for the temperance cause than they have ever done before!

The chairman said since the last visit of "Mother" Stewart he had solemnized four hundred marriages at which there was not a drop of drink, and in that

*See report in the *League Journal* of April 22d, 1876.

building one thousand eight hundred and ninety-three abstainers had been received into church fellowship. There was also a valuable institution in which the service of an unique character was rendered by one gentleman. It was a medical mission. It was started in poverty, matured in poverty, still lived in poverty and was thriving remarkably well. Dr. Muir Smith had given free advice and medicine to upwards of fifteen thousand persons in the rooms below, all of whom could have made provision for themselves but for the intoxicating cup.

MR. WILSON'S SPEECH.

Mr. John Wilson, M. P., who was received with loud cheers, said that but for the present meeting he would have been attending to his parliamentary duties in Westminster, but he had come as he might not have another opportunity of hearing "Mother" Stewart, and he could be spared at St. Stephens. He had not been disappointed. He had heard of the great work done in America and he hoped that by and by our own land and the land of the stars and stripes would be freed from the drink curse. He had read to-day one of the most painful tragedies which had taken place in Bathgate. The husband seemed a decent man. He was a coachman and had been absent with a party, and upon returning home late he found his door shut. He broke a pane of glass and awakened his daughter, who opened the door to him. On the threshold he found his wife dead, the result of indulgence in strong drink. When he told his story that morning in police court it was so plain that he was liberated at once. The wife, although on the eve of becoming a mother, had a terrible craving for drink. That tragedy must teach drink-sellers that the power of Christian people shall no longer tolerate them in their trade. Many years ago there was a visitation of cholera and our Christian people were anxious to have

a fast day, or day of prayer, and a deputation went to Lord Palmerston asking him to name a day. He said to them, "Go first and clean out your ash-pits, sweep out your closes and remove the dirt from your houses, and then wait upon the Lord in prayer." The lesson to be drawn from that answer was that, besides our prayers, we must do what we could to remove the public house from the land. They must send men like Councillor Chisholm to the town council and God would answer their prayers and close the public houses. When a man asked for their votes for the Imperial Parliament there should be a condition that he would only receive a vote if he were prepared to sweep away public houses. It was very hard that public houses should be planted in densely populated parts of the city, while in the squares and crescents there should be none. Their local aristocracy took good care to preserve themselves from the temptation of drink, but they were not altogether free, because many of their sons fell victims when they came down to the city, and many a sad heart there was over the ruin of the flower of youth. It was impossible for Christian people to escape punishment if they did not exert themselves to suppress the liquor traffic. He was glad that there were so many temperance men under their great leader—Sir Wilfrid Lawson—prepared to do what they could to deliver the country from the drink curse.

MISS WHITE'S SPEECH.

Miss Mary White said the meeting was held in the right place. The very atmosphere was one of temperance. The welcome meeting to "Mother" Stewart had a tinge of sadness because it was a farewell meeting. Their thoughts went back to the time when a few plain women met to pray against the drink curse and do rescue work. They worked in that quiet way, never going upon platforms. When "Mother" Stew-

art came she communicated her enthusiasm, and they consecrated their lives to the Master's service. They were even willing to go upon platforms and plead with their brothers and sisters to engage in this holy warfare. Looking back upon these fifteen years they saw that God had with weak and humble instruments done great things. Though the battle was hard and their enemies many, they warred in the name of God and would win. She had visited "Mother" Stewart in her sunny home for several days, and thought the parting was final, but the Lord had brought her to Scotland again, for which they were thankful. Some of them were getting old, but they thanked God younger sisters were rising to carry on the work. They had Miss Wallace, for whom their sympathies and prayers were asked. In the name of the Lord she visited the towns and villages of Scotland to persuade women to take part in this work. She had had grand meetings in the citadel of the whisky manufacture Campbeltown. The solemn conviction of the women was that the extinction of the drink traffic was the one great remedy for the drunkenness of this land. May the meeting of "Mother" Stewart be like an inspiration of God in moving more workers to the front in this great crusade.

[The chairman intimated that an apology had been received from the Rev. J. A. Johnston and Sir William Collins, both of whom were very much interested in the meeting with "Mother" Stewart.]

REV. MR. GLADSTONE'S SPEECH.

The Rev. George Gladstone said that in that farewell meeting they naturally had been led to think not only of temperance, with which "Mother" Stewart's name was so prominently and nobly identified, but they must have, as they heard her speak, been led to think also of the work done in God's name by their sisters both on the other side of the Atlantic and on this side,

as well as in other lands. He did not wonder that they should find women rallying to the help of the Lord against the mighty, nor did he wonder that through the history of the church it should have been found that women were responsive to the call made upon them by "Mother" Stewart and the other temperance workers. Christianity had in a sense done more for woman than it had for man, because wherever the Gospel of Christ had come, wherever His influence had been recognized, women had found special blessing brought to them. Wherever the influence of Christianity was not, the position of woman was simply that of a beast of burden, an instrument of lust, or a mere chattel to be sold. It was said that every nation had its own religion, and the religion best fitted to it, and that as a reason why we should not send the Gospel of Christ into the dark places of the earth. The ignorance of the men who said so was their disgrace. Why, in one of the great temples of India, whose architecture was massive and imposing, the priestesses of the temple were nothing more than immoral women; but wherever the Gospel of Christ prevailed the position of women had improved. It was no wonder, therefore, that women should recognize what they owed to Jesus Christ. Now, he didn't know any department of Christian service in which women could render better help than in that of temperance reform. It was well known what God had accomplished through the agency of women. Was there not cause and need that our women should give themselves to this work? He was sorry that some professedly Christian women should look upon the temperance work as being rather vulgar. They believed that it was good, and that good was being done, but they feared that they would lose caste if they identified themselves with it. Now it was a great honor for any one, woman or man, to be identified with such work, and until these women get a nobler conviction

in this matter they would not be of much service to the temperance cause.

He had often wondered why it was that God hid from our eyes the result of our work. He could remember going back just a month or two to a certain little village and making a call, finding that an aged woman was dead. Her daughter said that her mother always wished to tell something to him. Twenty-six years ago, troubled and weary about her soul, she had come seeking Christ, and she came to a service at which he was speaking, and that night she learned of Christ and yielded herself to Him. She had been happy ever since, and during all that time she often wondered whether she should see Mr. Gladstone to tell him what good his words had on a certain night done for her soul. He had gone to her home incidentally, and almost accidentally, and he did not know till then what the effects of his words had been upon her, showing that no one could tell what good was done by word and action, and how he might be the means of drawing one back from death and bringing him to Christ. Let him give one illustration. Thirty-four years ago a little lad told his father that he had joined the Band of Hope that night and asked why he was not an abstainer. The father began to think, and the result was that he took the pledge and gave his time and labor to the good cause. The father became the mayor of a town in England and the lad one of our devoted missionaries. He had now a family of fourteen children, not one of whom had ever tasted drink. Oh, the need of the temperance reform!

As he was coming from his own church in Dundas Street to the Cowcaddens, he began to count the public houses and found there were a great many. He asked himself whether they were needed for the district. There were three just outside the building and another one opposite. Would the bench of magistrates say that these four public houses were needed?

Yet they were only to grant licenses where they were meet and convenient. If they granted any which did not meet these conditions they violated the terms upon which they sat upon the bench. Were the eighteen hundred and more public houses needed in Glasgow? Some Glasgow magistrates thought that we could do with fewer of them, while the justices of peace were of the opinion that we could not do without one of them. And so these public houses were allowed to deal out death!

There was an earnest call for everybody whose heart had yielded to the pressure of God's spirit, who had bowed the knee at Gethsemane and at Calvary, and had got some little glimpse of the sacrifice of Christ, to sacrifice himself, and not only now that "Mother" Stewart was with them, but at all times to do his best in prayer and service to help forward the good cause.

COUNCILLOR CHISHOLM'S SPEECH.

Councillor Chisholm said he was not a magistrate of Glasgow, and he was not there to defend any act or course of habit of theirs; but he was there to say that the magistrates were the elected of the rate-payers. He wished to impress upon them the responsibility that rested upon them for the character and opinions of the magistrates. Sympathizing with what Mr. Gladstone had said to the ladies and gentlemen present—for he included ladies, as they had the municipal vote—they should not waste their indignation upon the magistrates, but upon themselves and their fellow rate-payers, and use all their influence to secure that the elected of the rate-payers were men who reflected their opinions on the temperance question. He deemed it a great honor to take part in such a meeting so deeply interesting and inspiring. It was an honor to pay a tribute of admiration and thanks to "Mother" Stewart for the untiring, unselfish, prayerful and suc-

cessful labors in which, for many years, she had been engaged. He had means of knowing the earnestness and devotion with which Miss Wallace devoted herself to the work. Within a comparatively recent time she declined no mean honor because she thought its acceptance might interfere with her efforts on behalf of temperance. Knowing all that, he thanked her in his own name and in that of the audience.

They had appropriately spoken of "Mother" Stewart's work as a crusade. What was a crusade? It was an enterprise, the center of which was the cross. In that aspect he delighted to think of "Mother" Stewart's labors. What was the spirit of the cross? It was one of self-sacrifice. He asked temperance friends in Glasgow whether their labors were a crusade. Did they carry the work on in a spirit of self-sacrifice? But the abstinence of many was only passive. They wished the temperance people not only to give up the use of the drink and give a little money and time, but to give themselves. He often wondered why it was when a parliamentary or municipal election took place the temperance party had not their candidate ready. When Mr. Wilson stepped into the breach and accepted the offer of parliamentary honors, it was because he was willing to give not only his money, but himself, to the work. Until the temperance party grew their men and had them ready for each vacancy, their efforts would be thrown away. Mr. Wilson had referred to the Bathgate tragedy. Why, there were such every day, and they affected us not, because we had become accustomed to them, and because the ear did not convey so direct and powerful an impression as the eye. If people were got to see with their own eyes the tragedies enacted by drink every day, soon a different state of things would prevail.

The other Saturday night he was one of a small company who began at half past nine to visit the

public houses. They stood amongst the ragged, wretched men and women, boys and girls in the public houses in High street, Trongate, King street, Prince's street, London street and Gallowgate. They looked at the occupants of the boxes and his companion, who was not an abstainer, but a friend of temperance, went home that night a confirmed prohibitionist. If they had the same experience there would be the same result. He apologized for his friend Mr. Selkirk, who, having a bad cold, was unable to speak.

MRS. CAMPBELL'S SPEECH.

Mrs. Campbell said she had been asked to propose a vote of thanks to "Mother" Stewart, who had come across the wide Atlantic to visit them; thanks, also, to the speakers who had shown the evil effects of the drink traffic in this land, and also thanks to the choir for their services. There was no hope for the drunkard unless he was raised up to a newness of life. This branch of the Lord's work might be considered vulgar. It mattered not to them although it should be the lowest or highest honor. Our Lord never sought popularity. He was the man of sorrows, and did His Father's work irrespective of the opinions of others. If they were to be his true followers they must take the Lord's place—accept the lowest work in order to obtain the highest place in His kingdom. Let that meeting be a new departure. When they thought of the life work of "Mother" Stewart, they felt how little they had done. Why should they not go into the public houses and rescue the perishing? Why should not all the congregations of the Christian church be like that which assembled within these walls. If all had been stirred up to the very depths by the proceedings of that evening, they would resolve henceforth to do mighty things for Christ.

After prayer, led by Mrs. Campbell and "Mother" Stewart, the proceedings terminated. Cowcaddens

Free church choir sang several hymns with great spirit and effect during the evening.

I find an editorial in the same journal, which I take pleasure in copying :

RECEPTION TO "MOTHER" STEWART.

A large and sympathetic company met in Cowcadens Free church, Glasgow, on Monday evening, to hold at once a welcome and farewell meeting with "Mother" Stewart, of Ohio. This lady is well known throughout the civilized world for the courageous part she took in the crusade against the liquor saloons in the United States. About fifteen years ago she visited this country, and many will remember the enthusiastic reception she got on that occasion. Despite the dictum of the poet, there is something after all in a name. A considerable Jacobite strain runs through the Scottish constitution, and whatever may be "Mother" Stewart's relationship to the royal Stewarts, she received on Monday evening, through the chairman of the meeting, the Rev. William Ross, a right royal and Highland welcome. But Mrs. Stewart brought with her more than a romantic and cherished Scottish name. Kind deeds are more than kingly crowns. The services "Mother" Stewart rendered the sufferers during the sanguinary civil war in America, and her zealous prosecution of the temperance reformation, have raised her to a high and honored place among the philanthropic and Christian workers of the century, and endeared her to thousands on both sides of the Atlantic.

When the prolonged cheering with which Mrs. Stewart was received had subsided, she proceeded to deliver an eloquent address. In inspiring passages she spoke of the wonderful success that had marked the women's crusade, falling, however, into a somewhat pensive strain as she adverted to the miserable

tactics of political parties in the States, which had checked the progress of the temperance movement and undone much of the work temperance women had accomplished. Had the women in the United States the power, "Mother" Stewart affirms, the liquor traffic would be prohibited, and this sentiment appears to be confirmed by the actual condition of affairs in that country. The influx, however, of much of the residuum of the European nations, who will do anything and vote any way for liquor, is a vast hindrance to the passing and enforcement of prohibitory laws in the States.

Mrs. Stewart speaks with wonderful force for her years. With graceful gesticulation and finely-modulated voice, at times tremulous with emotion, she dilates on the dreadful results of drinking. She is a very impressive speaker, and her touching appeals on Monday evening could not fail to quicken sympathy with her in her labors and induce those who still stand aloof from the temperance movement to identify themselves with it. "Mother" Stewart has won a sweet and abiding place in the hearts of her Scottish sisters, as was revealed in the touching speeches of Miss White and Mrs. Campbell, and the gentlemen, also, who spoke bore testimony to the good work she had done, and to their high estimation of her self-sacrificing spirit. We wish for "Mother" Stewart a safe return to her own land, and hope that her influence for good, retaining long its vital force, may extend in ever-widening circles.

The same paper also contains a report from a visitor, which I am sure the reader will find so interesting that I need not apologize for prolonging the account of this wonderful meeting by adding it.

WITH "MOTHER" STEWART.

There was a very social and pleasant hour in the

hall of Cowcadden's Free church on Monday evening when "Mother" Stewart, of America, received a Scotch welcome from her admiring sisters. The tea was stimulating and so was the talk, and the meeting was almost as excited in a happy way as if John Barleycorn had been present. Indeed, it seemed quite a "jollification" in an innocent way, and old and young alike had beaming faces. After tea the spacious church filled up speedily and a large and spirited choir led the hymns with a heartiness which was refreshing to all who heard them. It was interesting to see the pulpit filled with a mixed company—Mr. Ross, quite at home among the "honorable women" who surrounded him in the sacred place; Mrs. Archibald Campbell's serene face beamed benevolently, as it always does on all good objects; Miss Mary White was the ideal of pure womanhood, as she always is; Mrs. Woika and Miss Wallacé were well known to the audience as earnest workers in the temperance cause, and "Mother" Stewart herself was the cynosure of all eyes. When she took off her bonnet and stood up with her white hair, we all felt that she well deserved her name and that her words would be wise and full of mature and kindly experience. And we were not disappointed, for her appeals to mothers and young ladies were most tender and touching and worthy of being pondered by all the women of Glasgow. Among the audience were many poor mothers, some with their babies in their arms, and to such her words must have appealed most strongly. It was beautiful to see the earnest attention which the young men gave and their rapturous applause as she closed her stirring address. It was a contrast when Mr. John Wilson, M.P., arose to say a few words, and we felt privileged indeed to have heard such a woman and such a man on the same evening. Mr. Wilson has acquired great freedom and facility of speech—presumably at St. Stephen's—and his whole appearance and manner are

dignified as he speaks the sentiments of a Christian man and member of parliament. Govan and Glasgow have much reason to be proud of him, and we only wish that men of his type were more common either in parliament or out of it.

Miss White's silvery tones are sounding in our ears as we leave the church, and we regret that we cannot stay to hear all that will be said or sung. It has been an inspiring gathering.

Mr. Ross has made his church a radiating center of light in a very dark place, and if all ministers were as decided as he is on the temperance question Glasgow would soon flourish by a more efficacious preaching of the Word than it yet possesses.

It was a source of sincere regret to all that Dr. Wallace was prevented by illness from being present with us, and in person giving us words of cheer, and as a substitute I take pleasure in inserting here his note of apology sent me :

WESTERCRAIGS, GLASGOW, Monday, June 1.
Rev. Dr. Wallace to Mother Stewart :

DEAR FRIEND :—I fully intended, at the close of last week, to be present at the reception meeting to-night, and to join with the other friends in giving you a hearty welcome, but to-day I am suffering from a severe cold, which compels me, however reluctantly, to keep the house. I need not say how much I regret this. I am delighted to hear of your continued interest in the good cause, and with kindest regards and best wishes, I am yours affectionately,

*ALEXANDER WALLACE.

I was charmed to hear Miss White and the president of the Glasgow Ladies' Prayer Union, Mrs. Archibald

*" There is crape on the door " to-day, for word comes that this saint and hero has joined the army triumphant.

Campbell, deliver such touching and really eloquent addresses, and also Miss Wallace, who, though so modest and retiring, gives unmistakable evidence of talent and heart that make her an invaluable helper in the women's field of work. And how thankful I felt as I listened to the strong, forceful words of Mr. Wilson, M. P., who had come from St. Stephens, as he remarked, expressly to be present on this occasion, to see that such men as he, who have the welfare and highest interest of their country at heart, are by the will of the people being placed in position where their sentiments may be crystallized into righteous laws for the protection of the people against their deadliest foe. May the Christian people see the need and their own obligation, and hasten to increase the number into an overwhelming majority at old "St. Stephens." Blessed day for this "kingdom in the midst of the seas!"

It was a singularly happy coincident that I was again in the Cowcaddens Free church, where my farewell had been tendered me when here before, and that brother Ross, who was then of Rothesay, but now pastor of this church, had come down from the Grand Lodge at Edinburgh to preside, and with his earnest and eloquent words inspired all with new zeal and enthusiasm.

At the tea meeting I met old friends, not only from Glasgow, but from Paisley, Greenock, Dumbarton, Hawick and other places. Here were ex-Provost Campbell and his sister, of Greenock, who came fully intending to take me home with them for a visit. The daughters of my esteemed friend Mr. Wilson, of Hawick, whom I was grieved to learn had joined the

hosts on the other shore, were here also. David Fortune and lady, he whom I remember as the ruling genius of that great Irish league meeting at Belfast, I was glad to meet again, and ex-Provost Dick and lady, who were my escort to the Green Isle on that occasion.

On Tuesday morning I bade farewell to my sisters, Miss White and Miss Bryson, till we meet again on the beautiful shore, and set out for London. A very pleasing incident awaited me on my arrival in Carlisle. I had learned that Rev. John Thomas, in whose church I had spoken when in London, and who had assisted me in organizing a woman's union, of which we elected Mrs. Thomas president, was now settled in Carlisle. Miss Bryson kindly wrote him that I would pass through this morning. When we ran into the station I threw down the sash, and there, with smiling faces and quickened step, I saw brother and sister Thomas hastening to me. A few minutes of happy greeting and expressions of interest in our cause, then the farewell clasp of the hands, and the train bore me away forever, but with the blessed hope bought for us by our Savior of meeting again in the "morning."

"Oh, how sweet it will be in that beautiful land
So free from all sorrow and pain,
With songs on our lips and with harps in our hands,
To meet one another again."

'At London a reception was tendered the delegates on Saturday, June 6th; a crowded tea meeting and a very enjoyable time, and meeting with old friends, notably Mr. and Mrs. John Hilton. And it was a happy, though all too brief, occasion a few days later to find myself again a guest in their hospitable home, the

scattered members of the family having been called home for the reunion.

I have been greatly pleased to see that the elder son, Mr. Dean Hilton, whom, because of his bright wit and geniality, I had called my "Yankee boy," has developed into a writer of a high degree of merit, as "A Dash of Bitter," "The Off Chance, or Percy Mayhew's Fall," and other works from his pen abundantly testify.

It was a source of regret that I was not able to attend the meeting for which I was announced on Sabbath evening, because of illness. Indeed, my pleasure was all the time so abridged by the effects of my overwork and breakdown in the winter, that all that uncanny seasickness, travel, change of scenery, meeting with friends, seemed unable to overcome.

Mrs. Stewart, one of my London committee and now treasurer of the British Women's Temperance Association, Miss Fowler, honorary secretary Mr. Robert Rae, editor *Temperance Record*, and others, called on me and delightfully renewed the memories of the days of laying the foundation of that great and important branch of the World's Women's Christian Temperance Union. I cannot call them days of small things, for at once a great and overwhelming field opened before me. I remember some of the papers referring to my work said it had been the wont of strangers coming to England to begin in the provinces, and as they made their reputation work their way up to London, but that I had commenced my campaign at once in London. I believe the verdict of the press was that the results justified my course. But I had

no strategic methods matured or planned. It seemed that my way lay to London, and trusting the Lord I followed it, and with the newspapers I am fain to believe that the results did justify my course.

I was glad to meet the daughter of my friends, Prof. and Mrs. Fowler, again, a bright little girl on that pleasant day of other years, now a young lady of rare talent and cultivation. Besides helping her father, teaching classess and lecturing on phrenology, she is, with the help of her assistant secretary, carrying forward the women's temperance work with great energy and with great acceptability, too.

It was a serious disappointment and a source of sincere regret that because of her absence from the city I did not have the pleasure of meeting Lady Henry Somerset, the present and greatly beloved and lovable president. When the ladies of her class, talents and heart shall follow Lady Henry Somerset's grand example, the temperance victory is assured. May the dear Lord in His pity hasten the day.

A few minutes with Mr. Lenge, of the *Temperance League* publishing establishment, and also with brother Kempster, the honored chairman of my London committee, and finally a call that I had always promised myself, if I should ever again visit London, on Wm. T. Stead. Only a few minutes, for I remembered what a busy life was his, but never to be forgotten. I had, I thought, taken his measure as one of the Lord's mighty men of war, but it was as we knelt before we parted, for a brief season of prayer, that I discovered the man, one of the humblest, most trusting followers of the Lord Christ; yes, out in the great

battle-field, where sin in its vilest form is to be met, a very Samson, but at the "mercy seat" a loving, trusting child.

I bless the Lord for such men and women. They make me the stronger, the more hopeful for the ultimate triumph of righteousness on the earth. I have been the richer in faith and all good resolves ever since.

Now across the channel and down to Paris, spending a few days visiting a few of the many places of interest in that city and vicinity. Then foregoing the further prosecution of the excursion I left my party to pursue their journey, and set out alone for Boulogne sur mer.

Mrs. Fairfax, who, with her venerable father, Mr. John Cadbury, had so delightfully entertained me when in Birmingham on my first visit, but now with her husband, Mr. Joseph Fairfax, residing in Boulogne, having seen the announcement in the English papers of my expected attendance at R. W. Grand Lodge in Edinburgh, wrote me, inviting me to spend a few days with them and to address the English colony there on the temperance question. I think I must copy here a very pleasing incident connected with this journey and reported to our little editor of the *Midget*:

It looked like a rather serious undertaking to travel alone in a country of whose language I could not speak a word, but I remembered that always in the past when I needed a friend the Lord had provided one for me. We know the French are proverbial for their politeness, and so I proved it before I could get into the van. A very pleasant lady sprang forward to help me, talking as fast as she could. But in

a few minutes we discovered that neither could understand a word the other said. However, we felt very friendly, and made signs as well as we could, and it is quite surprising how much we can say with signs. For a part of the way, we were the only occupants of that compartment, then another lady entered. After a while my friend took some bread out of her satchel and insisted upon dividing it with me. Then I took a *Midget* (a child's temperance paper, the editor, Ethel Stout, a little girl only eight years old, and the youngest editor in the world) from my valise and handed it to her. She bowed her thanks, looked at it and discovered my engraving, smiled and made motions, then showed it to the other lady. So I took out another and handed it to the other lady and they seemed greatly pleased when they found they could keep them. Then my friend took out her pencil and paper and wrote that she could read and write English a little. Next we exchanged cards, and I saw her card had a mourning border. I pointed to it with a questioning look and she wrote, "My mother died, aged 68." Then she wrote, "I have a little boy nine years old." Pretty soon she pointed out a place on her "Time Table," signifying that she would leave the train there. The other lady had left some time before. Now the train stopped at her station, and we arose, shook hands and affectionately kissed each other. I pointed up towards heaven, signifying that the next time we would meet there, and she reverently bowed, and so we parted. But I am sure we will both remember always with pleasure the acquaintance we made under such peculiar circumstances.

As my train ran into the depot at Boulogne, I saw my friends hastening towards me, and soon I was again enjoying the hospitality of a typical English Christian home.

These few days of rest and driving with my friends

in the vicinity of this quaint old town are days of sweet memory.

Mr. Fairfax had made all arrangements for a successful meeting; had printed and distributed hundreds of bills all over the city, exciting great interest in a hitherto unheard-of thing in that old town, where the atmosphere even yet seems freighted with the influence of the first emperor—a lecture on temperance, by a lady. Even the Catholics and Jews discussed the subject with great interest. The Catholics asked Mr. F. to what order of “sisterhood” “Mother” Stewart belonged. I said I would like, if sure of being understood, to say to the Order of the Sisterhood of the Good Samaritan.

The English Wesleyans have here had a church organization for many years, holding their services in a rented hall. But they had, only a month before my visit, dedicated a beautiful new chapel of their own, where my meeting was held, calling out the largest audience they had ever had, and leaving a subject for conversation for more than “nine days,” I feel assured.

Mr. Fairfax, who is one of the truest advocates and workers for our cause I ever met, assured me that this should not, by any means, be the last of the work so auspiciously introduced. He has a very live Band of Hope connected with this charge, a number of the bright boys and girls—as also the pastor—by their great kindness, I had the pleasure of meeting at tea. And so pleasantly came the finale of my all-too-brief visit to my friends of other days. I had invitations to Aberdeen, Dundee, Brechin and other points in Scotland, and also to Ireland, and the friends expressed

the wish that I might remain till the opening of the fall and winter work. But being controlled by my excursion contract, I was compelled to forego the great pleasure it would have afforded me.

On Sabbath morning, gray and chill, the Rotterdam, with my party aboard, came into port, and I bade these, my son and daughter in Christian bonds, a tearful farewell.

As some of my readers may be led to ask what are the results to be seen to-day of the labors recorded in your "Memories of the Crusade," and the preceding pages—a reasonable question, I admit—I will close with a very brief and imperfect glimpse, I think I may call it, of the eighteenth convention of our National W. C. T. U. and the first World's W. C. T. U. convention, held in Boston, Mass., November 11th to 18th inclusive, 1891. Says a Boston daily, under the heading, "For God and Home and Every Land:—"

Tremont Temple never held a more distinguished and significant assembly than that of the noble women convened at the opening session of the eighteenth national convention of the Women's Christian Temperance Union to-day. This is a federation of women of every nationality, representing forty-eight States and territories wearing the insignia of the white ribbon, and united in a systematized warfare against all forms of intoxicants and narcotics.

The decorations, which are very elaborate, are by George Nelson Beals, assisted by Mrs. O. A. Purington and other ladies. The organ is surmounted by a cluster of flags of all nations, with streamers of red, white and blue extending from the upper portion to the front gallery, which is gracefully festooned with bunting. The second gallery is gay with banners. A map of

the world, belted with white ribbon, is hung in the center of the organ, with the motto "Christ for the World," and the other mottoes, "The Lord gave the word—the women who publish the tidings are a great host," "Woe unto them that call evil good, and good evil, which justify the wicked for reward"; "We wage our peaceful war for God and home and every land;" "High license for the State, high treason against the Decalogue."

Why all this gay coloring, the banners and song? What does it all mean? It is the prelude of victory. Behind this moving host of women is the God of nations who shall lead on conquering and to conquer until the demon, alcohol, shall be forever destroyed.

Looped around the room amid the decorations were the million names secured to the world's petition to the sovereigns of all Christian nations, which were pasted on white cambric. This petition is in the hands of Lady Henry Somerset, president of the British Temperance Association, who will take it around the world. Lady Somerset occupied the chair while Miss Willard read her annual address. Again and again was Miss Willard cheered when she referred to prohibition and to "shame water" sent from America to Africa; also in her brave words in condemnation of high license parties. She gave a glowing tribute to Lady Henry Somerset, which had its climax in the words, "The mighty West and Pacific coast delegates round out the salute, like the swell of some sweet tune." As the last words were pronounced the audience rose and sang, "God save the Queen." Lady Somerset was visibly affected and said, "I feel that the words Miss Willard has said are those of a true and tender heart, that sees in another only what she is herself." The prophesy uttered down the ages, "The Lord giveth the word; the women that publish the tidings are a great host," is fulfilling itself in this

house to-day. The white ribbon is the symbol to-day of a living Savior."

The editor of the Ohio *W. C. T. U. Messenger* says :

The first forenoon meeting closed with the introduction of the foreign delegates attending the world's convention, and as one after another of these representatives of Australia, Burmah, Hawaii, India, Upper Egypt, South Africa, Japan, China, Italy, Canada, England, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward's and Newfoundland was introduced, each giving a few words of salutation, our enthusiasm rose to white heat; and then among other notables of our country came our own Mother Stewart and Mrs. E. J. Thompson. It was a scene never to be forgotten.

Lady Henry Somerset preached the annual sermon on Sabbath at 3 o'clock in Tremont Temple, from Hebrews 11, 24-28; "By faith Moses when he was come to years refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter, choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasure of sin for a season."

The press of Boston spoke in the highest terms of her sermon, and the circumstances connected with the history of the speaker gave point to every word that she uttered, for she is living out the principles she advocated.

Lady Somerset, the daughter of Earl Somers, of Eastnor Castle, Herefordshire, England, is the heir to her father's vast estates in the beautiful hills of Kent, and in her possessions in the east of London are one hundred thousand tenants. She signed the pledge at her castle gates, in Ledbury, with forty of her tenants,

in 1885, and has since that time been an earnest worker among the poor and outcast. It is only necessary to add of this noble woman that she returns to her own land with a greater number of captives than ever Cæsar led to Rome chained to his chariot wheels, for she took every one who came within the reach of her sweet Christian influence a willing prisoner.

To the citizens of that very conservative and refined city this convention of women was indeed a revelation and continually growing subject of interest.

Over five hundred duly accredited delegates, with visiting and fraternal delegates from the ends of the earth, swelling the number to some hundreds more, and these of the educated, refined Christian women, matronly and youthful—what wonder that Boston thronged to the temple to see till it was said ten thousand had to be turned away and two other large churches in the vicinity were thrown open and overflow meetings instituted to satisfy the curiosity of the people; curiosity to see this outgrowth of that wonderful Ohio movement of which they had heard such marvelous reports and wild, exaggerated rumors so long ago that it had almost passed out of memory. And what wonder that the surprise grew, as from day to day that great panorama of “views” passed rapidly across the stage, every moment fairly shifting and presenting hurried glimpses of forty different departments of Christian effort for the betterment of the family, the home, society, the world. And these shifting scenes, not manipulated and enlarged upon by one individual, but each having its superintendent, seeming so thoroughly imbued with her own branch as to convey to

the hearer the impression that it was the special department and paramount to all others. And when appeal was made by one and another in behalf of her department, as when "Our Jennie" Smith, as they call her, made her appeal for her railroad boys, or Mrs. Lovell for her pitiful dumb animals, the hearers were for the time awakened to interests they had not thought of before. But to the writer hereof the scene had interest that perhaps no other could comprehend.

Following the presentation of that notable body of visitors, some twenty-five or more, from all far-away lands, to be introduced on that Wednesday morning, and looking into the sea of upturned faces filling the space up to the rafters, and bewildered by the flutter of handkerchiefs, like myriads of white doves, harbingers of peace and good will, it may not be surprising that the toil-worn crusader had need of all her will force to bear the scene with composure. Her memory was racing down the years, nearly twenty of them, where she saw, and was a part of, bands of women upon whom a great baptism had fallen, hastening to the churches, there to lay all they had, the gift of their lives, on the altar to be used in that great and mysterious call to go forth in battle array, not with carnal weapons, but armed with God's holy word, with songs and prayers and appeal and tears. She saw the solemn procession on all the streets in her native State. She was walking with them through the falling rain and drifting snow; she was kneeling on the filthy, tobacco-polluted floor, in the stench of liquor and tobacco fumes, or on the pavement, in mud

or snow or on the frozen ground. She saw the dealers signing the pledge and rolling out their liquor casks and emptying them into the gutters. She heard the sweet, triumphant song float out upon the air, "All Hail the Power of Jesus' name," and then she heard the clang and reverberation of the sweet church bells as they swung to and fro up in the steeples proclaiming the victory.

But this great throng, in their quiet expectancy, recalled her to the scene before her. Expecting her to speak—what could she, what did she? From that sowing of precious seed, watering it with their tears, behold a promise of the harvest in this earnest, praying assembly of women. She has a recollection of crying, "Behold what hath God wrought."

The development of the women—may we say the cream of all the churches—developing talents of which they themselves had not dreamed, and the result in so many channels hitherto not supposed to belong to women's domain. We may well say, "It is marvelous in our eyes." Nothing in all the educational or religious movements of the world has ever given to women the impetus, mental and spiritual, that this crusade movement has. The self-possession, the quiet dignity displayed by officers and delegates in the dispatch of business has hardly a parallel in the history of legislative assemblies.

We remember that eleven years before, when this same body gathered in Dr. Gordon's church, Clarendon street, this city, the report attracting the greatest interest was that of the writer hereof, on the opening of the work in the South. Now every Southern

State was represented, and by ladies of the highest grade of talent as well as the most advanced views.

It was one of the richest of the innumerable treats of that great occasion to attend Lucy Stone's reception at her parlors in the *Woman's Journal* headquarters, 3 Park street, and to hear these ladies express themselves in clear, unequivocal terms in favor of the franchise for women. And again, what a historical event was that for Boston of sixty of the pulpits on that Sabbath of November 15, 1891, being occupied by women, and women who had something to say that the world would be the better for hearing and heeding.

Again the questioner asks, "What of the future? How long, and what shall be the ultimate of all these prolonged united labors and prayers and tears, circling around the world? Will these women prevail?"

And the Seer, looking down the years, for they are many, unless God shall in His pity make bare His own right arm in our behalf, saith, Though we are as yet only inaugurating this long, weary campaign, we have enlisted for the war, we will neither fail nor falter. Not till this scourge of the world is wiped out, not till such righteous laws are enacted and enforced as will protect our children and homes from its polluting, blasting influence, not till the world shall be made ready for His coming, whose right it is to reign, will we yield the conflict. The vows of God are upon us, and though we are being called home one by one, before we hear the bells of victory peal, we are

training a great army of our children who will grasp the banner from our stiffening hands and bear it aloft in the face of the foe till victory comes. Take heart, oh, sisters beloved, comrades in arms, I hear the tread of the coming army. I hear the shouts of the victors ringing across the years, and I die content.





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